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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

VOL. III

Anne F. M. L. Hare.

From a portrait by Swinton

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE,"
"THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES,"
ETC. ETC.

VOLUME III

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1896

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
At the Ballantyne Press

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XII

ENGLISH PLEASURES AND ROMAN TRIALS

"The holidays of joy are the vigils of sorrow."—*Proverb.*

"Dear friend, not every herb puts forth a flower;
Nor every flower that blossoms fruit doth bear;
Nor hath each spoken word a virtue rare;
Nor every stone in earth its healing power."
—*Folgore da San Gemignano.*

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."—HERRICK.

We were for some time at the Deanery at Westminster in the summer of 1865. I think it was then that Archbishop Manning's consecration took place. I heard much about it, though I was not there. Manning looked like the white marble statue of a saint, especially when the consecration was over and he moved slowly down the church, giving the benediction. Newman was there also, and looked even more statuesque still. Wonderful was the self-controlling power which both these priests had.

Many years before, as the Stanleys were going into St. Margaret's, there was a scuffle, and a huge black cat was driven out of the church. No one thought any more about it, and nobody saw any more of it, till, just as Newman was coming forward within the altar-rail, and was in the act of reading the Communion Service, the black cat sprang from one of the rafters of the roof, and came crashing down upon him, falling upon the hem of his white surplice. Newman's face never changed a muscle, and quietly, reverently, and slowly he went on reading the service without moving : but it must have seemed like a demon.[1]

During this visit to London I frequently saw, at the house of Lady Franklin (widow of the Arctic voyager) the gentle and pleasing Queen Dowager (Emma) of the Sandwich Islands.[2] Her complexion was copper-coloured, but she was very good-looking, and simply but handsomely attired in the dress of an English widow lady. She had greatly looked forward

[1] I do not think that this characteristic anecdote is preserved elsewhere.

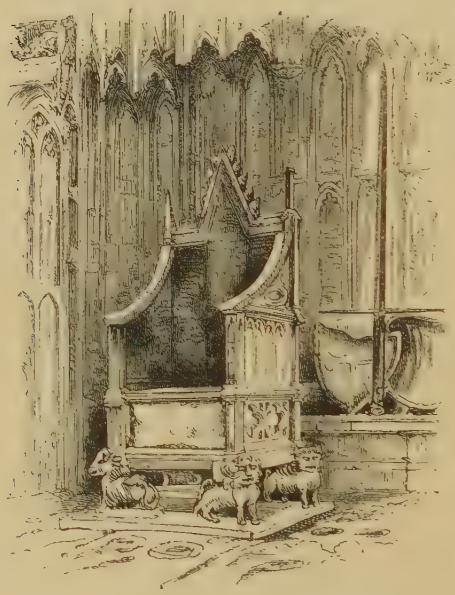
[2] Emma, widow of King Kaméhaméha IV., who died Nov. 30, 1863. She was born Jan. 2, 1836, being daughter of George Naca, a native chief, and of Fanny Yong. Charles Rooke, a rich doctor, adopted her, and left her all his fortune. Having seen three kings succeed her husband, and been equally honoured and respected by all, Queen Emma died in March 1885.

to the fogs of England, having been used to nothing but the blue or copper-coloured sky of the Pacific, and was dreadfully disappointed when she saw the resplendent blue sky of the glorious day on which she arrived at Southampton. "Why, I might just as well have been in the Sandwich Islands." She went over Westminster Abbey with far more knowledge of the tombs and persons they commemorate than I have seen in European royalties with whom I have visited the Abbey in later days. In stepping back to allow the Queen to inspect the Coronation Chair, my mother had a bad fall on the pavement of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and the concern and amiability she showed made her very attractive.

Mr. Evans, of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, preached in Westminster Abbey at the evening service whilst we were at the Deanery. He preached on the destruction of the Temple, applying it to Westminster—that we were not to be taken in by "the grandeur of the building, the solemn distances of the choir, the misty shadows of the roof, the windows by painters who dipped their pencils in the rainbow," &c. He described the different Jewish temples; the first, rising from the heart of David and the hand of Solomon; the second, of Zerubabel;

the third built by Herod, and "certainly *he* was no saint."

After the sermon was over I rushed upstairs,



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER.[1]

and was preaching it to the family with all its quaintnesses, when I saw Mary Stanley making most unaccountable faces, and turning round,

[1] From "Walks in London."

I found Mr. Evans close behind me. The little dark figure had hirpled itself into the room and was listening all the time.

Madame Mohl (whom I have described at Paris in 1858) was staying at the Deanery, where Arthur and Augusta were very fond of her, and always called her "Molina." She was most amusing.

"When I was leaving Paris, I asked my friend M. Bourdon whether I could take anything to England for him, and he said that he was obliged to me, and that if I would take a very valuable Indian shawl, he would avail himself of my offer. However, before I left Paris, my little friend Barbara was starting for England, and she said to me that part of her box was empty, and that she could take anything I wanted, so I was very glad to give her M. Bourdon's Indian shawl. Now Barbara was in that dreadful accident at Staplehurst, and so were all her boxes, and when the train went over, the boxes went down into the water, and all the things were spoilt. At first I hoped it was not so bad, but 'the fact is that the shawl *is* spoilt,' wrote Barbara to me, and ever since that M. Bourdon and I have been *en froid*, which I am very sorry for, as we used to be such good friends."

"Oh, that will soon pass," I said.

"No, I am afraid it will *not*," said Madame Mohl, "for remember we are *en froid*, not merely *en delicatesse*. Being *en delicatesse* is easily remedied. 'Je suis en delicatesse avec maman,' said a young

lady to me. . . . A little while ago I went to see the famous author Jules Janin. He could not attend to me. He was sitting at a table covered with papers and was writing notes. Messengers went off with the notes, and almost immediately came back with the answers, which were evidently written a very short distance off. This went on for some time, till at last Jules Janin looked up and said, 'Je vous demande mille pardons: faites bien d'excuses, Madame: c'est que je suis en delicatesse avec ma femme.'"

One day Madame Mohl told me:—

"There was a handsome young woman married to a man who was in her own, which was a very lowly station of life, but after her marriage she consented to go a journey by sea with a family which she had previously lived with. On the way the ship was wrecked, and she was one of the few persons saved. It was a desolate coast, and one of the officers who was saved with her fell in love with her—she was a very pretty young woman — and married her. Eventually they returned to England, and he died, leaving her a very fine place and a large fortune. Some years after, her favourite maid told her that she was going to be married, and, being attached to her maid, she desired her to bring her betrothed that she might see what he was like. When he came in, she recognised her own first husband. He did not know her again, but going upstairs, she put on an old shawl, and coming down said, 'Do you remember that shawl?'—'Yes,' he said, 'it is the shawl which I gave to my wife on our

wedding-day.' Then the lady revealed herself and took her husband back; but he was a low man, and led her an awful life and drank dreadfully; but on the whole that was a good thing perhaps, for it soon brought on delirium tremens, so that he died and she got rid of him. 'What a fool she was ever to let him know who she was!' was what I felt when I heard the story."

"Well, I suppose she wanted to save her maid from marrying a man who was married already," I said; "it would have been very wrong if she had not."

"So the Bishop of Winchester seemed to think," said Madame Mohl, "for he was there when the story was told, and he was very much shocked and very grave, and he said, 'I think, Madame, that you should recollect our life is only a railway, and that it does not signify so much if we are comfortable in the railway, as at the home to which we are going.' But I told him I would rather be comfortable in the railway as well, and that I would certainly not have been such a fool—and the Bishop of Winchester thought I was a very wicked person."

In August and September my mother was very well, and had a succession of visitors, so that I was able to be away from her.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Hallingbury, August* 10, 1865.—The Archer Houblons' carriage met me at Bishop Stortford. This is a great red brick house in a large park, comfortable

inside, but perfectly filled with *oggetti*—too many things. The country round is dull, except 'the forest,' Hatfield Broadoake, which is a grand possession for a private family—eight miles of green glades, old oaks, gnarled thorn-trees, and a small lake."

"*Mainsforth, August* 13.—I went to Cambridge on Friday, and saw the dear Hurstmonceaux Rectory pictures, which no one seemed to admire as we did, and the Hurstmonceaux books in Trinity College Library, where nobody ever reads them. I dined with the Public Orator, and the next day went to Ely. . . . The Cathedral is beautifully situated, a green sloping lawn with fine trees on one side, and it stands in a group of picturesque and venerable buildings—Deanery, Palace, and Grammar-school."

"*Bamborough Castle, August* 19.—My mother will be well able to imagine me in this old castle: it is such a pleasure that she knows it all. As we drove up the hill, I could see dear old Mrs. Liddell sitting in her usual place in the great window of the Court-room. . . . I walked till dinner with Mr. Liddell on those delicious open sands, fitful gleams coming on with the sunset over Holy Island, and the sea covered with herring-boats. Mr. Liddell talked of his youth. 'The old Duchess of Gordon used to lead the *ton* in my day —so exclusive it was! She took care to marry all her daughters well. With regard to their looks she said, "Give me eyes and I will supply the rest." Every one used to struggle to get into Almack's. When Lady Jersey was abroad, she heard of some "little people"

being admitted, and set off home directly, saying, "I am obliged to come back to keep you all from going wrong." Lady Londonderry and Lady Jersey were rival queens, and I am afraid rejoiced in each other's misfortunes when their daughters married ill.'

"Yesterday we went to Holy Island—Charlotte, Mrs. George Liddell, Miss Parke, and I—crossing in a boat the emerald green waves, upon which great seagulls

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

were floating in the most bewitching manner. We had luncheon in St. Cuthbert's Abbey, and by the time we were ready to return, the sea was like a lake, the lights most lovely in the still water, and the great castle looming against a yellow sky. We have had a very pleasant evening since. Mr. Liddell has just been telling me of an old man at Easington who said that

the Bible was like a round of beef, it was always 'coot and coom again.'"

"*Ford Cottage, August* 22.—Lady Waterford had sent a kind invitation for the whole party at Bamborough to come to luncheon, so they drove with me here—sixteen miles. As we came down upon Ford all was changed. The gingerbread castle of Udolpho had marched back three centuries, and is now a grand massive building in the Audley End style, but with older towers. The ugly village had moved away from its old site to a hillside half a mile off, and picturesque cottages now line a broad avenue, in the centre of which is a fountain with a tall pillar surmounted by an angel. Schools for boys and girls have sprung up, a school for washing, adult schools, a grand bridge of three tall arches over the dens: it is quite magical.

"The cottage is radiant—gorgeous beds of flowers, smoothly shaven miniature lawns, and large majolica vases, while raised stands of scarlet geraniums look in at the windows. Dear old Lady Stuart received us, and then Lady Waterford came in. I felt rather shy at bringing such an immense party, but I believe the visit was really welcome to her, and all the guests were completely fascinated by her beauty, her kindness, and her goodness. . . . The castle will be magnificent inside. The ghost room is opened and a secret staircase found at the very spot from which the ghost was said to emerge. The Bamborough party went away after tea, and we had a delightful evening, Lady Waterford singing and talking by turns. 'Here are my two little choristers,' she said, showing her last

picture. 'I painted them against the grass in early spring: it has all the effect of a gold ground. They like coming to me. They are the only children who have come to me who have not been sick: after the first hour, all the others used to turn perfectly livid and say "I'm sick." It was something in the room, and having to look fixedly at one object. Lady Marion Alford says it was just the same with the children who came to her. . . . I have often seen skies like this in my drawing, but I suppose others don't. I asked a little schoolgirl that came to me if she had ever seen anything like it. "No, *never*," she said. . . . I should like my fountain drawn either with a black cloud behind the angel or with a very deep blue sky; I have seen it both ways. . . . That is a sketch of a French town we went through, where the arms of the town are three owls. We asked a woman what it meant, and she said it was on account of a sermon. Some one betted the priest that he would not bring an owl into his sermon. So he preached on Dives and Lazarus, and, after describing the end of the rich man, said "Il bou, Il bou, Il bou" (He boils, boils, boils). . . . When Ruskin came here, he said I would never study or take pains, so I copied a print from Van Eyck in Indian-ink; it took me several months. When I took Ruskin into my school he only said, "Well, I expected you would have done something better than that."'

"But, in spite of Ruskin, my mother would be perfectly enchanted with the schools, which are glorious. The upper part of the walls is entirely covered with large pictures, like frescoes, by Lady Waterford, of the 'Lives of Good Children'—Cain and Abel, Abraham

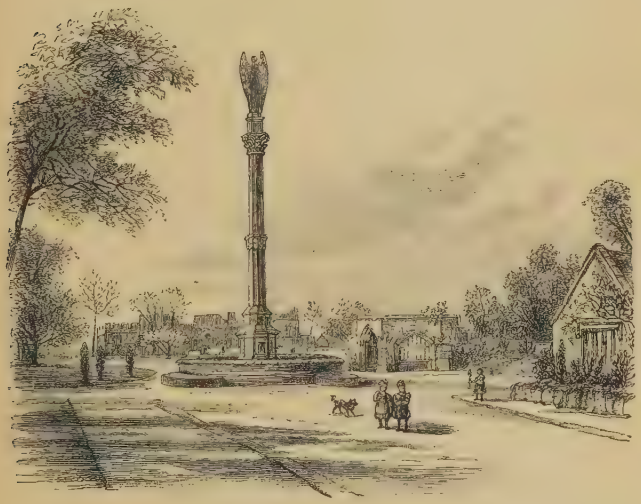
and Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren, &c., all being really portraits of the Ford children, so that little Cain and Abel sit underneath their own picture, &c. The whole place is unique. The fountain in the centre of the village is worthy of Perugia,

THE SUNDIAL GARDEN, FORD.[1]

with its tall red granite pillar and angel figure standing out against the sky. All the cottages have their own brilliant gardens of flowers, beautiful walks have been made to wander through the wooded dene below the castle, and miles of drive on Flodden, with its wooded

[1] From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

hill and Marmion's Well. The whole country is wild and poetical—deep wooded valleys, rugged open heaths, wind-blown pine-woods, and pale blue distances of Cheviot Hill; and Lady Waterford is just the person to live in it, gleaning up and making the most of every



THE FOUNTAIN, FORD.[1]

effect, every legend, every ballad, and reproducing them with her wonderful pencil, besides which her large income enables her to restore all the old buildings and benefit all the old people who have the good fortune to be within her reach."

[1] From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

"*Ford Cottage, August* 24.—I have been walking in the dene to-day with Lady Stuart. She narrates very comically the effect which her two beautiful daughters produced when they came out into the world, and the way in which she saw a lady at a ball gaze at them, and then at her, and heard her say, '*How* beautiful they are, and isn't it strange, *considering?*' Some one spoke of how Blake the artist used to go into a summer-house with Mrs. Blake, and practise for the Adam and Eve of his pictures, and how one day some visitors came, and it was very awkward. 'It would not have been so with the real Adam and Eve,' said Lady Stuart, 'for they could never dread any droppers-in.' In her anecdotes of old times and people, she is quite inexhaustible. Here are some of them:—

"'Yes, we were at George the Fourth's coronation; a great many other ladies and I went with Lady Castlereagh—she, you know, was the minister's wife—by water in one of the great state barges. We embarked at Hungerford Stairs, and we got out at a place called Cotton Garden, close to Westminster Hall. Lord Willoughby was with us. When we got out, we were looking about to see where all the ministers lived, &c., when somebody came up and whispered something to Lord Willoughby. He exclaimed "Good God!" and then, apologising for leaving us, went off in a hurry looking greatly agitated. Queen Caroline was at that moment knocking at the door of the Abbey. She had got Lady Anne Barnard, who was with her, to get her a peer's ticket, which was given her, but it was not countersigned, and they would not admit her. She

was in despair. She stood on the platform and wrung her hands in a perfect agony. At last Alderman Wood, who was advising her, said, "Really your Majesty had better retire." The people who had tickets for the Abbey, and who were to go in by that door, were all waiting and pressing for entrance, and when the Queen went away, there were no acclamations for her; the people thought she had no business to come to spoil their sport.[1]

"'She had been married twenty-five years to the King then. They offered her £100,000 a year to stay quietly abroad, but she would come back at once and assert her rights as a queen. She died of that Coronation-day. She went home and was very ill. Then came a day on which she was to go to one of the theatres. It was placarded all about that she was to appear, and her friends tried to get up a little reaction in her favour. She insisted on going, and she was tolerably well received, but when she came home she was worse, and she died two days after.

"'The Duchesse de Berri[1] thought of marrying George IV. after her Duke was dead. People began to talk to her about marrying again. "Oh dear, no," she said, "I shall never marry again. At least there is only one person—there is the King of England. How funny it would be to have two sons, one the

[1] Colonel Alexander Higginson of the Grenadier Guards, celebrated for his silence, was keeping the door. He said not a word in answer to all her entreaties, but dropped his sword as a barrier in front of the Queen.—*Note from Mrs. Owen Grant, niece of Colonel A. Higginson.*

[2] Caroline, daughter of Francis I., king of Naples, widow of the Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X.

King of France and the other King of England—yes, and the King of England the cadet of the two." I never had courage to tell George IV. what she said, though I might have done it. He once said to me, when his going to France was talked of, "Oh dear, no, I don't want to see them. Poor Louis XVIII., he was a friend of mine, but then he's dead; and as for Charles X., I don't want to see him. The Dauphine! yes, I pity her; and the Duchesse de Berri, she's dreadful ugly, ain't she?" I wish I had said to him, "Yes, but she does not wish your Majesty to think so."

"'I went down one day to St. Cloud to see the Duchesse de Berri; she had been pleased to express a wish to see me. While I was there, her son rushed in.[1] "Come now," she said, "kiss the hand of Madame l'Ambassadrice. But what have you got there?" she said. "Oh, je vous apportais mes papillons," said he, showing some butterflies in a paper case, and then, with an air of pride, "C'est une assez belle collection." The Duchesse laughed at them, and the boy looked so injured and hurt, that I said, "But it is a very nice collection indeed." Many years afterwards, only three years ago, Lou and I were at Venice, and we went to dine with the Chambords. He remembered all about it, and laughed, and said, "Après, je regrettais mes papillons." For it was only a fortnight after I saw them that the Revolution took place, and the family had to fly, and of course the butterflies in their paper case were left behind in the flight. We were in the Pyrenees then, and indeed when the Duchesse sent for

[1] The Duc de Bordeaux (Comte de Chambord).

me, it was because she heard I was going there, and she wished to tell me about the places she had been to, and to ask me to engage her donkey-woman.

"'When they were at Venice, the Chambords lived in one palace, a very fine one, and the Duchesse de Berri in another farther down the canal, and the Duchess of Parma in a third. I did not see the Duchesse de Berri, though I should have liked to have done so. She was married then to a Marchese Lucchesi, by whom she had a quantity of grown-up sons and daughters. They were dreadfully extravagant—not Lucchesi, he never was, but she was, and her sons-in-law. The Comte de Chambord paid her debts over and over again, but at last her things were obliged to be sold.

"'When we went to dine with the Chambords, we were warned that we must not allow anything to pass, or we should not get any dinner. We went at half-past four, and the soup came, and the Duke (de Bordeaux) was talking to me at that time, and, while I was listening, the soup was carried away, and so it was with nearly everything else. The party was almost entirely composed of French exiles. Lou wrote down their names at the time, but I have forgotten them now. At seven our gondola was ordered, and it came too late, the royalties were so punctual. The Duke and Duchess got up, and saying, "I wish you a pleasant evening," went out, and then we had nothing for it but to go away. An old Venetian gentleman helped us out of the scrape, and gave us a lift home in his gondola, and very much aghast our gondoliers were when they met us in another boat upon the canal, while they were

rowing with all their might to fetch us away. The royal family used to go in the evening to an island, which the Duke had bought for them to have exercise upon.

"'They would never do for France: they have not the manners. She is ugly,[1] and then she dresses so badly—no, she would never do. The only one who would do out of both sets is Aumale: he is really a fine prince. The Comte de Paris would of course naturally come first, but the Duke of Orleans used to say, 'I will never be a king by anything but popular election,' and that is against his family succeeding. All the members of the family *look up to* Aumale.

"'Did you ever hear about the old Duc de Coigny and his arm? His arm was shot during the Moscow campaign, and when it was amputated, numbers of others having their limbs taken off at the same time, he exclaimed, "Oh mon cher bras, qui m'a si bien servi, je ne puis jamais me séparer de ce cher bras," and he insisted on its being found for him, which was highly inconvenient, and packed it up in a portmanteau, which he carried before him on horseback during the whole of the return. The soldiers quite hated that arm; however, the Duke insisted upon it. At last, as he was crossing a ford in a carriage, the portmanteau rolled off his knee on to his foot and hurt it exceedingly, upon which he was so exasperated that in a fit of rage he opened the carriage door and kicked it out into the river. When he got to his night quarters, however, the Duke was in absolute despair—"Oh mon pauvre

[1] The Archduchess Marie Therese, daughter of Francis IV., Duke of Modena.

bras! mon pauvre cher bras!" He had wished it to be buried with him; for was it not his most faithful servant? he said. However, none of the soldiers were inclined to go and fish it up for him, and since then, poor man, he has had to be buried without it.

"'The wife of this Duc de Coigny was Henrietta Dalrymple Hamilton, who brought him large estates. Her parents were miserable at her marrying a foreigner, from the idea that the estates would certainly then go out of the family; but of all his children only two daughters survive; one is Lady Manvers, and the other married Lord Stair, and thus brought back the estates to the elder branch of the Dalrymples. The Duc died last year, chiefly of grief for the death of another daughter who had married a Frenchman. His sister married Maréchal Sebastiani and had five daughters. One of these was the murdered Duchesse de Praslin.

"'Madame de Praslin was one of a society that there was in Paris then, who used to laugh at anything like spiritualism or warnings from another world. Madame de Rabuteau was her great friend and partisan in these opinions. One day Madame de Praslin went with her husband to Choiseul Praslin. Her room was magnificent, and she slept in a great velvet bed. In the middle of the night, she awoke with a sense of something moving in the room, and, lifting herself up in bed, saw, by the expiring embers of the fire, a figure, and as it turned, she saw, as it were, something green. She scarcely knew whether she was asleep or awake, and, to convince herself, stretched out her hand and encountered something cold, hard, and which felt like

steel. Then, widely awake, she saw the figure recede and vanish out of the room. She felt a thrill of horror and began to reason with herself. "Well," she said, "I have always opposed and laughed at belief in these things, and now one of them has come to *me*. Now what can it mean? It can only mean that I am soon to die, and it has come as a warning."

"'Soon after Madame de Praslin returned to Paris, and at the house of Madame de Rabuteau she met all her former intimates. "Oh," said Madame de Rabuteau as she entered the room, "I am so glad you have come to help me to laugh at all these people, who are holding forth upon revelations from another world."—"Indeed, I think we had better talk of something else," said Madame de Praslin; "let us talk of something else."—"Why, my dear, you used to be such an ardent defender of mine," said Madame de Rabuteau, "are *you* going over to the other side?" But Madame de Praslin resolutely refused the subject and "parlons d'autre chose" was all that could be extracted from her. When the rest of the company was gone, Madame de Rabuteau said, "Well, now, what is it? what can have come over you this evening? why do you not laugh at their manifestations?"—"Simply because I have had one myself," replied very gravely Madame de Praslin, and she told what had happened, saying that she believed it to indicate her approaching death. Madame de Rabuteau tried to argue her out of the impression, but in vain. Madame de Praslin went home, and a few days after she was murdered in the Hôtel Sebastiani.

"'When the Duke was taken, search was made, and

amongst his things were found a green mask and a dagger. He had evidently intended to murder the Duchess at Choiseul Praslin, and it had been no spirit that she saw.

"'Madame de Feuchères was originally a Miss Sophia Dawes, the daughter of Mr. Dawes, who was a shipbuilder at Ryde and a very respectable man. The Duc de Bourbon[1] saw her somewhere and took a great fancy to her, and, to facilitate an intimacy with her, he married her to his aide-de-camp, the Baron de Feuchères. But M. de Feuchères was a very honourable man. When the marriage was proposed to him, the Duke paying the dowry, he took her for a daughter of the Duke, and when he found out the real state of things, he separated from her at once, leaving all her fortune in her hands. It was supposed that Madame de Feuchères was in the Orleans interest, and that therefore the Duke would leave everything to the Duc d'Aumale. I must say for the Duchesse de Berri that she was exceedingly good-natured about that. When there was a question about the Feuchères being received at the palace, she advocated it, for the sake of *ma tante*,[2] and Madame de Feuchères came. But when the Revolution took place and Charles X. fled, the feelings of the Duc de Bourbon were changed; all his loyalty was roused, and he said that he must

[1] Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, father of the Duc d'Enghien, the last member of the House of Condé, who fought a duel with Charles X. in 1776. He married Marie Thérèse d'Orleans in 1770.

[2] Marie Amelie, Duchesse d'Orleans, afterwards Queen of the French, was daughter of Ferdinard I., king of the Two Sicilies, and sister of Francis I., father of the Duchesse de Berri.

follow *son roi*. Nothing that Madame de Feuchères could say could change this resolution. They said that he hanged himself (August 27, 1830), immediately after hearing of the escape, but few believed it; most thought that Madame de Feuchères had done it—unjustly perhaps, because, on arriving at an inn where they were to sleep, the Duke observed that the landlord looked very dispirited, and knowing the cause, said, "I am afraid you have had some sad trouble in your family besides all these terrible public events."—"Yes, Monseigneur," said the man, "my brother hanged himself yesterday morning."—"And how did he do that?" said the Duke. "Oh, Monseigneur, he hanged himself from the bolt of the shutter."—"No, that is impossible," said the Duke, "for the man was too tall." Then the landlord exactly described the process by which his brother had effected his purpose, raising himself upon his knees, &c., and it was precisely in that way that the body of the Duke was found in the château of St. Leu. Still most people thought that Madame de Feuchères had murdered him in his bed, and then hung up his body to avoid suspicion.[1]

"'It was said that the Duke could not have hanged himself, because he had hurt his hand and could not use it, and so could not have tied himself up, but Lord Stuart always said that he was very thankful that his evidence was not called for, because he had met the

[1] The Duc de Bourbon left Madame de Feuchères two million francs, the château and park of St. Leu, the château and estate of Boissy, and all their dependencies: also a pavilion at the Palais Bourbon, valued at fifteen million francs.

Duke at a dinner-party a little while before, when he showed that he could use his hand by carving a large turkey beautifully. That dinner-party was at St. Leu. Madame Adelaide had wanted to buy St. Leu, but the Duke said, "No; yet never mind; some day it will come into your family all the same." The Duke sat by Madame Adelaide at dinner and carved the turkey. "Pray do not attempt it, Monseigneur," she said, "for it will be too much for you," but he was able to do it very well.

"'In consequence of the Duke dying when he did, the Duc d'Aumale got the Condé property. Madame de Feuchères came to England, and her brother, Mr. Dawes, took a place for her near Highcliffe. I never called on her, but Lord Stuart did. I remember Bemister, a carpenter, being sent for by her, and coming to me afterwards. He told me, "I felt very queer when she told me to hang up a picture of the Duke on the wall of her room, and before I thought what I was about I said, 'And where will *you* hang *he?*'"—"And what in the world did she answer?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I was looking very foolish, and she said, 'Why, you don't think I really did it, do you?'"—"And what did you really think, Bemister?" I said. "Why, I don't think she *did* it," answered Bemister, "but I think she worrited of him into doing it himself," and I suspect this was pretty near the truth.'

"I sleep at the castle, and at 10 A.M. go down to the cottage, which looks radiant in its bowers of flowers and shrubs, with a little burn tossing in front. Lady Waterford reads the lessons and prayers to the household (having already been to church herself). Then

comes breakfast in the miniature dining-room opening into the miniature garden, during which she talks ceaselessly in her wonderfully poetical way. Then I sit a little with Lady Stuart—then draw, while Lady Waterford has her choristers and other boy models to sit to her. At two is luncheon, then we go out, Lady Stuart in a donkey-chair. Yesterday we went all over Flodden; to-day we are going to Yetholm, the gipsy capital. At half-past seven we dine, then Lady Waterford paints, while I tell them stories, or *anything*, for they like to hear everything, and then Lady Waterford sings, and tells me charming things in return. Here are some snatches from her:—

"'I wish you had seen Grandmama Hardwicke.[1] She was such a beautiful old lady—very little, and with the loveliest skin, and eyes, and hair; and she had such beautiful manners, so graceful and so gracious. Grandmama lived till she was ninety-five. She died in '58. I have two oak-trees in the upper part of the pleasaunce which were planted by her. When she was in her great age, all her grandchildren thought they would like to have oak-trees planted by her, and so a row of pots was placed in the window-sill, and her chair was wheeled up to it, to make it as little fatigue as possible, and she dropped an acorn into each of the pots. Her old maid, Maydwell, who perfectly doted upon her, and was always afraid of her overdoing herself, stood by with a glass of port wine and a biscuit, and when she had finished her work, she took

[1] Elizabeth, wife of Philip Yorke, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, and daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres.

the wine, and passing it before the pots, said, "Success to the oak-trees," and drank it. I am always so sorry that Ludovic Lindsay (Lord Lindsay's eldest boy) should not have seen her. Lord Lindsay wished it: he wished to have carried on further the recollection of a person whose grandfather's wife was given away by Charles the Second; but it was Maydwell who prevented it, I believe, because she was too proud of her mistress, and did not think her looking quite so well then as she had looked some years before. The fact was, I think, that some of the little Stuarts had been taken to see her, and as they were going out they had been heard to say, "How *awfully* old she looks."

"'Her father, Lord Balcarres, was what they call "out in the '45," and his man was called on to swear that he had not been present at a time when he was. The man swore it and Lord Balcarres got off. When they were going away safe he said to his man, "Well now, how *could* you swear such a lie!"—"Because I had rather trust my sowle to God," said the man, "than your body to deevils." The first wife of Lord Balcarres's father[1] was Mauritia of Nassau, who was given away by Charles II. When they came to the altar, the bridegroom found that he had totally forgotten the ring. In a great fright he asked if one of the bystanders could lend him a ring, and a friend gave him one. He did not find out then that it bore the device of a death's-head and cross-bones, but Mauritia of Nassau found it out afterwards: she

[1] Colin, 3rd Earl of Balcarres.

considered it a prophecy of evil, and she died within the year.

"'When he was almost an old man, Lord Balcarres went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a quantity of young ladies in the house, and before he came Lady Keith said, "Now there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavour to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They all agreed, but a Miss Dalrymple[1] said, "Well, you may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything you please that I'll make him like me the best of all of us," and so she did; she made him exclusively devoted to her all the while he was there; but she never thought of anything more than this, and when he asked her to marry him, she laughed at the very idea. He was exceedingly crestfallen, but when he went away he made a will settling everything he possessed upon this Miss Dalrymple. Somehow she heard of this, and said, "Well then, after all, he must really care for me, and I *will* marry him," and she did. He was fifty-eight then, but they had eleven children. When Lady Balcarres was an old woman, she was excessively severe, indeed she became so soon after her marriage. One day some one coming along the road towards her house met a perfect procession of children of all ages, from three upwards, walking one behind the other, and the eldest boy, who came first, gipsy fashion carrying the baby on his back. They were the eleven children of Lady Balcarres making their escape from their mother, with the intention of

[1] Anne, only daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton.

going out to seek their own fortunes in the world. It was one of the family of this Lady Balcarres who was the original of Lucy Ashton in the "Bride of Lammermoor." The story is all true. The Master of Ravenswood was Lord Rutherford. She rode to church on a pillion behind her brother that he might not feel how her heart was beating.

"'In consequence of Grandmama Hardwicke's great age, people used to be astonished at my aunt Lady Mexborough, when nearly eighty, running upstairs and calling out 'Mama.' When my aunt Lady Somers was at Bath, she sent for a doctor, and he said to her, "Well, my lady, at *your* age, you cannot expect to be ever much better."—"At *my* age!" she said, "why, my mother only died last year." The doctor was perfectly petrified with amazement. "It is the most wonderful thing," he said, "that I ever heard in my life." My grandmother's sisters were very remarkable women; one was Lady Margaret Lindsay, the other was Lady Anne Barnard. Lady Anne was the real authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." She loved the tune,[1] but the original words were bad and unfit for a lady to sing, so she wrote, "Auld Robin Gray," though some one else has always had the credit of it.'

"We have been walking this afternoon through the cornfields towards Etal. Lady Waterford recalled how

[1] The tune which then existed. The Hon. Mrs. Byron, a friend of Lady Anne Barnard, afterwards gave the words to Lieutenant William Leeves, 1st Foot Guards, who composed the air to which they are now sung, in imitation of old Scotch music. Lieutenant Leeves afterwards took orders and became Rector of Wrington in Somersetshire, where he was the intimate friend of Mrs. Hannah More, who lived in his parish. He died in 1828.

Lady Marion Alford had shown her that all the sheaves leaning towards one another were like hands praying. To-night Mr. Williams dined at the cottage. Asking Lady Waterford about him afterwards, she said:—

"'I do not know if Mr. Williams is old or young. I think he is like the French lady of whom it was said,

FORD CASTLE, THE TERRACE.[1]

"Elle n'avait pas encore perdu l'ancienne habitude d'être jeune." Apropos of this, Lady Gifford made such a pretty speech once. A little girl asked her, "Do tell

[1] From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

me, are you old or young? I never *can* make out," and she said, "My dear, I have been a very long time young."

"'The story of Mr. Williams is quite a pretty one. When Lord Frederick FitzClarence was in India, there was a great scandal in his government, and two of his aides-de-camp had to be sent away. He wrote to his brother-in-law to send him out another in a hurry, and he sent Mr. Williams. When he arrived, Lord Frederick was very ill, and soon after he died. After his death, Mr. Williams had the task of bringing Lady Frederick and her daughter home. Miss FitzClarence was then very much out of health, and he used to carry her up on deck, and they were thrown very much together. I believe the maids warned Lady Frederick that something might come of it, but she did not see it. Before the end of the voyage, Mr. Williams and Miss FitzClarence had determined to be married, but she decided not to tell her mother as yet. When the ship arrived at Portsmouth, the coffin of Lord Frederick had to remain all night on the deck, and Mr. Williams never left it, but walked up and down the whole time watching it, which touched Lady Frederick very much. Still, when her daughter told her she was going to marry him, she was quite furious, contrary to her usual disposition, which is an exceedingly mild one, and she would not hear of it, and sent him away at once.

"'It was the time of the war, and Captain Williams went off to the Crimea, but Miss FitzClarence grew worse and worse, and at last the difference between them made her so uncomfortable with her mother, that she went off to her grandmother; but while there she

continued to get worse, and at last it was evidently a case of dying, and when her mother went to her, she was so alarmed that she begged she would marry any one she liked; she would consent to whatever she wished, and would send for Captain Williams at once. So Williams threw up everything, though it was considered a disgrace in time of war, and came home, but when he arrived, poor Miss FitzClarence was dead.

"'Then Lady Frederick felt that she could not do enough for him, and she took him to live with her as her son. The relations, however, were all very angry, and the *mauvaises langues* said that she meant to marry him herself. So then she thought it would not do, and she got him an agency on Lord Fife's property and sent him to live alone. However, after a time, the agency somehow was given up, and he came back, and he always lives now with Lady Frederick. At Etal they always sit in church gazing into the open grave, which Lady Frederick will never have closed, in which his love is to be buried when she (the mother) dies, and is laid there also, and at Ford he sits by his love's dead head.

"'I think Captain Williams must be no longer young, because he is so very careful about his dress, and that is always a sign of a man's growing old, isn't it?'

"The neighbours at Ford most of them seem to have 'stories' and are a perpetual source of interest. Lady Waterford says:—

"'Grindon is a fine old manor-house near Tillmouth. Mr. Friar lives there. One morning he was a carpenter working down a coal-pit, and in the evening he was the master of Grindon: I believe an uncle left it him.

"'Then there was that Sir F. Blake whose wife was a Persian princess, who afterwards left a fine diamond necklace and two most magnificent Persian vases to the family. I was so sorry when those vases were sold for £40: they were worth many hundreds.

"'Near Howtell is Thorpington, a farm of the Hunts. Sir J. Hunt was attainted for fighting in the Jacobite cause, and his property was all confiscated. His son was so reduced that he was obliged to become a groom, but he so gained the regard of his master, that, when he died, he left him all his horses. From that time the Hunts have taken to selling horses and their breed has become famous. They never sell a horse, however, under £200: if they do not get that sum, they either shoot them or give them away.'"

"*Chillingham Castle, August* 27, 1865.—On Thursday afternoon I drove with Lady Waterford and Lady Stuart to Yetholm, twelve miles from Ford. The way wound through wild desolate valleys of the Cheviots, and the village itself is a miserable place. I drew the palace of the gipsy queen—a wretched thatched hovel with a mud floor, but royalty was absent on a tinkering expedition.

"On Friday I went in the pony-carriage to Etal. There I was shown into a room hung with relics of Lord Frederick FitzClarence and miniatures of George IV. and the royal family. Very soon Lady Frederick[1] came in—a figure like a nun, one straight fall of crape, without crinoline, enveloping her thin figure, and her hair all pushed back into a tight round white muslin

[1] Augusta, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Glasgow.

cap, and coal-scuttle bonnet. She scarcely ever sees any one, so it was an effort to her to receive me, but she was not so odd as I expected. She talked about the place and then about wasps, and said that if Captain Williams was stung by a wasp, it had such an effect upon him that he swelled up all over and fell down perfectly senseless upon the ground that instant. In the hall was the dinner service of Nelson (painted with figures of Lady Hamilton as Amphytrite), which was given to Lord Frederick by William IV. Captain Williams went with me to the ruined castle of Etal and then along a walk above the Till, which was very beautiful, with weird old willows, high rocks, and lovely reaches of wood and water.

"Yesterday morning I made a sketch of the door of the cottage, with all its flowers, &c., which I gave to Lady Stuart, much to her pleasure. She told me about Lord Waterford's death. On that morning, as always, Lady Waterford read to him a chapter in the Bible whilst he was dressing, and for that day it was the lament for Absalom. It contained the verse in which a pillar is raised up to him for 'he had no son to keep his name in remembrance;' so his widow determined to raise a pillar to his memory, and has done so in the beautiful angel-fountain at Ford.

"In the middle of luncheon Lady Tankerville drove up, came to fetch me, and bringing Lady Bagot[1] and Lady Blanche Egerton[2] to see the castle. So at five I came away with them, and took leave of the cottage

[1] Lucia, eldest daughter of Lord Dover.

[2] Second daughter of the 1st Earl of Ellesmere.

Elizabeth, Lady Stuart de Rothesay

From a miniature by Miss Dixon

and its delightful inmates. . . . It was a cold dreary day, and gusts of wind and rain blew from the Cheviots during our fourteen miles. Lady Tankerville drove."

"*Chillingham, August* 29.—Yesterday we all drove through pouring rain to Hulne Abbey in Alnwick Park, where we were glad of the shelter of the one unruined tower for our luncheon. Afterwards we drove through the park to the castle, which I had not seen since the reign of Algernon the Great and Eleanor the Good. Now we were the guests of Lady Percy, a kind pleasant person, and Lady Louisa. The rooms are grandly uncomfortable (except the library, which is an attractive room), but the decorations cost £350,000!"

"*August* 30.—Yesterday, as the family here are impervious to damp, we picknicked in the forest. Lady Tankerville made the fire and boiled the kettle; Lady Blanche laid the cloth and cut bread and butter; a young Grey and I made the toast, and the little boys and girls caught fresh trout out of the burn close by. In the evening Lord Tankerville told us this story:—

"'My father had a beautiful villa at Walton, which we have given up now. It was in the old days when we had to ride across Putney Heath to reach it. My father used to think it very odd that when he went into the stables to see his horses in the morning, they were all in a foam and perfectly exhausted, as if they were worn out with hard riding. One day he was coming home across Putney Heath, and he was bringing Lord Derby back with him. When they came near

the heath, he had said, "Well, now, we had better have our pistols ready, because highwaymen are often to be met with here." So they loaded their pistols, and it was not a bit too soon, for directly after a highwayman rode up to the carriage-window and demanded their money or their lives. As he spoke he recognised them, and saw also that my father recognised his own groom upon one of his own horses. In the moment's hesitation he drew back, and in that moment my father and Lord Derby fired. Several shots were exchanged on both sides, but at last came a moment's pause, during which Lord Derby cried out of the window to the postillion to ride forward, and he dashed on at full gallop. The highwayman fired into the back of the carriage, and Lord Derby and my father returned his fire by leaning out of the windows. At last the back of the carriage was quite riddled with shot, and the ammunition of those inside was quite exhausted, and then Lord Derby held out a white handkerchief as a flag of truce out of the window, and the highwayman rode up and they delivered up all their valuables to him. Of course my father never saw his groom again, and his horses were in much better condition ever afterwards—at least those which were left, for the highwayman rode away upon the best horse in the stables.'"

"*Howick, Sept.* 1, 1865.—Yesterday I was able to stop the express at the private station (for Howick), whither Lord Grey sent for me. It was a drive of about a mile and a half, chiefly through shrubberies of hollies and rhododendrons, to this large square house with wings. It is most comfortable inside, with a

beautiful library opening into a great conservatory. Lady Grey[1] is one of the severest-looking and one of the kindest-meaning persons I have ever seen. Lord Grey is little and lame, but gets about with a stick very actively. He is quite grey, but the very image of Lady Mary Wood. The rest of the party had put off coming for a day from different reasons, but I was not sorry to make acquaintance alone first with my host and hostess, and they were most pleasant, so that it was a very agreeable evening."

"*Sept.* 2.—Yesterday morning a great bell on the top of the house summoned all in it to prayers, which were read by Lord Grey in the breakfast-room opening on to very pretty terraces of flowers, with perfect shrubberies of sweet verbena, for the climate here is very mild. After breakfast I went down through the wood to the sea, not a mile distant, and a very fine bit of coast, with rich colour in the rocks and water, and Dunstanborough Castle on its crag as the great feature. The place reminds me a little of Penrhôs. When I returned from driving with Lady Grey to Alnwick, the Belhavens arrived, and before dinner the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait, and the Durhams."

"*Sept.* 4.—My dearest mother will like to know how intensely I have enjoyed being at Howick. The Greys make their house so pleasant and the life here is so easy. Then Lady Belhaven[2] is always celebrated

[1] Maria, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley of Sprotborough.

[2] Hamilton, daughter of Walter Campbell of Shawfield, younger sister of Lady Ruthven.

as a talker, and it has been delightful to sit on the outskirts of interesting conversations between my host and Sir George Grey or the Bishop.

"On Saturday afternoon I drove with the Durhams and Lady Belhaven to Dunstanborough. The sea was of a deep Mediterranean blue under the great cliffs and overhanging towers of the ruined castle. Lord Durham[1] and I walked back three miles along the cliffs—a high field-walk like the old one at Eastbourne.

"On Sunday the Bishop preached at the little church in the grounds. It has been rebuilt and decorated with carvings by Lady Grey and her sisters-in-law. In the chancel is the fine tomb of the Prime Minister Lord Grey. I went with Durham afterwards all over the gardens, which are charming, with resplendent borders of old-fashioned flowers; and after afternoon church, we all went down through the dene to the sea, where there is a bathing-house, with a delightful room fitted up with sofas, books, &c., just above the waves. All the French herring-fleet was out, such a pretty sight. The Bishop read prayers in the evening to the great household of forty-eight persons. He is a very pleasant, amiable Bishop.

"I enjoyed seeing so much of Durham; no one could help very much liking one who is very stiff with people in general, and most exceedingly nice to oneself. But Lady Durham[2] is always charming, so perfectly naïve, natural, and beautiful. She is devoted

[1] My third cousin, George, 2nd Earl of Durham.

[2] Beatrix, second daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn. She died Jan. 1871.

to her husband and he to her. Some one spoke of people in general not loving all their children. She said: 'Then that is because they do not love their husbands. Some women think no more of marriage than of dancing a quadrille; but when women love their husbands, they love all their children equally. Every woman must love her first child: the degree in which they love the others depends upon the degree in which they love their husbands.'

"Sitting by her at dinner, I asked if she had ever read 'Les Misérables'? 'No. When I was confirmed, the clergyman who was teaching me saw a French novel on the table, and said, "My dear child, you don't read these things, do you?" I said "No," which was quite true, for it belonged to my French governess, and he then said, "Well, I wish you never would. Don't make any actual promise, for fear you should not keep it, but don't do it unless you are obliged;" and I never have.'

"I spoke to her of the inconsistency involved by the confirmation ceremony, by which young ladies renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, being generally the immediate predecessor of their formal entrance upon them.

"'Yes; I never thought of that. But certainly my pomps and vanities were of very short duration. I went to three balls, two tea-parties, and one dinner, and that was all I ever saw of the world; for then I was married. One year I was in the school-room in subjection to every one, ordered about here and there, and the next I was free and my own mistress and married.'

"'And did not you find it rather formidable?' I said. 'Formidable to be my own mistress! oh no. One thing I found rather formidable certainly. It was when a great deputation came to Lambton to congratulate George upon his marriage, and I had to sit at the end of the table with a great round of beef before me. I wanted them not to think I was young and inexperienced. I wanted to appear thirty at least; so I *would* carve: and then only think of their saying afterwards in the newspaper paragraphs, "We are glad to learn that the youthful Countess is not only amiable but intelligent." I was glad that they should think I was amiable, but when they said I was intelligent, I was perfectly furious, as if George's wife could possibly have been anything else.

"'I was brought up a Tory, but as long as I can remember I have felt myself a Radical. I cannot bear to think of the division between the classes, and there is so much good in a working-man. I love working-men: they are my friends: they are so much better than we are.

"'When my little George of four years old—such a little duck he is!—was with me at Weymouth, I told him he might take off his shoes and stockings and paddle in the water, and he went in up to his chest; and then the little monster said, "Now, mama, if you want to get me again, you may come in and fetch me, for I shan't come out." I was in despair, when a working-man passed by and said, "Do you want that little boy, ma'am?" and I said "Yes," and he tucked up his trousers and went in and fetched George out for me; but if the *man's* little boy had been in the water, I

am afraid I should not have offered to fetch him out for him.

"'And when I was going to church at Mr. Cumming's in Covent Garden (I daresay you think I'm very wrong for going there, but I can't help that), it began to pour with rain, and a cabman on a stand close by called out, "Don't you want a cab, ma'am?" I said, "Yes, very much, but I've got no money." And the cabman said, "Oh, never mind, jump in; you'll only spoil your clothes in the rain, and I'll take you for nothing." When we got to the church door, I said, "If you will come to my house you shall be paid," but he would not hear of it, and I have liked cabmen ever since. Oh, there is so much good in the working-men; they are so much better than we are.'"

"*Winton Castle, N.B., Sept.* 5, 1865.—My sweetest mother will like to think of me here with the dear old Lady Ruthven.[1] I left Howick at mid-day yesterday, with the Bishop and Mrs. Tait and their son Crauford, an Eton school-boy. It had been a very pleasant visit to the last, and I shall hope to repeat it another year, and also to go to the Durhams. We had an agreeable journey along the cliffs. I had become quite intimate with the Taits in the three days I was with them, and liked the Bishop very much better than Mrs. Tait, though I am sure she is a very good and useful woman.[2] At Tranent Lady Ruthven's carriage was

[1] Mary, widow of the 5th Lord Ruthven, and daughter of Walter Campbell of Shawfield.

[2] Catherine, daughter of Archdeacon Spooner. Her memoirs were published by her husband, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1879.

waiting for me. I found her in a sadly nervous state, dreadfully deaf, and constantly talking, the burden of her refrain being—

> 'Mummitie mum, mummitie mum,
> Mummitie, mummitie, mummitie mum.'

But in the evening she grew much better, and was like other people, only that she would constantly walk in and out of the dark ante-chambers playing on a concertina, which, as she wore a tiara of pearls and turquoises, had a very odd effect in the half light; and then at eleven o'clock at night she would put on her bonnet and cloak and go off for a walk by herself in the woods. Charming Miss Minnie Fletcher of Saltoun is here. She told me that—

"Sir David Brewster and his daughter went to stay with the Stirlings of Kippenross. In the night Miss Brewster was amazed by being awakened by her father coming into her room and saying, 'My dear, don't be alarmed, but I really cannot stay in my room. It may be very foolish and nervous, but there are such odd noises, such extraordinary groanings and moanings, that I positively cannot bear it any longer, and you must let me stay here. Don't disturb yourself; I shall easily sleep on the sofa.'

"Miss Brewster thought her father very silly, but there he stayed till morning, when he slipped away to his own room to dress, so as not to be found when the servant came to call his daughter. When the maid came she said, 'Pray, ma'am, how long are you going to stay in this house?' Miss Brewster was surprised, and said she did not know. 'Because, ma'am, if you

are going to stay, I am sorry to say I must leave you. I like you very much, ma'am, and I shall be sorry to go, but I would do anything rather than again go through all I suffered last night; such awful groanings and moanings and such fearful noises I can never endure again.' Miss Brewster was very much annoyed and laughed at the maid, who nevertheless continued firm in her decision.

"In the afternoon Miss Brewster had a headache, and at length it became so bad that she was obliged to leave the dinner-table and go up to her room. At the head of the stairs she saw a woman—a large woman in a chintz gown, leaning against the banisters. She took her for the housekeeper, and said, 'I am going to my room: will you be so kind as to send my maid to me?' The woman did not answer, but bowed her head three times and then pointed to a door in the passage and went downstairs. Miss Brewster went to her room, and after waiting an hour in vain for her maid, she undressed and went to bed. When the maid came up, she asked why she had not come before, and said she had sent the housekeeper for her. 'How very odd,' said the maid, 'because I have been sitting with the housekeeper the whole time.' Miss Brewster then described the person she had seen, upon which the maid gave a shriek and said, 'Oh, then you have seen the ghost.' The maid was in such a state of terror, that when Mrs. Stirling came up to inquire after her headache, Miss Brewster asked her about the woman she had seen, when, to her surprise, Mrs. Stirling looked quite agonised, and said, 'Oh, then there is more misery in store for me. You do not know what that ghost

has been to me all through my married life.' She then made Miss Brewster promise not to tell the persons who slept in the room pointed at, that theirs was the room. It was a Major and Mrs. Wedderburn who slept there. Mrs. Stirling and Miss Brewster then both wrote out accounts of what had happened and signed and sealed them. Before the year was out, they heard that the Wedderburns were both killed in the Indian Mutiny."

"*Winton Castle, Sept.* 8.—My visit here has been very pleasant indeed. The Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison came on Tuesday afternoon with the Belhavens. He is a fine-looking elderly man, with a wonderful fund of agreeable small-talk. Lady Charlotte[1] is very refined, quite unaffected, and very pretty still: they are both most kind to me. Miss Fletcher has been here all the time to help Lady Ruthven, for whom it is well that she has such a kind, pleasant great-niece only a mile off, to come and help her to amuse all her guests, as she has had fifty-six parties of people *staying* in the house in the last year. We saw a large party of the great-great nephews and nieces of Lady Ruthven and Lady Belhaven on Wednesday, when we went to spend the afternoon at Lord Elcho's. It is a fine place, Amisfield—a huge red stone house in a large park close to the town of Haddington, where there is a beautiful old cathedral, but in ruins, like all the best Scotch churches. Lady Elcho[2] has the stately refinement of a beautiful Greek statue. Her children

[1] Daughter of the 4th Duke of Portland, afterwards Viscountess Ossington.

[2] Lady Anne Anson, second daughter of the 1st Earl of Lichfield.

are legion, the two eldest boys very handsome and pleasant. We went over the house, with old tapestry, &c., to be seen, and the gardens with fine cedars, and then all Lord Wemyss's twenty-four race horses were brought out in turn to be exercised round the court-yard and admired: after which we had Scotch tea—scones, cakes, apricot-jam, &c.

"I have made rather friends with John Gordon,[1] a younger brother of Lord Aberdeen, who has been staying here. He is a second Charlie Wood in character, though only eighteen, and I have seldom seen any one I liked as well on short acquaintance. His family are all supposed to be dreadfully shy, but he seems to be an exception.

"Yesterday Lady Belhaven and Lady Ruthven went to Edinburgh, and I stayed with Miss Fletcher, and walked with her in the afternoon to Saltoun, where we had tea with Lady Charlotte and saw the curiosities. Lady Charlotte Fletcher[2] said:—

"'The French royal family were often here at Saltoun when they were at Holyrood—Charles X. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duchesse de Berri and her daughter, the Duc and Duchesse de Guise and the Duc de Polignac. . . . The Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duc de Polignac used to go down to the bridge in the glen and stay there for hours: they said it reminded them so much of France, the trees and the water. The Duc de Polignac said our picture of the leave-taking of Louis XVI. and his family contained figures more like than any he had seen elsewhere.

[1] Afterwards 7th Earl of Aberdeen.

[2] Fourth daughter of the 7th Earl of Wemyss.

We turned it to the wall and locked the door when they came, for fear the Duchesse d'Angoulême should see it, but the little Mademoiselle de Berri was playing hide-and-seek through the rooms, and she got in by the outer door, and it was the first thing she observed, and she insisted on seeing it. . . . She did me a little drawing, and left it behind her.

"'The family were very fond of coming here, because my father, Lord Wemyss, had been kind to them when they were here during the first Revolution. On the Duchesse de Berri's birthday, she was asked what she would like to do in honour of it, and she chose a day at Saltoun. It was very inconvenient their all coming with the children at a few hours' notice, such a large party, but she wrote a pretty note, saying what a pleasure it would be to see her old friends again, and another afterwards, saying what a delight it had been, so that we were quite compensated.'

"On Sunday, when it was church-time, Lady Ruthven said, 'We'll just gang awa to the kirk and see what sort of a discoorse the minister makes; and if he behaves himself, well—we'll ask him up to dinner!' She sat in kirk, with her two dogs beside her, in a kind of chair of state just under the pulpit, where she might have been mistaken for the clerk. She is as demonstrative in church as elsewhere, and once when Miss Fletcher came unexpectedly into the gallery after she had been some time without seeing her, she called out, 'Eh, there ye are, Minnie, my darling,' before the whole congregation, and began kissing her hands to her. When a child screamed in kirk, and its mother was taking it out, the minister interrupted his dis-

course with, 'Na, bide a wee: I'm no that fashed wi' the bairn.'—'Na, na,' said the mother, 'I'll no bide: it's the bairn that's fashed wi' ye.' Talking afterwards of the change of feeling with which church-services were usually regarded now-a-days, Lady Charlotte Fletcher said:—

"'Old Lady Hereford, my aunt, was quite one of the old school. She had a large glass pew in church, and the service was never allowed to begin till she had arrived, settled herself, and opened the windows of her pew. If she did not like the discourse, she slammed down her windows. After the service was over, her steward used to stand by the pew door to receive her orders as to which of the congregation were to be invited to dine in her hall that day.'

"While the party were talking of the change of manners, Lord Belhaven said:—

"'I just remember the old drinking days:[1] they were just dying out when I entered the army. Scarcely any gentlemen used to drink less than two bottles of claret after dinner. They used to chew tobacco, which was handed round, and drink their wine through it, wine and tobacco-juice at the same time. A spittoon was placed between every two gentlemen. It was universal to chew tobacco in country-houses: they chewed it till they went in to dinner, and they began again directly the ladies left the room, when tobacco and spittoons were handed round.

"'There were usually the bottles called "Jeroboams" on the table, which held six bottles of port. The old

[1] The "custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." —*Hamlet.*

Duke of Cleveland[1] always had his wine-glasses made without a foot, so that they would not stand, and you were obliged to drink off the whole glass when you dined with him.

"'I remember once dining at a house from which I was going away the next morning. I got to bed myself at twelve. When I came down to go off at eight, I asked when the other gentlemen had left the dining-room. "Oh," said the servant, "they are there still." I went in, and there, sure enough, they all were. When they saw me, they made a great shout, and said, "Come, now, you must drink off a bumper," and filled a tumbler with what they thought was spirits, but to my great relief I saw it was water. So I said, "Very well, gentlemen, I shall be glad to drink to your health, and of course you will drink to mine," —so I drank the water, and they drank the spirits.'"

"*Castlecraig, Noblehouse, Sept.* 9.—I came out this morning by the railway to Broomlee, a pretty line, leading into wild moorland, and at the station a dog-cart met me, and brought me six miles farther, quite into the heart of the Pentlands. The ascent to this house is beautiful, through woods of magnificent alpine-looking firs. Addie Hay[2] was waiting for me. You would scarcely believe him to be as ill as he is, and he is most cheerful and pleasant, making no difficulties about anything. He is often here with my present host, Sir William Carmichael."

[1] William Henry, 1st Duke of Cleveland, who died in 1842.

[2] Adam, fourth son of Sir Adam Hay of Haystoun, who had been one of my greatest friends at Christ Church. He died May 1871.

"*Winton Castle, Sept.* 10.—Yesterday I saw the beautiful grounds of Castlecraig—green glades in the hills with splendid pines, junipers, &c., and part of the garden consecrated as a burial-ground, with moss-grown sculptured tombs of the family ancestors on the green lawn.

"At Eskbank Lady Ruthven met me, and I came on with her to Newbattle. It is an old house, once an abbey, lying low in a large wooded park on the banks of the Esk—a fine hall and staircase hung with old portraits, and a beautiful library with long windows, carved ceiling, old books, illuminated missals, and stands of Australian plants. Lady Lothian is very young and pretty,[1] Lord Lothian a hopeless invalid from paralysis. She showed me the picture gallery and then we went to the garden—most lovely, close to the rushing Esk, and of mediæval aspect in its splendid flowers backed by yew hedges and its stone sundials. After seeing Lady Lothian's room and pictures, we had tea in the garden. The long drive back to Winton was trying, as, with the thermometer at 70°, Lady Ruthven would have a large bottle of boiling water at the bottom of the close carriage.

"Lady Ruthven is most kind, but oh! the life with her is so odd. One day a gentleman coming down in the morning looked greatly agitated, which was discovered to be owing to his having looked out of his window in the middle of the night, and believing that he had seen a ghost flitting up and down the terrace in a most ghastly clinging white dress. It

[1] Lady Constance Talbot, daughter of the 19th Earl of Shrewsbury.

was the lady of the castle in her white dressing-gown and night-gown!"

"*Wishaw, Sept.* 14.—I came here (to the Belhavens) after a two days' visit to Mrs. Stirling of Glenbervie, whence I saw Falkirk Tryste—the great cattle fair of Scotland. It was a curious sight, an immense plain covered with cattle of every description, especially picturesque little Highland beasts attended by drovers in kilts and plumes. When I saw the troops of horses kicking and prancing, I said how like it all was to Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' and then heard she had been there to study for her picture.

"We dined yesterday at Dalzel, Lady Emily Hamilton's,[1] a beautiful old Scotch house, well restored by Billings. To-day is tremendously hot, but though I am exhausted by the sun, I am much more so by all the various hungers I have gone through, as we had breakfast at half-past ten and luncheon at half-past five, and in the interval went to Bothwell—Lord Home's,—beautiful shaven lawns above a deep wooded ravine of the Clyde, and on the edge of the slope a fine old red sandstone castle."

"*Lagaray, Gareloch, Sept.* 17.—How I longed for my mother on Friday in the drive from Helensburgh along a terrace on the edge of the Gareloch, shaded by beautiful trees, and with exquisite views of distant grey mountains and white-sailed boats coming down the loch! I was most warmly welcomed by Robert Shaw Stewart[2]

[1] Daughter of the 7th Earl of Leven.

[2] A Roman friend, brother of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart.

and his wife. . . . Yesterday we went an immense excursion of forty-five miles, seeing the three lakes—Lomond, Long, and Gareloch."

"*Carstairs House, Lanarkshire, Sept.* 18.—Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Shaw Stewarts, and I was very sorry to leave them. The Gareloch is quite lovely, such fine blue mountains closing the lake, with its margin of orange-coloured seaweeds. . . . The Monteith family were at luncheon when I arrived at this large luxurious house—the guests including two Italians, one a handsome specimen of the Guardia Nobile—Count Bolognetti Cenci, a nephew by many greats of the famous Beatrice. After luncheon we were sent to the Falls of the Clyde—Cora Linn—a grand mass of water foaming and dashing, which the Italians called 'carina'!"

Before returning home, I went again to Chesters in Northumberland, to meet Dr. Bruce, the famous authority on "The Roman Wall" of Northumberland, on which he has written a large volume. It was curious to find how a person who had allowed his mind to dwell exclusively on one hobby could see no importance in anything else. He said, "Rome was now chiefly interesting as illustrating the Roman Wall in Northumberland, and as for Pompeii, it was not to be compared to the English station of Housesteads."

At the end of September I returned home,

and had a quiet month with the dear mother, who was now quite well. I insert a fragment of a letter from a niece who had been with her in my absence, as giving a picture of her peaceful, happy state at this time:—

"Auntie and I have spent our evenings in reading old letters and journals, which have made the past seem nearer than the present. Hers is such a sweet peaceful evening of life. There have been many storms and sorrows, but her faith has stood firm, and she is now calmly waiting her summons home. Oh! I pray that she may be spared to us yet awhile, now so doubly dear to us, the one link left with the loved and lost."

We left Holmhurst at the beginning of November, and went to Italy by the Mont Cenis, with Emma Simpkinson, the gentle youngest sister of my Harrow tutor, as our companion. Fourteen horses dragged us over the mountain through the snow in a bright moonlight night, during the greater part of which I crouched upon the floor of the carriage, so as to keep my mother's feet warm inside my waistcoat, so great was my terror of her having any injury from the cold.

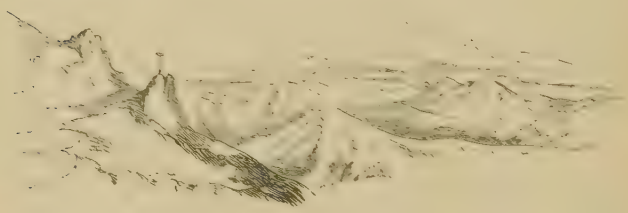
My Mother *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Spezia, Nov.* 11, 1865.—The day was most lovely on which we left Genoa, and so was the drive along

the coast, reminding us of Mentone in its beauty—the hills covered with olive-woods and orange-groves, the mountains and rocky bays washed by the bluest of blue waves. We dined at Ruta, a very pretty place in the mountain, and slept at Chiavari. Saturday was no less beautiful, the *tramontana* keen when we met it, like a March day in England, but the sun so burning, it quite acted as a restorative as we wound up the Pass of Bracco after Sestri—lovely Sestri. We had the carriage open, and so could enjoy the views around and beneath us, though the precipices were tremendous. However, the road was good, and occasionally in some of the worst places there was a bit of wall to break the line at the edge. Nothing could be more grand than the views of the billowy mountains with the Mediterranean below. At Borghetto was our halting-place, and then we had a rapid descent all the way here, where we arrived at half-past six."

"*Pisa, Nov.* 14.—To continue my history. Sunday was again a splendid day, and the Carrara mountains most lovely, especially at sunset. On Monday we drove to Porto Venere, and spent the morning in drawing at the ruined marble church. We dined, and at half-past five set out, reaching Pisa at half-past seven. And here was a merciful preservation given to me, where, to use the words of my favourite travelling Psalm (xci.), though my feet 'were moved,' the angels had surely 'charge over me.' Augustus had just helped me down from the train and turned to take the bags out of the carriage. When he *re*-turned to look after me, I lay flat on the ground in the deep cutting of the side

railway, into which, the platform being narrow, unfinished, and badly lighted, I had fallen in the dark. I believe both Augustus and Lea thought I was dead at first, so frightful was the fall, yet, after a little, I was able to walk to the carriage, though of course much shaken. Three falls have I had this year—in the waves of the Atlantic, in Westminster Abbey, and at Pisa—and yet, thanks be to God, no bones have been broken."



THE PASS OF BRACCO.[1]

At Pisa we stayed at the excellent Albergo di Londra, which was kept by Flora Limosin, the youngest daughter of Victoire[2] and foster-sister of Esmeralda. Victoire herself was living close by, in her own little house, filled with relics of the past. I had not seen her since Italima's death, and she had many questions to ask me, besides having much to tell of the extraordinary intercourse she had immediately

[1] From "Central Italy."

[2] Madame Victoire Ackermann. See vol. i.

after our family misfortunes with Madame de Trafford—the facts of which she thus dictated to me :—

Félix and Victoire followed Italima from Geneva to Paris. Victoire says—"We rejoined Madame Hare at the house of Madame de Trafford. I went with

AT PORTO VENERE.[1]

her and Mademoiselle to the station in the evening. Madame Hare did all she could to console me. It was arranged that Constance should accompany them, because she was Miss Paul's maid. I had no presentiment then that I should never see Madame Hare

[1] From "Central Italy."

again. After they were gone, we remained at the house of Balze, our son-in-law, at the end of the Faubourg S. Germain, but every day I went, by her desire, to see Madame de Trafford, at the other end of the Champs Elysées. She was all kindness to me. She did all she could to console me. When she had letters from Madame Hare, she read them to me: when I had them, I read them to Madame de Trafford. Matters went from bad to worse. One day Madame de Trafford had a letter which destroyed all hope. It was three days before she ventured to read it to me. I have still the impression of the hour in which she told me what was in it. She made me sit by her in an armchair, and she said, 'Il ne faut pas vous illusionner, Victoire: Madame Hare ne reviendra *jamais;* elle est absolument ruinée.' I remained for several hours unconscious: I knew there was no hope then. I was only sensible that Madame de Trafford gave me some strong essence, which restored me in a certain degree. Then she did all she could to console me. It was the most wonderful heart-goodness possible. She took me back that day to my son-in-law's house. I was thinking how I could break it to Félix: I did not venture to tell him for a long time. At last he saw it for himself; he said, 'Il y'a quelque chose de pire à apprendre, ou vous me cachez quelque chose, Victoire,' and then I told him. The next day Madame de Trafford said that she could not endure our sufferings. 'Après trente ans de service, après tant de dévouement, elle ne pouvait pas souffrir que nous irions à la mendicité. Vous n'avez rien,' she said, 'je le sais plus que vous.' I did not like her saying this. 'Yes, we have something,' I

said; 'we are not so badly off as that.'—'Tais-toi, Victoire, vous n'avez rien,' she repeated, and she was right, it was her second-sight which told her. She bade me seek in the environs of Paris for a small house, any one I liked, in any situation, and she would buy it for me. If there was a large house near it, so much the better—that she would buy for herself. She said she knew I could not live there upon nothing, but that she should give me an annuity, and that Felix 'à cause de son rhumatisme,' must have a little carriage. I was quite overwhelmed. 'Mais, Madame, nous ne méritons pas cela,' I said. 'Oui, Victoire, je sais que vous le méritez bien, et *je le veux*.' I said it was impossible I could accept such favours at her hands. She only repeated with her peculiar manner and intonation—'*je le veux*.' The next day we both went to her. Her table was already covered with the notices of all the houses to let in the neighbourhood of Paris. 'Nous allons visiter tout cela,' she said, 'nous allons choisir.' Both Felix and I said it was impossible we could accept such kindness, when we could do nothing for her in return. 'Est que je veux *acheter* votre amitié?' she said. She repeatedly said that she wished nothing but to come and see us sometimes, and that perhaps she should come every day. Thus we went on for fifteen days, but both Félix and I felt it was impossible we could accept so much from her; besides, Félix suffered so much from his rheumatism, and he felt that the climate of Pisa might do him good; besides which, our hearts always turned to Pisa, for it seemed as if Providence had willed that we should go there, in disposing that Madame Jacquet, who had a claim to

our house for her life, should die just at that time. We made a pretext of the health of Félix to Madame de Trafford, but it was fifteen days before she would accept our decision. 'Eh bien, vous voulez toujours aller à votre masure la bas à Pise,' said Madame de Trafford. She called our house a 'masure.' 'Eh bien, j'irai avec vous, je veux aussi aller à Pise, moi.' She wrote to M. Trafford, who came over to take leave of her, as he always does when she leaves Paris, and she arranged her apartment. . . . 'Oh, comme c'est une femme d'ordre, et comme son appartement est beau, le plus beau que j'ai jamais vue, même à la cour.' Then she left Paris with us.

"Voilà sa prévenance—the going to Pisa was in order that she might undertake all the expenses of our journey. Quand elle est chez elle, elle est très économe, mais quand elle voyage, elle voyage grandement. Where another person would give two francs, Madame de Trafford gives ten. She is always guided by her *seconde vue:* she reads the character in the face. She wished us to travel first-class, and she insisted on taking first-class tickets for us all, but Félix absolutely refused to go in anything but a second-class carriage. I travelled with Madame de Trafford. We went first to Turin. Thence, 'pour donner distraction à Félix, étant ancien militaire,' Madame de Trafford insisted on taking us to the battle-fields of Solferino and Magenta. Elle nous a fait visiter tout cela, et vraiment grandement. At last we reached Pisa. It was then that Madame de Trafford first revealed to us that she intended to rent our house. She insisted upon paying for it, not the

usual rent, but the same that she paid for her beautiful apartments in the Hôtel de la Metropole, and nothing could turn her from this; she was quite determined upon it. Every day she ordered a large dinner; although she only ate a morsel of chicken herself, everything was served and then removed. Félix served her. It was in order that we might have food. It was the same with wine: she always had a bottle of wine, Madeira or whatever it might be: a new bottle was to be uncorked every day; she only drank half a glass herself, but the same bottle was never allowed to appear twice.

"Up to that time I had never entirely believed in her second-sight. It was just after we arrived in Pisa that I became quite convinced of it. I was astonished, on her first going into our house, to see her walk up to one of the beds and feel at the mattresses, and then she turned to me and said, 'On vous a volé, Victoire; vous avez mis ici de la bonne laine, et on a mis la malsaine et vieille laine.' I did not believe her at the time. I had sent money to Pisa to pay for the re-stuffing of those very mattresses: afterwards I unripped the mattresses, and found it was just as she said. From time to time in England we had bought a little linen, because the house was let without linen. M. Hare had left a thousand francs to Félix and me. This was paid to us in London; therefore we had spent it in carpets and linen. The carpets we sent at once to Pisa. The linen was also sent, but it was left packed up in boxes under the care of the woman who looked after the house. Soon after we arrived, Madame de Trafford asked if I had any linen. I said 'Yes,' and

going to the boxes, unlocked them, and brought the sheets and towels which she required. She felt at them, and then she said, 'On vous a volé encore ici, Madame Victoire; vous avez mis de telles et telles choses dans une telle et telle boîte.'—'Oui, c'est ainsi,' I replied. 'Eh bien, on vous a volé telles et telles choses dans une telle et telle boîte.' I rushed to look over the boxes, and it was just as she said. The third time was when we went to Florence, for she would take me to spend some days with her at Florence. She bought me a beautiful black silk dress to wear when I went with her, and it was one of her *prévenances* that we should not go to any hotel I had been in the habit of going to, for she wished me to be entirely with her *sans aucune remarque.* When we went to Florence, the two large boxes Madame de Trafford had brought with her were left in the salon at Pisa. When we came back she said, with her peculiar intonation, 'Je vous prie, Victoire, de compter mes mouchoirs: savez-vous combien j'ai?'—'Mais oui, Madame; vous en avez cinque paquets avec des douzaines en chaque.'—'Eh bien, comptez-les: on m'a volé trois dans un paquet, deux dans un autre,' &c. *Effectivement* it was just as Madame de Trafford had said: it must have been the same person who had taken my linen before.

"It was always the custom at the convent of S. Antonio, which is close to our house, that any poor people who chose to come to the door on a Saturday should receive something. Madame de Trafford, from her window, saw the people waiting, and asked me what it meant. When I told her, she desired me to

go to the convent and find out exactly what it was they received. Madame de Trafford will never be contradicted, so I went at once. When I came back I told her that it was one kreutz or seven centimes. She thought this much too little, and bade me give each of the people a paul. I sent the money down to them. The result was that next time, instead of ten, two or three hundred poor people came. They all received money. It made quite a sensation in the quarter. The house used to be quite surrounded and the streets blocked up by the immense crowds at that time. It became necessary to fix a day. Thursday was appointed, that was the day on which Madame de Trafford gave her alms. One day from the window she saw a poor woman with a child in her arms. 'Voilà une qui est bien malheureuse,' she said; 'descendez, je vous prie, et donnez lui de l'argent sans compter.' One cannot disobey Madame de Trafford. I went down directly, and gave a handful of silver to the woman, shutting the door upon her thanks and leaving her petrified with astonishment.

"One day we went to Leghorn by the eleven-o'clock train (for she always made me go with her). We descended at the hotel, and then she desired me to order a carriage—'le plus bel équipage qu'on pourrait avoir.' Soon afterwards the carriage came to the door: it was a very poor carriage indeed, and the coachman wore a ragged coat and a wide-awake hat. She seemed surprised, and asked me if I could not have done better for her than that, and, knowing her character, I was quite angry with the master of the hotel for ordering such a carriage; but in reality there was no other, all

the others were engaged. So at length we got in, but when we had gone some distance she began to fix her eyes upon the driver, and said, 'Mais est-ce qu'on peut aller avec un cocher qui a un trou comme ça dans son habit?' and she desired him to drive back to the hotel. As we went back she said to me, 'Ce pauvre jeune homme doit être bien malheureux, dites lui de venir à l'hôtel.' When we got back to the inn, she desired me to procure everything that was necessary to dress the young man, everything complete, and of the best. But I could not undertake myself to dress the young man, so I asked the master of the hotel to do it for me. At Leghorn this is not so difficult, because there are so many ready-made shops. So the landlord procured a complete set of clothes, coat, trousers, waistcoat, boots, hat, everything, and Madame de Trafford gave orders that he should be shaved and washed and sent in to her. When he came in, the change was most extraordinary; he was such a handsome young man that I should not have known him. But Madame de Trafford only turned to me and said, 'Mais je vous ai ordonné de lui procurer un habillement complet, et est-ce que vous pensez que avec un habit comme ça, il peut porter cette vilaine vieille chemise?' for she perceived directly that they had not changed his shirt, which I had never thought of. The shirt was procured, but there was always something wanting in the eyes of Madame de Trafford. 'Mais que fera ce jeune homme,' she said, 's'il est enrhumé, quand il n'a pas de mouchoirs de poche,' and then I was obliged to get other shirts and socks, and cravats and handkerchiefs—in short, a complete trousseau. And then a commoner dress was

wanted for the morning: and then the tailor was ordered to come again with greatcoats. Of these he had two; one cost much more than the other, but Madame de Trafford chose that which cost the most.

"Le jeune homme regardait tout ça comme un rêve. Il ne le croyait pas, lui, et il disait rien du tout: il laissa faire. Il disait après à Fèlix qu'il pensait que c'était des mystifications, et il ne croyait pas à ce qu'il voyait.

"At last, when all was completed and paid for in his presence, four o'clock came, and he mounted on his box and drove us to the station. All the little boys in the street, who had known him in his old dress, ran along by the side of the carriage to stare at him. At last, when we reached the station and were actually going off, he began to believe, and flung himself on his knees before all the people in his gratitude to Madame de Trafford. 'Je me suis soulagée d'un poids en laissant ce jeune homme ainsi,' said Madame de Trafford to me.

"After this," continued Victoire, "came the great floods in the marshes near Pisa. When Madame de Trafford heard of the sufferings which they caused, she bade me order a carriage and drive out there with her. We drove as far as we could, and then we left the carriage and walked along a little embankment between the waters to where there were some cottages quite flooded, from which some poor women crept out along some planks to the bank on which we were. Before we left the hotel, Madame de Trafford had said, 'Mettez vos grandes poches' (because she had made me have some very large pockets made, very wide and deep, to wear under my dress and hold her

valuables when we travelled), and then she had said that I was to fill them up to the brim with large piastres, without counting what I took. I had shovelled piastres into my pockets by handfuls till I was quite weighed down. I did not like doing it, but I was obliged to do as she bade me. Then she said, 'Have you taken as much as your pockets will hold? I wish them

LA SPINA, PISA.[1]

to be filled to the brim.' When we arrived and saw the poor women, she said, 'Donnez-leur des piastres, mais donnez-les par poignets, et surtout ne comptez pas, ne comptez jamais.' So I took a large heap of piastres, and put them into the hands of Madame de Trafford that she might give them to the women. Then she began to be angry—'Je vous ai dit de les donner, je ne les veux pas.' So I began to give a handful of piastres to one woman and another, all without counting; even to the children Madame de

[1] From "Central Italy."

Trafford desired me to give also. At first they were all quite mute with amazement, then the women began to call aloud to me, 'E chi é questa principessa benedetta, caduta dal cielo? dite chi é che possiamo ringraziarla.'—'Qu'est ce qu'ils disent donc,' said Madame de Trafford. 'Mais, Madame, ils demandent quelle princesse vous êtes qu'ils puissent vous remercier.'—'Dites les que je ne suis pas princesse,' said Madame de Trafford, 'que je ne suis qu'une pauvre femme faite en chair et os comme eux.'

"Then Madame de Trafford asked them if there were no more poor people there, and they went and fetched other poor women and children, till there was quite a crowd. To them also she ordered me to give piastres—'toujours sans compter'—till at last, through much giving, my pockets were empty. Then Madame de Trafford was really angry—'Je vous ai dit, Madame Victoire, de porter autant que vous pouviez, et vous ne l'avez pas fait.'—'Mais, Madame, vous ne m'avez pas dit de mettre quatre poches, vous m'avez dit de mettre deux poches: ces deux poches étaient remplis, à present les voilà vides.'

"When we were turning to go away, all the people, who had not till that moment believed in their good fortune, fell on their knees, and cried, 'Oh, Signore, noi ti ringraziamo d'avere mandato questa anima benedetta, e preghiamo per ella.'—'Mais retournez bien vite à la voiture, mais montez donc bien vite, Madame Victoire,' said Madame de Trafford, and we hurried back to the carriage; and the coachman, concerning whom she had taken care that he should not see what had happened, was amazed to see us coming with all

this crowd of poor women and children following us. When we were driving away, Madame de Trafford said, 'Quel jour heureux pour nous, Madame Victoire, d'avoir soulagé tant de misère ; quel bonheur de pouvoir faire tant de félicité avec un peu d'argent.'"

After remaining many weeks at Pisa with Victoire, Madame de Trafford had accompanied her to Rome, whither she went in December 1859 to arrange the affairs of Italima at the Palazzo Parisani, and thence, having fulfilled her mission, and seen Victoire comfortably established in her Pisan home, Madame de Trafford had returned to Paris.

In 1865 the journey from Pisa to Rome was still tiresome and difficult. We went by rail to Nunziatella, and there a cavalcade was formed (for mutual protection from the brigands), of six diligences with five horses apiece, with patrols on each carriage, and mounted guards riding by the side. The cholera had been raging, so at Montalto, one of the highest points of the dreary Maremma, we were stopped, and those who were "unclean"—*i.e.*, had omitted to provide themselves with clean bills of health at Leghorn—were detained for eight days' quarantine. We had obtained "clean" bills, from the Spanish Consul,

grounded upon the hotel bills of the different places we had slept at since crossing the Alps, and, with others of our kind, were taken into a small white-washed room filled with fumes of lime and camphor, where we were shut up for ten minutes, without other hurt than that any purple articles of dress worn by the ladies came out yellow. Most dreary was the long after-journey through a deserted region, without a house or tree or sign of habitation, till at 10 P.M. we came in sight of the revolving light of Civita Vecchia, beautifully reflected in the sea. Then I had to watch all the luggage being fumigated for three midnight hours. However, November 18 found us established in Rome, in the high apartment of the Tempietto (Claude Lorraine's house), at the junction of the Via Sistina and Via Gregoriana, with the most glorious view from its windows over all the Eternal City, and a pleasant Englishwoman, Madame de Monaca, as our landlady. Hurried travellers to Rome now can hardly imagine the intense comfort and repose which we felt in old days in unpacking and establishing ourselves in our Roman apartment, which it was worth while to make really pretty and comfortable, as we were sure to be settled there for at least four or five months, with

usually far more freedom from interruptions, and power of following our own occupations, than would have attended us in our own home, even had health not been in question. Most delightful was it, after the fatigues and (on my mother's account) the intense anxieties of the journey, to wake upon the splendid view, with its succession of aërial distances, and to know how many glorious sunsets we had to enjoy behind the mighty dome which rose on the other side of the brown-grey city. And then came the slow walk to church along the sunny Pincio terrace, with the deepest of unimaginable blue skies seen through branches of ilex and bay, and garden beds, beneath the terraced wall, always showing some flowers, but in spring quite ablaze with pansies and marigolds.

The first time we went out to draw was to the gardens of S. Onofrio, where, when we were last here, we used to be very much troubled by a furious dog. We rang the bell, and the woman answered; she recognised us, and, without any preliminary greetings, by an association of ideas, exclaimed at once, "Il cane e morto." It was very Italian.

So many people beset me during this winter with notes or verbal petitions that I would go out drawing with them, that at last I wrote

on a sheet of paper a list of the days (three times a week) on which I should go out sketching, and a list of the places I should go to, and desiring that any one who wished to go with me would find themselves on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti at 10 A.M., and sent it round to my artistic acquaintance. To my astonishment, on the first day mentioned, when I expected to meet one or two persons at most, I found the steps covered by forty ladies, in many cases attended by footmen, carrying their luncheon-baskets, camp-stools, &c. I introduced four ladies to each other that they might drive out together to the Campagna, and I generally tried to persuade those who had carriages of their own to offer seats to their poorer companions. For a time all went radiantly, but, in a few weeks, two-thirds of the ladies were "*en delicatesse*," and, at the end of two months, they were all "*en froid*," so that the parties had to be given up. Of the male sex there was scarcely ever any one on these sketching excursions, except myself and my cousin Frederick Fisher,[1] who was staying at Rome as tutor to the young Russian

[1] His mother was Susan, daughter of William Leycester, my mother's first cousin. She was murdered during the Indian Mutiny, with her husband and child.

Prince, Nicole Dolgorouki. He was constantly with us during the winter, and was a great pleasure from his real affection for my mother, who was very fond of him.

In the spring Esmeralda came to Rome, and I used often to go to see her in the rooms at Palazzo Parisani. She was very fragile then, and used to lie almost all day upon an old velvet sofa, looking, except for the heavy masses of raven hair which were still uncovered, almost like an uncloistered nun, with her pale face and long black dress, unrelieved at the throat, and with a heavy rosary of large black beads and cross at her waist.

From my JOURNAL.

"*Rome, Dec.* 21, 1865.—Cardinal Cecchi died last week, and lay in state all yesterday in his palace, on a high bier, with his face painted and rouged, wearing his robes, and with his scarlet hat on his head. Cardinals always lie in state on a high catafalque, contrary to the general rule, which prescribes that the higher the rank the lower the person should lie. Princess Piombino lay in state upon the floor itself, so very high was her rank.

"The Cardinal was carried to church last night with a grand torchlight procession, which is always considered necessary for persons of his rank; but it is expensive, as everything in Rome costs double after

the Ave Maria. The fee for a frate to walk at a funeral is four baiocchi in the daytime, but after the Ave it is eight baiocchi. When the Marchesa Ponziani was taken to church the other day, all the confraternities in Rome attended with torches.[1]

"To-day at 10 A.M. the Cardinal was buried in the church at the back of the Catinari. According to old custom, when he was put into the grave, his head-cook walked up to it and said, 'At what time will your Eminence dine?' For a minute there was no response, and then the major-domo replied, 'His Eminence will not want dinner any more (*non vuol altro*). Then the head-footman came in and asked, 'At what time will your Eminence want the carriage?' and the major-domo replied, 'His Eminence will not want the carriage any more.' Upon which the footman went out to the door of the church, where the fat coachman sat on the box of the Cardinal's state carriage, who said, 'At what time will his Eminence be ready for the carriage?' and when the footman replied, 'La sua Eminenza non vuol altro,' he broke his whip, and throwing down the two pieces on either side the carriage, flung up his hands with a gesture of despair, and drove off.

"The other day Mrs. Goldsmid was in a church waiting for her confessor, who was not ready to come out of the sacristy. While she was waiting, two men came in carrying something between them, which she soon saw was a dead frate. His robe was too short, and his little white legs protruded below. They put

[1] The famous S. Francesca Romana had been a member of the Ponziani family.

him on a raised couch with a steep incline and left him, and her agony was that he would slip down and fall off, and then that the priests would think she had done it. She became so nervous, that, as she kept her eyes fixed on the body, it seemed to her to slip, slip, slip, till at last she made sure the little man was coming down altogether, and going to the sacristy door, she rang the bell violently, and entreated to be let out of the church.

"Mrs. Goldsmid says that the Pope, Pius IX., cannot stop spitting even when he is in the act of celebrating mass. . . . Being very jocose himself, he likes others to be familiar enough to amuse him. The other day a friend asked Monsignor de Merode why the Pope was so fond of him: he said it was because, when he saw the Pope in a fit of melancholy, he always cut a joke and made him laugh, instead of condoling with him.

"The Pope is always thoroughly entertained at the stories which are circulated as to his 'evil eye' and its effects, as well as those about the 'evil eye' of the excellent and strikingly handsome Monsignor Prosperi. When the fire occurred in the Bocca di Leone, and the Pope was told of it, he said, 'How very extraordinary, for Monsignor Prosperi was out of Rome, and I was not there.'

"When the Pope, who does not speak good French, was talking of Pusey, he said, 'Je le compare à une cloche, qui sonne, sonne, pour appeler les fidèles à l'église, mais qui n'entre jamais.'

"I think there can scarcely be any set of men whose individuality is more marked than the present Cardinals.

. . . Antonelli's manner in carrying the chalice in St. Peter's is reverent in the extreme. Cardinal Ugolini, who is almost always with the Pope, never fails to ruffle up his hair in walking down St. Peter's or the Sistine."

"*Christmas Day.*—The Pope heard of the death of his sister, an abbess, this morning, just as he was going to be carried into St. Peter's, but the procession and the chair were waiting, and he was obliged to go The poor old man looked deadly white as he was carried down the nave, and no wonder."

"*January* 15, 1866.—Went, by appointment, with Mrs. Goldsmid to the Church of SS. Marcellino e Pietro —the church with a roof like that of a Chinese pagoda, in the little valley beneath St. John Lateran. Inside it is a large Greek cross, and very handsome, with marbles, &c. The party collected slowly, Mrs. De Selby and her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Madame Sainte Aldegonde, the Bedingfields, a French Abbé, Mrs. Dawkins, and ourselves. Soon a small window shutter was opened to the left of the altar, and disclosed a double grille of iron, beyond which was a small room in the interior of the monastery. In the room, but close to the grille, and standing sideways, with lighted candles in front of it, was a very beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. It was much smaller than life, and seemed to be a copy of Guido's picture in the Lucina. The figure hung alone on the cross in the midst of a dark wind-stricken plain, and behind it the black storm clouds were driving through

the sky, and beating the trees towards the ground. As you looked fixedly at the face, the feeling of its intense suffering and its touching patience seemed to take possession of you and fill you. We all knelt in front of it, and I never took my eyes from it. Very soon Mrs. Goldsmid said, 'I begin to see something; do you not see the pupils of its eyes dilate?' Mrs. Montgomery, in an ecstasy, soon after said, 'Oh, I see it: how wonderful! what a blessing vouchsafed to us! See, it moves! it moves!' Mrs. De Selby, who is always sternly matter-of-fact, and who had been looking fixedly at it hitherto, on this turned contemptuously away and said, 'What nonsense! it is a complete delusion: you delude yourselves into anything; the picture is perfectly still.' Mrs. Dawkins now declared that she distinctly saw the eyes move. Lady Bedingfield would not commit herself to any opinion. The French Abbé saw nothing.

"Meanwhile Madame Ste. Aldegonde had fallen into a rapture, and with clasped hands was returning thanks for the privilege vouchsafed to her. 'Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! quelle grâce! quelle grâce!' Shortly after this the French Abbé saw it also. 'Il n'y a pas la moindre doute,' he said; 'il bouge les yeux, mais le voilà, le voilà.' They all now began to distress themselves about Mrs. De Selby. 'Surely you must see *something*,' they said; 'it is impossible that you should see *nothing*.' But Mrs. De Selby continued stubbornly to declare that she saw nothing. While Madame Ste. Aldegonde was exclaiming, and when the scene was at its height, I could fancy that I saw something like a scintillation, a speculation, in one of the eyes of

the Crucified One, but I could not be certain. As we left the church, the other ladies said, apropos of Mrs. De Selby, 'Well, you know, after all, it is not a thing we are *obliged* to believe,' and one of them, turning to her, added consolingly, 'And you know you *did* see a miracle at Vicovaro.'

"Mrs. Goldsmid declared that she was so shocked at my want of faith, that she should take me immediately to the Sepolti Vivi, to request the prayers of the abbess there. So we drove thither at once. The convent is most carefully concealed. Opposite the Church of S. Maria del Monte, a little recess in the street, which looks like a *cul de sac*, runs up to one of those large street shrines with a picture, so common in Naples, but of which there are very few at Rome. When you get up to the picture, you find the *cul de sac* is an illusion. In the left of the shrine a staircase in the wall leads you up round the walls of the adjoining house to a platform on the roof. Here you are surrounded by heavy doors, all strongly barred and bolted. In the wall there projects what looks like a small green barrel. Mrs. Goldsmid stooped down and rapped loudly on the barrel. This she continued to do for some time. At last a faint muffled voice was heard issuing from behind the barrel, and demanding what was wanted. 'I am Margaret Goldsmid,' said our companion, 'and I want to speak to the abbess.'— 'Speak again,' said the strange voice, and again Mrs. G. declared that she was Margaret Goldsmid. Then the invisible nun recognised the voice, and very slowly, to my great surprise, the green barrel began to move. Round and round it went, till at last in

its innermost recesses was disclosed a key. Mrs. Goldsmid knew the meaning of this, and taking the key, led us round to a small postern door, which she unlocked, and we entered a small courtyard. Beyond this, other doors opened in a similar manner, till we reached a small white-washed room. Over the door was an inscription bidding those who entered that chamber to leave all worldly thoughts behind them. Round the walls of the room were inscribed: 'Qui non diligit, manet in morte'—'Militia est vita hominis super terram'—'Alter alterius onera portate,' and on the side opposite the door—

'Vi esorto a rimirar
La vita del mondo
Nella guisa che il mira
Un moribondo.'

Immediately beneath this inscription was a double grille, and beyond it what looked at first like pitch darkness, but what was afterwards shown to be a thick plate of iron, pierced, like the rose of a watering-pot, with small round holes, through which the voice might penetrate. Behind this plate of iron the abbess of the Sepolti Vivi receives her visitors. She is even then veiled from head to foot, and folds of thick serge fell over her face. Pope Gregory XVI., who of course could penetrate within the convent, once wishing to try her faith, said to her, 'Sorella mia, levate il velo.'—'No, mio Padre,' replied the abbess, 'é vietato dalle regole del nostro ordine.'

"Mrs. Goldsmid said to the abbess that she had brought with her two heretics, one in a state of partial

grace, the other in a state of blind and outer darkness, that she might request her prayers and those of her sisterhood. The heretic in partial grace was Mrs. Dawkins, the heretic in blind darkness was myself. Then came back the muffled voice of the abbess, as if from another world, 'Bisogna essere convertiti, perchè ci si sta poco in questo mondo: bisogna avere le lampane accese, perchè non si sa l'ora quando il Signore chiamerà, ma bisogna che le lampane siano accese coll' olio della vera fede, e se ve ne manca un solo articolo, se ne manca il tutto.' There was much more that she said, but it was all in the same strain. When she said, 'Se ve ne manca un solo articolo, se ne manca il tutto,' Mrs. Goldsmid was very much displeased, because she had constantly tried to persuade Mrs. Dawkins that it was *not* necessary to receive *all*, and the abbess had unconsciously interfered with the whole line of her argument. Afterwards we asked the abbess about her convent. They were 'Farnesiani,' she said; 'Sepolti Vivi' was only 'un nome popolare;' but she did not know why they were called Farnesiani, or who founded their order. She said the nuns did not dig their graves every day, that also was only a popular story. When they died, she said, 'they only enjoyed their graves a short time, like the Cappuccini (a year, I think), and then, if their bodies were whole when they were dug up, they were preserved; but if their limbs had separated, they were thrown away. She said the nuns could speak to their 'parenti stretti' four times a year, but when I asked if they ever *saw* them, she laughed in fits at the very idea, 'ma perchè bisogna vederli?' Mrs. Goldsmid was once inside the convent, but could

not get an order this year, because, when it had been countersigned by all the other authorities, old Cardinal Patrizi remembered that she had been in before, and withdrew it.

"I heard afterwards that generally when the crucifixion at S. Marcellino is shown, a nun of S. Teresa, with her face covered, and robed from head to foot in a long blue veil, stands by it immovable, like a pillar, the whole time."

"*January* 27.—Gibson the sculptor died this morning. He was first taken ill while calling on Mrs. Caldwell. She saw that he could not speak, and, making him lie down, brought water and restoratives. He grew better and insisted on walking home. She wished to send for a carriage, but he would not hear of it, and he was able to walk home perfectly. That evening a paralytic seizure came. Ever since, for nineteen days and nights, Miss Dowdeswell had nursed him. He will be a great loss to Miss Hosmer (the sculptress), whom he regarded as a daughter. They used to dine together with old Mr. Hay every Saturday. It was an institution. Mr. Gibson was writing his memoirs then, and he used to take what he had written and read it aloud to Mr. Hay on the Saturday evenings. Mr. Hay also dictated memoirs of his own life to Miss Hosmer, and she wrote them down."

"*January* 29. — I had a paper last night begging me to be present at a meeting about Gibson's funeral, but I could not go. The greater part of his friends wished for a regular funeral procession on foot through

the streets, but this was overruled by Colonel Caldwell and others. A guard of honour, offered by the French general, was however accepted. The body lay for some hours in the little chapel at the cemetery, the cross of the Legion of Honour fixed upon the coffin. It was brought to the grave with muffled drums, all the artists following. Many ladies who had known and loved him were crying bitterly, and there was an immense attendance of men. The day before he died there was a temporary rally, and those with him hoped for his life. It was during this time that the telegraph of inquiry from the Queen came, and Gibson was able to receive pleasure from it, and held it in his hand for an hour.

"Gibson—'Don Giovanni,' as his friends called him—had a quaint dry humour which was all his own. He used to tell how a famous art-critic, whose name must not be mentioned, came to his studio to visit his newly-born statue of Bacchus. 'Now pray criticise it as much as you like,' said the great sculptor. 'Well, since you ask me to find fault,' said the critic, 'I think perhaps there is something not quite right about the left leg.'—'About the leg! that is rather a wide expression,' said Gibson; 'but about what part of the leg?'—'Well, just here, about the bone of the leg.'—'Well,' said Gibson, 'I am relieved that *that* is the fault you have to find, for the bone of the leg is on the other side!'

"Gibson used to relate with great gusto something which happened to him when he was travelling by diligence before the time of railways. He had got as far as the Mont Cenis, and, while crossing it, entered

into conversation with his fellow-traveller—an Englishman, not an American. Gibson asked where he had been, and he mentioned several places, and then said, 'There was one town I saw which I thought curious, the name of which I cannot for the life of me remember, but I know it began with an R.'—'Was it Ronciglione,' said Gibson, 'or perhaps Radicofani?' thinking of all the unimportant places beginning with R. 'No, no; it was a much shorter name—a one-syllable name. I remember we entered it by a gate near a very big church with lots of pillars in front of it, and there was a sort of square with two fountains.'—'You cannot possibly mean Rome?'—'Oh yes, Rome—that *was* the name of the place.'"

"*February* 4.—I spent yesterday evening with the Henry Feildens.[1] Mrs. Fielden told me that in her girlhood her family went to the Isle of Wight and rented St. Boniface House, between Bonchurch and Ventnor. She slept in a room on the first floor with her sister Ghita: the French governess and her sister Cha slept in the next room, the English governess above. If they talked in bed they were always punished by the English governess, who could not bear them; so they never spoke except in a whisper. One night, when they were in bed, with the curtains closely drawn, the door was suddenly burst open with a bang, and something rushed into the room and began to whisk

[1] The Rev. Henry Arbuthnot Feilden married Ellinor, one of the daughters of Edmund Hornby, Esq., of Dalton Hall in Lancashire—a very old friend and connection of our family. Her sister Charlotte afterwards married my first cousin—Oswald Penrhyn.

about in it, making great draught and disturbance. They were not frightened, but very angry, thinking some one was playing them a trick. But immediately the curtains were drawn aside and whisked up over their heads, and one by one all the bed-clothes were dragged away from them, though when they stretched out their hands they could feel nothing. First the counterpane went, then the blankets, then the sheet, then the pillows, and lastly the lower sheet was drawn away from *under* them. When it came to this she (Ellinor Hornby) exclaimed, 'I can bear this no longer,' and she and her sister both jumped out of bed at the foot, which was the side nearest the door. As they jumped out, they felt the mattress graze against their legs, as it also was dragged off the bed. Ghita Hornby rushed into the next room to call the French governess, while Ellinor screamed for assistance, holding the door of their room tightly on the outside, fully believing that somebody would be found in the room. The English governess and the servants, roused by the noise, now rushed downstairs, and the door was opened. The room was perfectly still and there was no one there. It was all tidied. The curtains were carefully rolled, and tied up above the head of the bed: the sheets and counterpane were neatly folded up in squares and laid in the three corners of the room: the mattress was reared against the wall under the window: the blanket was in the fireplace. Both the governesses protested that the girls must have done it themselves in their sleep, but nothing would induce them to return to the room, and they were surprised the next morning, when they expected a scolding from their mother, to

find that she quietly assented to the room being shut up. Many years after Mrs. Hornby met the lady to whom the property belonged, and after questioning her about what had happened to her family, the lady told her that the same thing had often happened to others, and that the house was now shut up and could never be let, because it was haunted. A murder by a lady of her child was committed in that room, and she occasionally appeared; but more frequently only the noise and movement of the furniture occurred, and sometimes that took place in the adjoining room also. St. Boniface House is mentioned as haunted in the guide-books of the Isle of Wight."

"*Feb.* 12.—Went in the morning with the Feildens to S. Maria in Monticelli—a small church near the Ghetto. The church is not generally open, and we had to ring at the door of the priest's lodgings to get in: he let us into the church by a private passage. In the right aisle is the famous picture over an altar. It is a Christ with the eyes almost closed, weighed down by pain and sorrow. The Feildens knelt before it, and in a very few minutes they both declared that they saw its eyes open and close again. From the front of the picture and on the right side of it, though I looked fixedly at it, I could see nothing, but after I had looked for a long time from the left side, I seemed to see the eyes languidly close altogether, as if the figure were sinking unconsciously into a fast sleep.

"In the case of this picture, Pope Pius IX. has turned Protestant, and, disapproving of the notice it

attracted, after it was first observed to move its eyes in 1859, he had it privately removed from the church, and it was kept shut up for some years. Two years ago it was supposed that people had forgotten all about it, and it was quietly brought back to the church in the night. It has frequently been seen to move the eyes since, but it has not been generally shown. The sacristan said it was a '*regalo*' made to the church at its foundation, and none knew who the artist was.

"In the afternoon I was in St. Peter's with Miss Buchanan when the famous Brother Ignatius[1] came in. He led 'the Infant Samuel' by the hand, and a lay brother followed. He has come to Rome for his health, and has brought with him a sister (Sister Ambrogia) and the lay brother to wash and look after the Infant Samuel. He found the 'Infant' as a baby on the altar at Norwich, and vowed him at once to the service of the Temple, dressed him in a little habit, and determined that he should never speak to a woman as long as he lived. The last is extremely hard upon Sister Ambrogia, who does not go sight-seeing with her companions, and having a very dull time of it, would be exceedingly glad to play with the little rosy-cheeked creature. The Infant is now four years old, and is dressed in a white frock and cowl like a little Carthusian, and went pattering along the church in the funniest way by the side of the stately Brother Ignatius. He held the Infant up in his arms to kiss St. Peter's toe, and then rubbed its forehead against his foot, and did the same for himself, and then

[1] Mr. Leycester Lyne, celebrated as a preacher and for his follies in playing at monasticism. His mother was a Leycester of White Place, descended from a younger branch of the Leycesters of Toft.

they both prostrated themselves before the principal shrine, with the lay brother behind them, and afterwards at the side altars, the Infant of course exciting great attention and amusement amongst the canons and priests of the church. A lady acquaintance of ours went to see Brother Ignatius and begged to talk to the Infant. This was declared to be impossible, the Infant was never to be allowed to speak to a woman, but she might be in the same room with the Infant if she pleased, and Brother Ignatius would then himself put any questions she wished. She asked who its father and mother were, and the Infant replied, 'I am the child of Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin and of the holy St. Benedict.' She then asked if it liked being at Rome, 'Yes,' it said, 'I like being at Rome, for it is the city of the holy saints and martyrs and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.' When we saw the party, they were just come from the Pope, who told Brother Ignatius to remember that a habit could not make a monk.

"Miss Dowdeswell has been to see us, and given us a terrible account of the misapplication of the Roman charities. She says the people would rather beg, or even really die of want, than go into most of the institutions—that the so-called soup is little more than water, and that the inmates are really starved, besides which the dirt and vermin are quite disgusting. The best hospital is that of the 'Buon Fratelli,' where the people who obtain entrance are kindly treated, but it is exceedingly difficult to get admittance, and the hospital authorities will always say it is full, scarcely ever taking in more than nine patients, though there is accommoda-

tion for thirty, and each person admitted has to pay ten scudi. At S. Michele, which is enormously endowed, and which professes to be free, the patient is not only compelled to have a complete outfit of bedding and everything else she requires, but must pay three scudi a month for her maintenance as long as she remains, yet for this will not have what she could procure for the same sum elsewhere."

"*Feb.* 15.—Went with the Eyres to Benzoni's studio. Amongst many other statues was a fine group of a venerable old man raising a little half-naked boy out of a gutter. 'Ecco il mio benefattore,' said Benzoni. It was the likeness of Conte Luigi Taddini of Crema, who first recognised the genius of Benzoni when making clay images in the puddles by the wayside, and sent him to Rome at his own expense for education. Count Taddini died six years after, but, in the height of his fame, Benzoni has made this group as a voluntary thank-offering and presented it to the family of his benefactor in Crema. He was only twelve years old when adopted by Taddini.

"A curious instance of presentiment happened yesterday. Some charitable ladies, especially Mrs. McClintock,[1] had been getting up a raffle for a picture of the poor artist Coleman, whom they believed to be starving. The tickets cost five scudi apiece, and were drawn yesterday. Just at the last moment Mrs. Keppel, at the Pension Anglaise, had a presentiment that 77 would be the lucky number, and she sent to tell Mrs. McClintock that if she could have 77 she would

[1] Afterwards Lady Rathdonell.

take it, but if not, she would not take any number at all. Seventy-seven happened to be Mrs. McClintock's own number. However, she said that rather than Mrs. Keppel should take none, she would give it up to her and take another. Mrs. Keppel took 77 and she got the picture."

"*Feb.* 24, 1866.—The other day little Nicole Dolgorouki came in to dinner with a pencil in his hand. The Princess said, 'Little boys should not sit at dinner with pencils in their hands;' upon which the child of eight years old coolly replied, 'L'artiste ne quitte jamais son crayon!'

"When the Mother and Lea were both ill last week, our Italian servants Clementina and (her daughter) Louisa groaned incessantly; and when Clementina was taken ill on the following night, Louisa gave up all hope at once, and sent for her other children to take leave of her. This depression of spirits has gone on ever since Christmas, and it turns out now that they think a terrible omen has come to the house. No omen is worse than an upset of oil, but, if this occurs on Christmas Eve, it is absolutely fatal, and on Christmas Eve my mother upset her little table with the great moderator lamp upon it. The oil was spilt all over her gown and the lamp broken to pieces on the floor, with great cries of 'O santissimo diavolo' from the servants. 'Only one thing can save us now,' says Louisa; 'if Providence would mercifully permit that some one should break a bottle of wine here by accident, that would bring back luck to the house, but nothing else can.'

"The Borgheses have had a magnificent fancy ball. Young Bolognetti Cenci borrowed the armour of Julius II. from the Pope for the occasion, and young Corsini that of Cardinal de Bourbon. The Duchess Fiano went in the costume of the first Empire, terribly improper in these days, and another lady went as a nymph just emerged from a fountain, and naturally clothed as little as possible. The Princess Borghese[1] was dreadfully shocked, but she only said, 'I fear, Madame, that you must be feeling horribly cold.'

"When the French ambassador sent to the Pope to desire that he would send away the Court of Naples, the Pope said he must decline to give up the parental prerogative which had always belonged to the Popes, of giving shelter to unfortunate princes of other nations, of whatever degree or nation they might be, and 'of this,' he added pointedly, 'the Bonapartes are a striking example.' The French ambassador had the bad taste to go on to the Palazzo Farnese, and, after condoling with the King of Naples[2] upon what he had heard of his great poverty, said, 'If your Majesty would engage at once to leave Rome, I on my part would promise to do my best endeavours with my Government to obtain the restoration of at least a part of your Majesty's fortune.' The King coldly replied, 'Sir, I have heard that in all ages great and good men have ended their days in obscurity and poverty, and it can be no source of dread to me that I may be numbered amongst them.'

[1] Thérèse de la Rochefoucauld, wife of Prince Marc-Antonio Borghese.

[2] Francesco II.

"The Queen-mother of Naples[1] is still very rich, but is now a mere nurse to her large family, with some of whom she is to be seen—'gran' bel' pezzo di donna'—driving every day. When the King returned from Caieta, she was still at the Quirinal, and went down to the Piazza Monte Cavallo to receive him; but with him and the Queen came her own eldest son, and, before noticing her sovereign, she rushed to embrace her child, saying, 'Adesso, son pagato a tutto.'

"One sees the Queen of Naples[2] daily walking with her sister Countess Trani[3] near the Porta Angelica, or threading the carriages in the Piazza di Spagna, where the coachmen never take off their hats, and even crack their whips as she passes. She wears a straw hat, a plain violet linsey-woolsey dress, and generally leads a large deerhound by a string. She is perfectly lovely.

"The great Mother, Maria de Matthias,[4] has lately come down from her mountains of Acuto to visit my sister, who has arrived in Rome, and the confessor of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi has also visited her. I have read the life of this saint, and have never found out any possible excuse for her being canonised, unless that she married her husband because he was a good man, though he was 'ruvido di maniere e grossolano.'

"At dinner at Mr. Brooke's, I met the quaint and

[1] Marie Thérèse Isabelle, daughter of Archduke Charles of Austria.
[2] Marie, daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria.
[3] Princess Mathilde of Bavaria.
[4] Foundress of the Order of the Precious Blood.

clever Mrs. Payne, Madame d'Arblay's niece. She said that England had an honest bad climate and Rome a dishonest good one.

"Count Bolognetti Cenci is marvellously handsome, face and figure alike perfect. Some people maintain that Don Onorato Caiëtani is equally handsome. He has the extraordinary plume of white hair which is hereditary in the Caiëtani family. His father, the Duke of Sermoneta, said the other day, with some pardonable pride, 'Our ancestors were reigning sovereigns (in Tuscany) long before the Pope had any temporal power.'

"We have been to the Villa Doria to pick 'Widowed Iris,' which the Italians call 'I tre Chiodi del Nostro Signore,'—the three nails of our Saviour's cross.

"My sister declares that when Madame Barrère, late superior of the Order of the Sacré Cœur, was in her great old age, a Catholic lady who was married to a Protestant came to her and implored her to promise that, as soon as she entered heaven, her first petition should be for her husband that he might be a Catholic. Soon after this the Protestant husband was taken alarmingly ill, but gave his wife no hope that he would change his religion; yet, to her great surprise, when he was dying he bade her send for a priest. She considered this at first as a result of delirium, but he insisted upon the priest coming, and, rallying soon after, was received into the Roman Catholic Church. In a few days came the news of the death of Madame Barrère, and on inquiry it was found that the moment of her death and that of the Protestant sending for the priest exactly coincided."

"*March* 13.—The Roman princes are generally enormously rich. Tortonia is said to have an income which gives him 7000 scudi (£1200) a day. He is very charitable, and gives a great many pensions of a scudo a day to poor individuals of the *mezzoceto* class. The Chigis used to be immensely rich, but were ruined by old Princess Chigi, who gambled away everything she could get hold of. When one of her sons was to be made a Monsignore, a collection was arranged amongst the friends of the family to pay the expenses, but they imprudently left the rouleaux of money on the chimney-piece, where the old Princess spied them, and snapping them up, *gioccolare*-d them all away. The Massimi are rich, but the old Prince[1] is very miserly. The other day he told his cook that he was going to give a supper, but that it must not cost more than fifteen baiocchi a head, and that he must give minestra. The cook said it was utterly impossible, but the Prince declared he did not care in the least about 'possible,' only it must be done. The supper came off, and the guests had minestra. The next day the Prince said to his cook, 'Well, now, you see you could do it perfectly well; what was the use of making such a fuss about it?' The cook said 'Yes, I *did* it, but would you like to know where I got the bones from that made the soup?' The Prince shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Oh no, I don't want in the least to know about that; so long as you do your suppers for my price, you may get your bones wherever you like.' The cook told his friends afterwards that he got them at the Immondezzajo!"

[1] Prince Camillo, who married a princess of Savoy-Carignan.

"*March* 25.—Last January my sister wanted to engage a new maid. The mistress of a famous flower shop at Paris recommended her present maid, 'Madame Victorine,' who came to the hotel to see Esmeralda, who was delighted with her, only thinking her too good for the place. The new maid only made two stipulations: one was that she should always be called *Madame* Victorine; the other, that she should not be expected to have her meals with the other servants. My sister said that as to the first stipulation, there would be no difficulty at all; that she had always called her mother's maid 'Madame Victoire,' and that she could have no objection to calling her Madame Victorine; but that as to the second stipulation, though she insisted upon nothing, and though Madame Victorine would be perfectly free to take her food away and eat it wherever she pleased, yet she did not advise her to make any difficulty of this kind, as they were going to Italy, where the servants have jealous natures, and would be peculiarly liable to resent anything of the sort. Upon this Madame Victorine waived her second stipulation.

"Esmeralda was surprised, when Madame Victorine came to her, to find how well she had been educated and little traces of her having belonged to a higher position several times appeared by accident, upon which occasions Madame Victorine would colour deeply and try to hide what she had said. Thus, once she was betrayed into saying, 'I managed in that way with my servants;' and once in the railway, 'I did so when I was travelling with my son.' My sister observed not only that all her dresses were of the best

silk though perfectly plain, but that all her cuffs, collars, and handkerchiefs were of the very best and finest material. But the oddest circumstance was, that once when Esmeralda was going to seal a letter, having no seal about her, she asked Madame Victorine if she had one. Madame Victorine lent her one, and then, colouring violently, as if she remembered something, tried to snatch it away, but Esmeralda had already pressed it down, and saw on the impression a coronet and a cipher When my sister first told Madame Victorine that she was too good for the place, she seemed greatly agitated and exclaimed, 'Oh don't, don't change your mind, do take me: I will consent to do anything, only do take me.'

"One day since they have been at Palazzo Parisani, Esmeralda was looking for something amongst her music. 'You will find it in such an opera,' said Madame Victorine. 'Why, do you play also?' said Esmeralda, much surprised. 'Yes,' said Madame Victorine, colouring deeply. 'Then will you play to me?' said my sister. 'Oh no, no,' said Madame Victorine, trembling all over. 'Then I hope you will play sometimes when I am out,' said Esmeralda, and this Madame Victorine said she would do, and it seemed to please her very much."[1]

"*March* 26.—The Santa Croce are perhaps really the oldest family in Rome. They claim descent from

[1] The mystery of Madame Victorine was never cleared up. In the summer of 1867 she suddenly expressed a wish to leave, though full of gratitude and affection for my sister, and she implied that she need no longer continue in service. Probably she has returned into the sphere of life from which she evidently came. She called herself Victorine Errard.

Valerius Publicola, and the spirit of his life, that which characterised 'the good house that loved the people well,' still remains in the family. The other day Donna Vincenza Santa Croce was speaking of the Trinità de' Monti,[1] and the system of education there, and she said, 'I do so dislike those nuns: they are so worldly: they do so give in to rank, for when a girl of one of the great noble houses is there, they will make all the other girls stand up when she comes into a room! But this, you know, is not right, for it is only goodness and talent, not rank, that ought to make people esteemed in the world.' And was not this the spirit of Valerius Publicola speaking through his descendant?"

"*March* 27.—Last Sunday (Palm Sunday) was the last day of the 'mission' which the Pope had appointed in the hope of warding off both the cholera and the destruction of his own power. All the week processions had paraded the streets and monks had preached in the piazzas, rousing the feelings of the people in behalf of the Holy Father, and last Sunday it all came to a close. Giacinta, 'the Saint of St. Peter's,' came to tell my sister about the scene at Santo Spirito, where she was. A Passionist Father took a real crown of thorns and pressed it upon his head three times, till the thorns sank deep into the flesh, and the blood ran in streams down his face and over his dress. The people cried and sobbed convulsively, and were excited to frenzy when he afterwards took

[1] A celebrated convent in Rome, where the French nuns have a school, which is very popular.

a 'disciplina' and began violently to scourge himself before all the congregation. One man sobbed and screamed so violently that he was dragged out by the carabinieri. Whilst the feelings of the people were thus wrought up, the father besought and commanded them to deliver up all books they possessed which were mentioned in the Index, tambourines and things used in dancing the saltarella, and all weapons,—and all through that afternoon they kept pouring in by hundreds, men bringing their books, and women their tambourines, and many their knives and pistols, which were piled up into a great heap in the courtyard of the Santo Spirito and set on fire. It was a huge bonfire, which burnt quite late into the evening, and whilst it burnt, more people were perpetually arriving and throwing on their books and other things, just as in the old days of Florence under the influence of Savonarola.

"Last Thursday at the Caravità, the doors of the church were 'closed at one hour of the day' (*i.e.*, after Ave Maria), only men being admitted, and when they were fast, scourges were distributed, the lights all put out, and every one began to scourge both themselves and their neighbours, any one who had ventured to remain in the church without using a 'disciplina' being the more vigorously scourged by the others. At such times all is soon a scene of the wildest confusion, and shrieks and groans are heard on all sides. Some poor creatures try to escape by clinging to the pillars of the galleries, others fly screaming through the church with their scourgers pursuing them like demons.

"They say that the reason why St. Joseph's day was so much kept this year is that the Pope is preparing the public mind to receive a dogma of the Immaculate Conception of St. Joseph—perhaps to be promulgated next year: St. Anne is to be reserved to another time."

"*April* 1, *Easter Sunday.*—Passion Week has been very odd and interesting, but not reverent. It was very curious to see how—as Mrs. Goldsmid says, 'the Church always anticipates,' so that the Saviour, personified by the Sacrament, is laid in the tomb long before the hour of His death, and Thursday, not Saturday, is the day upon which all the faithful go about to visit the sepulchres.[1] My sister decorated that of S. Claudio with flowers and her great worked carpet. The Mother recalls John Bunyan's confession of faith—

> 'Blest cross, blest sepulchre,—blest rather He,
> The Man that there was put to shame for me.'

"We went to the Benediction in the Piazza S. Pietro—a glorious blue sky and burning sunshine, and the vast crowd making the whole scene very grand, especially at the moment when the Pope stretched out his arms, and, hovering over the crimson balcony like a great white albatross, gave his blessing to all the world. Surely nothing is finer than that wonderful voice of Pius IX., which, without ever losing

[1] Because it was on the day before the Crucifixion that Our Lord said "This is my body," &c.

its tone of indescribable solemnity, yet vibrates to the farthest corners of the immense piazza.

"Afterwards we went to S. Andrea della Valle to see the 'sepolcro;' but far more worth seeing was a single ray of light streaming in through a narrow slit in one of the dark blinds, and making a glistening pool of gold upon the black pavement.

"On Good Friday, after the English service, we went to Santo Spirito in Borgo, where, after waiting an hour and a half, seeing nothing but the curiously ragged congregation, we found that the 'Tre Ore' was to be preached in broad Trasteverino, of which we could not understand a word. We went into St. Peter's, which was in a state of widowhood, no bells, no clock, no holy water, no ornaments on any of the altars, no lamps burning at the shrine, and all because the Sacrament was no longer present. We went again in the afternoon, when the whole building was thickly crowded from end to end. I stood upon the ledge of one of the pillars and watched two graceful ladies and a gentlemanly-looking man in black buffetted in the crowd below me: they were the King and Queen of Naples and the Countess Trani. Some zealous Bourbonists kissed their hands at risk of being trampled on.

"To-day St. Peter's and all the other churches have come to life again: the Sacrament has been restored: the bells have rung: and fire and water have been re-blessed for the year to come. All private Catholic houses too have had their blessings. A priest and a boy surprised Lea by coming in here and blessing everything, and she found them asperging the Mother's bed with holy water, all at the desire of our fellow-

lodger, Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, whom Louisa described as dropping gold pieces into their water-vessel. At Palazzo Parisani, as well as below us, a 'colazione' was set out, with a great cake, eggs, &c., and after being blessed was given away.

"Antonelli has just been made a priest, in the vague idea, I suppose, that it might some day be convenient to raise him to the papacy.

"Mr. Perry Williams, the artist, thought the old woman who cleans out his studio looked dreadfully ill the other day, and said, 'You look very bad, what on earth is the matter with you?'—'Cosa vuole, Signore, ho avuto una digestione tutta la notte.'"

"*April* 3.—This morning poor little Miss Joyce lay in a chapelle ardente at S. Andrea delle Fratte, and all the English Catholics, with the Borgheses and Dorias, who were her cousins, attended the requiem mass. She was only alarmingly ill for thirty-six hours, of brain fever, caused by a dose of twenty-five grains of quinine after typhus, which she had brought back from Naples. She had been the gayest of the gay all the season, and a week ago was acting in tableaux and singing at Mrs. Cholmondeley's party. It is said that at least one young lady is killed every year by being taken to Naples when she is overdone by the balls and excitement here.

"My sister gave a small party yesterday evening. The Duke and Duchess Sorá were there. The Duchess has a wonderfully charming expression. K., a young Tractarian, was introduced to her. She said afterwards, 'J'ai pensé longtemps qu'il était catholique,

et puis j'ai tourné, j'ai tourné, j'ai tourné, et voilà qu'il était protestant!'"

"*April* 8.—On Thursday, at the Monteiths', I met Lady Herries, Mrs. Montgomery, my sister, and many other Catholics. They were all assembled before dinner to receive Cardinal de Reisach, a very striking-looking old man, whose white hair and brilliant scarlet robes made a splendid effect of colour.

"On Friday, at 2 P.M., I joined the Feildens to go to the Palazzo Farnese. Mrs. F. wore a high grey dress without a bonnet: little Helen was in black velvet, with all her pretty hair flowing over her shoulders; Mr. Robartes, Mr. Feilden, and I wore evening dress. The whole way in the carriage my companions declared they felt more terrified than if they were going to a dentist, as bad as if they were going to have their legs taken off. We drove into the courtyard of the Farnese and to the foot of the staircase. Several other people were just coming down. We were shown through one long gallery after another to a small salon furnished with green, where the Duca della Regina and an old lady received us. Soon the door was opened at the side, and in very distinct tones the Duke mentioned our names. Just within the door stood Francis II. He looked grave and sad, and his forehead seemed to work convulsively at moments; still I thought him handsome. The Queen sat on a sofa at the other side of the room. She was in a plain black mourning dress with some black lace in her hair (for Queen Marie Amelie, her husband's aunt). The room was a boudoir, hung round with family

portraits. There was a beautiful miniature of the Queen on the table near which I sat.

"I went up at once to the King and made as if I would kiss his hand, but he shook mine warmly and made me sit in an arm-chair between him and the Queen. Mrs. Feilden in the meantime had gone direct to the Queen, who seated her by her side upon the sofa, and taking little Helen on her lap, kissed her tenderly, and said she remembered her, having often seen her before. I said, 'Ce petit enfant a tant de dévouement pour sa Majesté la Reine, qu'elle va tous les jours à la Place d'Espagne seulement pour avoir le bonheur de voir sa Majesté quand elle passe.' The Queen's eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in Helen's hair, which she kissed and stroked, saying, 'Oh mon cher enfant, mon cher petit enfant!'

"The King then said something about the great rains we had suffered. I mentioned the prophecy if it rained on the 4th April—

'Quattro di brillante,
Quaranta di durante,'

and the King said that in Naples there was a superstition of the same kind as that of our St. Swithin in England.

"As another set of people came in, we rose to go, kissing the Queen's hand, except Helen, who kissed her face. The King[1] shook hands and walked with us to the door, expressing a wish that we should

[1] King Francesco II., died December 1894.

return to Rome; and replying, when I said how much my mother benefited by the climate here, that Madame my mother ought always to make the most of whatever climate suited her health and remain in it. In the anteroom the Duca della Regina and the old lady were waiting to see Helen again.

"To-day Mrs. Ramsay asked me the difference between the Italian words *mezzo-caldo* and *semi-freddo*. One would think they were the same, but *mezzo-caldo* is hot punch and *semi-freddo* is cold cream!"

I have put in these extracts from my journal, as they describe a state of things at Rome which seemed then as if it would last for ever, but which is utterly swept away now and rapidly passing into oblivion. The English society was as frivolous then as it is now, but much more primitive. It was the custom in those days, when any one gave a larger party than usual, to ask Mrs. Miller, a respectable old Anglo-German baker who lived in the Via della Croce, to make tea and manage the refreshments, and one knew whether the party that one was invited to was going to be a large or small one by looking to see if there was "To meet Mrs. Miller" in the corner.

Our days were for the most part spent in drawing, and many were the delightful hours

we passed in the Villa Negroni, which has now entirely disappeared, in spite of its endless

CONTADINA, VALLEY OF THE SACCO.[1]

historic associations, or in the desolate and

[1] From "Days near Rome."

beautiful *vigne* of the Esquiline, which have also been destroyed since the Sardinian occupation of Rome. Indeed, those who visit Rome now that it is a very squalid modern city, can have no idea of the wealth and glory of picturesqueness which adorned its every corner before 1870, or of how romantic were the passing figures—the crimson Cardinals; the venerable generals of religious orders with their flowing white beards; the endless monks and nuns; the pifferari with their pipes; the peasant women from Cori and Arpino and Subiaco, with their great gold earrings, coral necklaces, and snowy head-dresses; the contadini in their sheep-skins and goat-skins; the handsome stalwart Guardia Nobile in splendid tight-fitting uniforms; and above all, the grand figure and beneficent face of Pius IX. so frequently passing, seated in his glass coach, in his snow-white robes, with the stoic self-estimation of the Popes, but with his own kindly smile and his fingers constantly raised in benediction.

The heat was very great before we left Rome in April. We went first to Narni, where we stayed several days in a very primitive lodging, with the smallest possible amount of furniture, and nothing to eat except cold goat

and rosemary, but in a glorious situation on the terrace which overlooks the deep rift of the Nar, clothed everywhere with ilex, box, and arbutus; and we spent long hours drawing the two grand old bridges—Roman and Mediæval —which stride across the river, even Lea being

THE BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, NARNI.[1]

stimulated by the intense beauty to a trial of her artistic powers, and making a very creditable performance of the two grand cypresses on the slope of the hill, which have disappeared under the Sardinian rule.

We spent a happy day at Spoleto, with its

[1] From "Days near Rome."

splendid ilex woods. Here my friends Kilcoursie[1] and Pearson joined us, and I went with them to spend the morning at the Temple of the Clitumnus, and returned just too late for the train we had intended to leave by. It is very characteristic of the slowness of those early

THE MEDIÆVAL BRIDGE, NARNI.[2]

days of Italian railways, that though we did not order our carriage till some time after the train was gone, we reached Perugia by road, in spite of the steep hill to be climbed, before the train which we were to have taken arrived

[1] Frederick, Viscount Kilcoursie, son of the 8th Earl of Cavan.
[2] From "Days near Rome."

on the railway. This evening's drive (April 23) is one of the Italian journeys I look back upon with greatest pleasure, the going onwards through the rich plain of vines and almonds and olives, and all the blaze of spring tulips and gladioli, and the stopping to buy the splendid oranges from the piles which lay in the little market under the old cathedral of Foligno; then seeing the sky turn opal behind the hills, and deepen in colour through a conflagration of amber, and orange, and crimson, of which the luminousness was never lost, though everything else disappeared into one dense shadow, and the great cypresses on the mountain edges were only dark spires engraven upon the sky. How many such evenings have we spent, ever moving onwards at that stately smooth *vetturino* pace—and silent, Mother absorbed in her heavenly, I in my earthly contemplations; dear Lea, tired by her long day, often sleeping opposite to us against the hand-bags.

We spent several days in Florence in 1866, when the streets were already placarded with such advertisements as 'I Menzogne di Genese, o l'Impostatura di Mosé'—typical of the change of Government. I paid several visits to the Comtesse d'Usedom (the Olympia Malcolm of

my childhood), who was more extraordinary than ever. When I went to luncheon with her in the Villa Capponi, she talked incessantly for three hours, chiefly of spirits.

VIEW FROM THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE.[1]

"I believe in them," she said, "of course I do. Why, haven't I *heard* them?" (with a perfect yell). "Why, I've seen a child whom we knew most intimately who was perfectly possessed by spirits—evil

[1] From "Florence."

spirits, I mean. There is nothing efficacious against *that* kind but prayer and the crucifix. Why, the poor little thing used to struggle for hours. It used to describe the devils it saw. They were of different kinds. Sometimes it would say, 'Oh, it's only one of the innocent blackies,' and then it would shriek when it thought it saw a red devil come. It was the red devils that did all the mischief. All the best physicians were called in, but they all said the case was quite beyond them. The possession sometimes came on twice in a day. It would end by the child gasping a great sigh, as if at that moment the evil spirit went out of it, and then quite calmly it would open its eyes, wonder where it was, and remember nothing of what had happened. The doctors urged that the child should not be kept quiet, but taken abroad and amused, and mama writes me word now that it is quite well.

"I never saw the ghosts at Rugen," said Madame von Usedom, "but there is one of Usedom's houses there which I have refused ever to go to again, for I have heard them there often. The lady in the room with me saw them too—she saw three white sisters pulling her husband out of his grave.

"We have an old lady in our family, a relation of Usedom's, who has that wonderful power of second-sight. . . . When we left you at Bamberg (in 1853), we went to Berlin, and there we saw Usedom's relation, who told me that I was going to have a son. She 'saw it,' she said. *Saw it!* why, she saw it as plain as daylight: I was going to have a son: Usedom's first wife had brought him none, and I was going to give him one.

"When I left Berlin, we went to Rugen, but I was to return to Berlin, where my son was to be born. Well, about three weeks before my confinement was expected, the old lady sent for a relation of Usedom's, who was in Berlin, and said, 'Have you heard anything of Olympia?'—'Yes,' he said, 'I heard from Usedom yesterday, and she is going on as well as possible, and will be here in a few days.'—'No,' said the old lady, 'she will not, for the child is dead. Yesterday, as I was sitting here, three angels passed through my room with a little child in their arms, and the face of the child was so exactly like Usedom's, that I know that the child is born and that it is in heaven.' And so it was. I had a bad fall in Rugen, which we thought nothing of at the time. I had so much strength and courage that it did not seem to affect me; but a week after my boy was born—dead—killed by that fall, and the image, oh! the very image of Usedom."

From Florence we went to Bellagio on the Lago di Como, and spent a week of glorious weather amid beautiful flowers with nightingales singing in the trees all day and night. Many of our Roman friends joined us, and we passed pleasant days together in the garden walks and in short excursions to the neighbouring villas. When we left Bellagio, the two Misses Hawker, often our companions in Rome, accompanied us. We ascended the Splugen from Chiavenna in pitch darkness,

till, about 4 A.M., the diligence entered upon the snow cuttings, and we proceeded for some time between walls of snow, often fifteen feet high. At last we stopped altogether, and in a spot where there was no refuge whatever from the ferocious ice-laden wind. Meantime sledges were prepared, being small open carts without wheels, which just held two persons each: my mother and I were in the second, Lea and an Italian in the third, and the Hawkers in the fourth: we had no man with our sledge. The sledges started in procession, the horses stumbling over the ledges in the snow, from which we bounded up and down. At last the path began to wind along the edge of a terrific precipice, where nothing but a slight edging of fresh snow separated one from the abyss. Where this narrow path turned it was truly horrible. Then came a tunnel festooned with long icicles; then a fearful descent down a snow-drift almost perpendicularly over the side of the mountain, the horses sliding on all fours, and the sledges crashing and bounding from one hard piece of snow to another; all this while the wind blew furiously, and the other sledges behind seemed constantly coming upon us. Certainly I never remember anything more appalling.

At the bottom of the drift was another diligence, but the Hawkers and I walked on to Splugen.

We spent an interesting afternoon at Brugg, and drew at Königsfelden, where the Emperor

HOLMHURST, FROM THE GARDEN.

Albert's tomb is left deserted and neglected in a stable, and Queen Agnes's room remains highly picturesque, with many relics of her. In the evening we had a lovely walk through the forest to Hapsburg, where we saw a splen-

did sunset from the hill of the old castle. With a glimpse at Freiburg-im-Breisgau, we reached Carlsruhe, with which we were very agreeably surprised. The Schloss Garten is really pretty, with fine trees and fountains: the town is bright and clean; and all around is the forest with its endless pleasant paths. We found dear Madame de Bunsen established with her daughters Frances and Emilia in a nice old-fashioned house, 18 Waldhornstrasse, with all their pictures and treasures around them, the fine bust of Mrs. Waddington in itself giving the room a character. Circling round the aunts were Theodora von Ungern Sternberg's five motherless children, a perpetual life-giving influence to the home. We went with them into the forest and to the *faisanerie*, and picked masses of wild lilies of the valley. In the palace gardens we saw the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, a very handsome couple: she the only daughter of the King of Prussia. At the station also I saw again, and for the last time, the very pleasing Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, and presented the Bunsens to her.[1] On the eve of Trinity Sunday we reached home.

[1] Queen Emma died in 1885.

From my JOURNAL.

"*July* 30, 1866.—*Holmhurst.* — Another happy summer! How different my grown-up-hood has been to my boyhood: now all sunshine, then all reproach and misery. How strange it is that my dearest mother remembers nothing of those days, *nothing* of those years of bitter heartache which my uncles' wives cost me. But her present love, her beautiful full heart devotion, are all free-will offering, not sacrifice of atonement. Our little Holmhurst is most lovely and peaceful."

In August we spent a fortnight at the Deanery at Westminster with Arthur and Augusta Stanley, the latter *fit les delices* of all who came under her influence, and both were most kind in asking every one to meet us that they thought we could be interested to see. To me, however, no one was ever half so interesting as Arthur himself, and his conversation at these small Deanery dinner-parties was most delightful, though, as I have heard another say, and perhaps justly, "it was always versatile rather than accurate, brilliant rather than profound." From London we went to look after our humble friends at Alton, where all the villagers welcomed my mother with a most touching wealth of evergreen love, and where forty old people came to supper by her invitation in the barn. The owls hissed over-

Lady Augusta Harley

head in the oak rafters; the feast was lighted by candles stuck into empty ginger-beer bottles, and in quavering voices they all drank the mother's health. She made them a sweet little

ALTON BARNES CHURCH.

speech, praying that all those who were there might meet with her at the great supper of the Lamb. I had much interest at Alton in finding out those particulars which form the account of the place in "Memorials of a Quiet Life."

The interest of the people, utterly unspoilt by "civilisation," can hardly be described, or the simplicity of their faith. Speaking of her long troubles and illness, "Betty Smith" said, "I ha' been sorely tried, but it be a' to help I on to thick there place." William Pontyn said, "It just be a comfort to I to know that God Almighty's always at whom: *He* never goes out on a visit." Their use of fine words is very comical. Old Pontyn said, "My son-in-law need na treat I ill, for I niver gied un no *publication* for it." He thanked mother for her "respectable gift," and said, "I do thank God ivery morning and ivery night, that I do; and thank un as I may, I niver can thank un enough, He be so awful good to I." He said the noise the threshing-machine made when out of order was "fierly ridic'lous," and that he was "fierly gallered (frightened) at it"—that he was "obliged to *flagellate* the ducks to get them out of the pond."

I drove with Mr. Pile to see the remains of Wolf Hall, on the edge of Savernake Forest, where Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour. The house, once of immense size, is nearly destroyed. The roof of the banqueting-hall is now the roof of a barn. The beautiful fragment of building remaining was once the

laundry. Hard by, at Burbage, is "Jane Seymour's Pool."

After leaving Alton, as if making the round of my mother's old homes, we went to Buntingsdale, Hodnet, and Stoke. While at the former, I remember the Tayleurs being full of the promptitude of old Mrs. Massie (whose son Edward married our cousin Sophy Mytton). When above ninety she had been taken to see the church of Northwich, where some one pointed out to her a gravestone with the epitaph—

> "Some have children, and some have none;
> Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

Old Mrs. Massie drew herself up to her full height and at once made this impromptu—

> "Some have many, and some have few;
> Here *stands* the mother of twenty-two."

And what she said was true.

My mother turned south from Shropshire, and I went to Lyme, near Disley, the fine old house of the Leghs, whose then head, W. T. Legh, had married Emily Wodehouse, one of the earliest friends of my childhood. It is a most stately old house, standing high in a very wild park, one of the only three places where wild cattle are not extinct. The story of the place is curious.

"Old Colonel Legh of Lyme left his property first to his son Tom, but though Tom Legh was twice married, he had no sons, so it came to the father of the present possessor. Tom's first wife had been the celebrated Miss Turner. Her father was a Manchester manufacturer, who had bought the property of Shrigley, near Lyme, of which his only daughter was the heiress. She was carried off from school by a conspiracy between three brothers named Gibbon Wakefield and a Miss Davis, daughter of a very respectable master of the Grammar School at Macclesfield. While at school, Miss Turner received a letter from home which mentioned casually that her family had changed their butler. Two days after, a person purporting to be the new butler came to the school, and sent in a letter to say that Mr. Turner was dangerously ill, and that he was sent to fetch his daughter, who was to return home at once. In the greatest hurry, Miss Turner was got ready and sent off. When they had gone some way, the carriage stopped, and a young man got in, who said that he had been sent to break to her the news that her father's illness was a fiction; that they did not wish to spread the truth by letting the governess know, but that the fact was that Mr. Turner had got into some terrible money difficulties and was completely ruined, and he begged that his daughter would proceed at once to meet him in Scotland, whither he was obliged to go to evade his creditors. During the journey the young man who was sent to chaperon Miss Turner made himself most agreeable. At last they reached Berwick, and then at the inn, going out of the room, he returned with a letter and said that

he was almost afraid to tell her its contents, but that it was sent by her father's command, and that he only implored her to forgive him for obeying her father's orders. It was a most urgent letter from her father, saying that it rested with her to extricate him from his difficulties, which she could do by consenting to marry the bearer. The man was handsome and pleasant, and the marriage seemed no great trial to the girl, who was under fifteen. Immediately after marriage she was taken to Paris.

"Meantime all the gentlemen in the county rallied round Mr. Turner, and he contrived somehow to get his daughter away whilst she was in Paris. Suspicion had been first excited in the mind of the governess because letters for Miss Turner continued to arrive at the school from Shrigley, and she gave the alarm. There was a great trial, at which all the gentlemen in Cheshire accompanied Mr. Turner when he appeared leading his daughter. The marriage was pronounced null and void, and one of the Gibbon Wakefields was imprisoned at Lancaster for five years, the others for two. It was the utmost punishment that could be given for misdemeanour, and nothing more could be proved. The Gibbon Wakefields had thought that, rather than expose his daughter to three days in a witness box, Mr. Turner would consent to a regular marriage, and they had relied upon that. Miss Turner was afterwards married to Mr. Legh, in the hope of uniting two fine properties, but as she had no son, her daughter, Mrs. Lowther, is now the mistress of Shrigley."

To MY MOTHER.

"*Lyme Hall, August* 29, 1866.—I have been with Mrs. Legh to Bramhall, the fine old house of the Davenports, near Stockport, with the haunted room of Lady Dorothy Davenport and no end of relics. Out of the billiard-room opens the parish church, in the same style as the house, with prayer-books chained to the seats. We returned by Marple, the wonderfully curious old house of Bradshaw the regicide."

"*Sept.* 1.—To-day we had a charming drive over the hills, the green glens of pasture-land, the steeps, and the tossing burns recalling those of Westmoreland. I went with Mrs. Legh into one of the cottages and admired the blue wash of the room, 'Oh, *you* like it, do ye?' said the mistress of the house; 'I don't—so that's difference of opinions.' The whole ceiling was hung with different kinds of herbs, 'for we're our own doctors, ye see, and it saves the physic bills.'

"The four children—Sybil and Mob (Mabel), Tom and Gilbert Legh, are delightful, and Sybil quite lovely. It is a pleasure to hear the little feet come scampering down the oak staircase, as the four rush down to the library to ask for a story at seven o'clock—'A nice horrible story, all about robbers and murders: now do tell us a *really* horrible one.'"

"*Thornycroft Hall, Cheshire, Sept.* 3.—The family here are much depressed by the reappearance of the cattle plague. In the last attack sixty-eight cows died,

and so rapidly that men had to be up all night burying them by lantern-light in one great grave in the park. . . . How curious the remains of French expressions are as used by the cottagers here. They speak of *carafes* of water, and say they should not *oss* (*oser*) to do a thing. The other day one of the Birtles tenants was being examined as a witness at the Manchester assizes. 'You told me so and so, didn't you?' said the lawyer. And the man replied, 'I tell't ye nowt o' the kind, ye powther-headed monkey; ask the coompany now if I did.'"

From Thornycroft I went to stay (only three miles off) at Birtles, the charming, comfortable home of the Hibberts — very old friends of all our family. Mrs. Hibbert, *née* Caroline Cholmondeley, was very intimate with my aunt Mrs. Stanley, and a most interesting and agreeable person; and I always found a visit to Birtles a most admirable discipline, as my great ignorance was so much discovered and commented upon, that it was always a stimulus to further exertion. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Hibbert told me a very remarkable story. It had been told her by Mrs. Gaskell the authoress, who said that she felt so greatly the uncertainty of life, that she wished a story which might possibly be of consequence, and which had been intrusted to her, to remain with some one who was certain to record it

accurately. Three weeks afterwards, sitting by the fire with her daughter, Mrs. Gaskell died suddenly in her arm-chair. Mrs. Hibbert, in her turn, wished to share her trust with some one, and she selected me.

In my childhood I remember well the Misses T., who were great friends of my aunt Mrs. Stanley, and very clever agreeable old ladies. "Many years before," as Mrs. Gaskell described to Mrs. Hibbert, "they had had the care of a young cousin, a girl whose beauty and cleverness were a great delight to them. But when she was very young, indeed in the first year of her 'coming out,' she engaged herself to marry a Major Alcock. In a worldly point of view the marriage was all that could be desired. Major Alcock was a man of fortune with a fine place in Leicestershire: he was a good man, of high character, and likely to make an excellent husband. Still it was a disappointment—an almost unspoken disappointment—to her friends that the young lady should marry so soon—'she was so young,' they thought; she had had so few opportunities of judging persons; they had looked forward to having her so much longer with them,' &c.

"When Mrs. Alcock went to her new home in Leicestershire, it was a great comfort to the Misses T. and others who cared for her that some old friends of the family would be her nearest neighbours, and could keep them cognisant of how she was going on. For some time the letters of these friends described Mrs. Alcock as radiantly, perfectly happy. Mrs. Alcock's own letters also gave glowing descriptions of her home,

of the kindness of her husband, of her own perfect felicity. But after a time a change came over the letters on both sides. The neighbours described Mrs. Alcock as sad and pale, and constantly silent and preoccupied, and in the letters of Mrs. Alcock herself there was a reserve and want of all her former cheerfulness, which aroused great uneasiness.

"The Misses T. went to see Mrs. Alcock, and found her terribly, awfully changed—haggard, worn, preoccupied, with an expression of fixed melancholy in her eyes. Both to them and to the doctors who were called in to her she said that the cause of her suffering was that, waking or sleeping, she seemed to see before her a face, the face of a man whom she exactly described, and that she was sure that some dreadful misfortune was about to befall her from the owner of that face. Waking, she seemed to see it, or, if she fell asleep, she dreamt of it. The doctors said that it was a case of what is known as phantasmagoria; that the fact was that in her unmarried state Mrs. Alcock had not only had every indulgence and consideration, but that even the ordinary rubs of practical life had been warded off from her; and that having been suddenly transplanted into being the head of a large establishment in Leicestershire, with quantities of visitors coming and going throughout the hunting season, had been too much for a very peculiar and nervous temperament, and that over-fatigue and unwonted excitement had settled into this peculiar form of delusion. She must have perfect rest, they said, and her mind would soon recover its usual tone.

"This was acted upon. The house in Leicestershire

was shut up, and Major and Mrs. Alcock went abroad for the summer. The remedy completely answered. Mrs. Alcock forgot all about the face, slept well, enjoyed herself extremely and became perfectly healthy in body and mind. So well was she, that it was thought a pity to run the risk of bringing her back to Leicestershire just before the hunting season, the busiest time there, and it was decided to establish her cure by taking her to pass the winter at Rome.

"One of the oldest established hotels in Rome is the Hôtel d'Angleterre in the Bocca di Leone. It was to it that travellers generally went first when they arrived at Rome in the old *vetturino* days; and there, by the fountain near the hotel door which plays into a sarcophagus under the shadow of two old pepper-trees, idle contadini used to collect in old days to see the foreigners arrive. So I remember it in the happy old days, and so it was on the evening on which the heavily laden carriage of the Alcock family rolled into the Bocca di Leone and stopped at the door of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Major Alcock got out, and Mrs. Alcock got out, but, as she was descending the steps of the carriage, she happened to glance round at the group under the pepper-trees, and she uttered a piercing shriek, fell down upon the ground, and was carried unconscious into the hotel.

"When Mrs. Alcock came to herself, she affirmed that amongst the group near the door of the hotel she had recognised the owner of the face which had so long tormented her, and she was certain that some dreadful misfortune was about to overwhelm her. Doctors,

summoned in haste, when informed of her previous condition, declared that the same results were owing to the same causes. Major Alcock, who disliked bad hotels, had insisted on posting straight through to Rome from Perugia; there had been difficulties about horses, altercations with the post-boys—in fact, 'the delusion of Mrs. Alcock was owing, as before, to over-fatigue and excitement: she must have perfect rest, and she would soon recover.'

"So it proved. Quiet and rest soon restored Mrs. Alcock, and she was soon able to enjoy going about quietly and entering into the interests of Rome. It was decided that she should be saved all possible fatigue, even the slight one of Roman housekeeping: so the family remained at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Towards January, however, Mrs. Alcock was so well that they sent out some of the numerous letters of introduction which they had brought with them, and, in answer to these, many of the Romans came to call. One day a Roman Marchese was shown upstairs to the Alcocks' room, and another gentleman went up with him. The Marchese thought, 'Another visitor come to call at the same time as myself,' the waiter, having only one name given him, thought, 'The Marchese and his brother, or the Marchese and a friend,' and they were shown in together. As they entered the room, Mrs. Alcock was sitting on the other side of the fire; she jumped up, looked suddenly behind the Marchese at his companion, again uttered a fearful scream, and again fell down insensible. Both gentlemen backed out of the room, and the Marchese said in a well-bred way that as the Signora was suddenly taken ill, he should

hope for another opportunity of seeing her. The other gentleman went out at the same time.

"Again medical assistance was summoned, and again the same cause was ascribed to Mrs. Alcock's illness: this time she was said to be over-fatigued by sight-seeing. Again quiet and rest seemed to restore her.

"It was the spring of 1848—the year of the Louis Philippe revolution. Major Alcock had a younger sister to whom he was sole guardian, and who was at school in Paris, and he told his wife that, in the troubled state of political affairs, he could not reconcile it to his conscience to leave her there unprotected; he must go and take her away. Mrs. Alcock begged that, if he went, she might go with him, but naturally he said that was impossible—there might be bloodshed going on—there might be barricades to get over—there might be endless difficulties in getting out of Paris; at any rate, there would be a hurried and exciting journey, which would be sure to bring back her malady: no, she had friends at Rome,—she must stay quietly there at the hotel till he came back. Mrs. Alcock, with the greatest excitement, entreated, implored her husband upon her knees that she might go with him; but Major Alcock thought this very excitement was the more reason for leaving her behind, and he went without her.

"As all know, the Louis Philippe revolution was a very slight affair. The English had no difficulty in getting out of Paris, and in a fortnight Major Alcock was back in Rome, bringing his sister with him. When he arrived, Mrs. Alcock was gone. She was never, never heard of again. There was no trace of her whatever. All that ever was known of Mrs. Alcock

was that, on the day of her disappearance, some people who knew her were walking in front of S. John Lateran, and saw a carriage driving very rapidly towards the Porta S. Giovanni Laterano, and in it sat Mrs. Alcock crying and wringing her hands as if her heart would break, and by her side there sat a strange man, with the face she had so often described."

I have my own theories as to the explanation of this strange story of Mrs. Alcock, but as they are evolved entirely from my own imagination, I will not mention them here.

From Cheshire I went to North Wales to pay a visit to our cousinhood at Bodryddan, which had been the home of my grandmother's only brother, the Dean of St. Asaph. The place has been spoilt since, but was very charming in those days. Under an old clock-tower one entered upon a handsome drive with an avenue of fine elms, on the right of which a lawn, with magnificent firs, oaks, and cedars, swept away to the hills. At the end rose the stately old red brick house, half covered with magnolias, myrtles, and buddlea, with blazing beds of scarlet and yellow flowers lighting up its base. Through an oak hall hung with armour a fine staircase led to the library—an immense room with two deep recesses, entirely furnished with black oak from Copenhagen,

and adorned with valuable enamels collected at Lisbon. The place had belonged to the Conwys, and that family ended in three sisters, Lady Stapleton, Mrs. Cotton, and Mrs. Yonge: they had equal shares. Mrs. Cotton bought up Lady

RODRYDDAN.

Stapleton's share, and left it with her own to the two daughters of her sister Mrs. Yonge, of whom the elder married my great-uncle, Dean Shipley, and was the mother of William and Charles Shipley and of the three female first

cousins (Penelope, Mrs. Pelham Warren; Emily, Mrs. Heber; and Anna Maria, Mrs. Dashwood) who played so large a part in the early history of my father and his brothers, and who are frequently mentioned in the first volume of these memoirs.

When Dean Shipley married, he removed to his wife's house of Bodryddan. Miss Yonge lived with them, and after her sister's death the Dean was most anxious to marry her, trying to obtain an Act of Parliament for the purpose. For some years their aunt, Lady Stapleton, also continued to hold a life-interest in the property. Of this lady there is a curious portrait at Bodryddan. She is represented with her two children and a little Moor, for whom her own little boy had conceived the most passionate attachment, and from whom he could never bear to be separated. One night, after this little Moor was grown up, Lady Stapleton, returning very late from a ball, went to bed, leaving all her diamonds lying upon the table. Being awakened by a noise in the room, she saw the Moor come in with a large knife in his hand, and begin gathering up her jewels. Never losing her presence of mind, she raised herself up in bed, and, fixing her eyes upon him, exclaimed in a thrilling tone of reproach,

"Pompey, is that you?" This she did three times, and the third time the Moor, covering his face with his hands, rushed out of the room. Nothing was heard of him till many years afterwards, when the chaplain of a Devonshire gaol wrote to Lady Stapleton that one of his prisoners, under sentence of death for murder, was most anxious to see her. She was unable to go, but heard afterwards that it was Pompey, who said that on the night he entered her room he had intended to kill her, but that when she spoke, such a sense of his ingratitude overwhelmed him, that he was unable to do it.

As an ecclesiastical dignitary, Dean Shipley would certainly be called to account in our days. He was devoted to hunting and shooting, and used to go up for weeks together to a little public-house in the hills above Bodryddan, where he gave himself up entirely to the society of his horses and dogs. He had led a very fast life before he took orders, and he had a natural daughter by a Mrs. Hamilton, who became the second wife of our grandfather; but after his ordination there was no further stain upon his character. As a father he was exceedingly severe. He never permitted his daughters to sit down in his presence, and he never allowed

two of them to be in the room with him at once, because he could not endure the additional talking caused by their speaking to one another. His daughter Anna Maria had become engaged to Captain Dashwood, a very handsome young officer, but before the time came at which he was to claim her hand, he was completely paralysed, crippled, and almost imbecile. Then she flung herself upon her knees, imploring her father with tears not to insist upon her marriage with him; but the Dean sternly refused to relent, saying she had given her word, and must keep to it.

She nursed Captain Dashwood indefatigably till he died, and then she came back to Bodryddan, and lived there with her aunt Mrs. Yonge, finding it dreadfully dull, for she was a brilliant talker and adored society. At last she went abroad with her aunt Louisa Shipley, and at Corfu she met Sir Thomas Maitland, who gave her magnificent diamonds, and asked her to marry him. But she insisted on coming home to ask her father's consent, at which the Dean was quite furious. "Why could you not marry him at once?"—and indeed, before she could get back to her lover, he died!

After the death of Mrs. Yonge, Mrs. Dashwood lived at Cheltenham, a rich and clever

widow, and had many proposals. To the disgust of her family, she insisted upon accepting Colonel Jones, who had been a neighbour at Bodryddan, and was celebrated for his fearfully violent temper. The day before the wedding it was nearly all off, because, when he came to look at her luggage, he insisted on her having only one box, and stamped all her things down into it, spoiling all her new dresses. He made her go with him for a wedding tour all over Scotland in a pony-carriage, without a maid, and she hated it; but in a year he died.

Then she insisted on marrying the Rev. G. Chetwode, who had had one wife before and had two afterwards—an old beau, who used to comb his hair with a leaden comb to efface the grey. On her death he inherited all she had—diamonds, £2000 a year, all the fine pictures left her by Mr. Jones, and all those Landor had collected for her in Italy.

But to return to Dean Shipley. To Mrs. Rowley, who was the mistress of Bodryddan when I was there, the Dean had been the kindest of grandfathers, and she had no recollection of him which was not associated with the most unlimited indulgence. The Dean was much interested in the management of his estate, but he insisted that every detail should

pass through his own hands. For instance, while he was absent in London, a number of curious images and carvings in alabaster were discovered under the pavement at Bodryddan: news was immediately sent to him, but he desired that everything should be covered up, and remain till he came home. On his return, he put off the examination from time to time, till, on his death, the place was forgotten, and now no one is able to discover it.

Mrs. Rowley was the beautiful Charlotte, only daughter of Colonel William Shipley, and had led an adventurous life, distinguishing herself by her bravery and heroism during the plague while she was in the East, and on various other occasions. By her marriage with Colonel Rowley, second son of the first Lord Langford, she had three children,—Shipley Conwy, the present owner of Bodryddan; Gwynydd, who has married twice; and Efah, who, after her mother's death, made a happy marriage with Captain Somerset.

In her early married life, Mrs. Rowley had lived much in Berkeley Square with her mother-in-law, old Lady Langford, who was the original of Lady Kew in "The Newcomes," and many pitched battles they had, in which the daughter-in-law generally came off victorious.

Lady Langford had been very beautiful, clever, and had had *une vie très orageuse*. She had much excuse, however. She had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandmama, but when?"—"I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother; "what business is it of yours *when* you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married." And so it was.

At the time I was at Bodryddan, the most devoted and affectionate deference was shown by Mrs. Rowley to every word, movement, or wish of her only brother, Colonel Shipley Conwy. He looked still young, but was quite helpless from paralysis. Mrs. Rowley sat by him and fed him like a child. It was one mouthful for her brother, the next for herself. When dinner was over, a servant came in and wrung his arms and legs, as you would pull bell-ropes, to prevent the joints from stiffening (a process repeated several times in the evening), and then carried him out. But with all this, Colonel Shipley Conwy—always patient—

was very bright and pleasant, and Mrs. Rowley, who said that she owed everything to my father and his interest in her education, was most cordial in welcoming me. I never saw either of these cousins again. They spent the next two winters at the Cape, and both died a few years afterwards.

A little later, I went to stay at Dalton Hall in Lancashire, to visit Mrs. Hornby, a cousin of my Aunt Penrhyn, and a very sweet and charming old lady, who never failed to be loved by all who came within her influence. She told me many old family stories, amongst others how—

"The late Lord Derby (the 13th Earl) was very fond of natural history even as a boy. One night he dreamt most vividly of a rare nest in the ivy on the wall, and that he was most anxious to get it, but it was impossible. In the morning, the nest was on his dressing-table, and it could only have got there by his opening the window in his sleep and climbing the wall to it in that state.

"Another instance of his sleep-walking relates that he had a passion, as a little boy, for sliding down the banisters, but it was strictly forbidden. One night his tutor had been sitting up late reading in the hall, when he saw one of the bedroom doors open, and a little boy come out in his night-shirt and slide down the banisters. This he did two or three times, and when the tutor made some little noise, he ran upstairs

and disappeared into his bedroom. The tutor followed, but the little boy was fast asleep in bed."

Apropos of sleep-walking, Mr. Bagot (husband of Mrs. Hornby's daughter Lucy) told me a story he had just seen in the *Times*:—

"A large pat of butter was lately on the breakfast table of a family. When it was divided, a gold watch and chain were found in the midst of it. The maid who was waiting gave a shriek, and first rushed off to her room, then, coming back, declared it was hers. The family were much surprised, but what she said turned out to be true. She had dreamt that she was going to be robbed of her watch and chain, and that the only way of hiding them would be to wrap them up in a pat of butter, and she had done it in her sleep."

A sister-in-law of Mrs. Hornby—a Mrs. Bayley—was staying at Dalton when I was there. She told me—first hand—a story of which I have heard many distorted versions. I give it in her words:—

"My sister, Mrs. Hamilton (*née* Armstrong), was one night going to bed, when she saw a man's foot project from under the bed. She knelt down then and there by the bedside and prayed for the wicked people who were going about—for the *known* wicked person especially—that they might be converted. When she concluded, the man came from under the bed and said, 'I have heard your prayer, ma'am, and with all my

heart I say Amen to it;' and he did her no harm and went away. She heard from him years afterwards, and he was a changed man from that day."

Apropos of the growth of a story by exaggeration, Mrs. Bayley said:—

"The first person said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards was so ill that what she threw up was almost like a black crow.' The second said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards was so ill: it was the most dreadful thing, she actually threw up a black crow.' The third said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards has the most dreadful malady: it is almost too terrible to speak of, but she has already thrown up . . . three black crows.'"

Mrs. Bayley was a very "religious" person, but she never went to church; she thought it wrong. She called herself an "unattached Christian," and said that people only ought to go to church for praise, but to do their confessions at home. When I left Dalton, she presented me with a little book, which she begged me not to read till I was quite away. It was called "Do you belong to the Hellfire Club?" It was not an allegorical little book, but really and seriously asked the question, saying that, though not generally known, such a club really existed, where the most frightful mysteries were enacted, and that it was just

within the bounds of possibility that I might secretly belong to it, and if so, &c., &c. A similar little book was once thrust into my hand by a lady at the top of St. James's Street.

On the 29th of October 1866 we left England for Cannes, stopping on the way at Villefranche, that we might visit Ars, for the sake of its venerable Curé.

To MY SISTER.

"*Nov.* 1866.—It was a pretty and peculiar drive to Ars: first wooded lanes, then high open country, from whence you descend abruptly upon the village, which, with its picturesque old church, and the handsome wooden one behind it, quite fills the little hollow in the hills. The village itself is almost made up of hotels for the pilgrims, but is picturesque at this season, with masses of golden vine falling over all the high walls. We left the carriage at the foot of the church steps, and ascended through a little square crowded with beggars, as in the time of the Curé.[1] The old church is exceedingly interesting. In the middle of the floor is the grave of the Curé, once surrounded by a balustrade hung with immortelles, which are now in the room where he died. At the sides are all the little chapels he built at the different crises of his life, that of S. Philomene being quite filled with crutches, left by lame persons who have gone away cured. Beyond the old church opens out the handsome but less

[1] Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney.

interesting modern building erected by the Empress and the bishops, with a grand baldacchino on red granite pillars, and on the altar a beautiful bas-relief of the Curé carried to heaven by angels. In the old church a missionary was giving the pilgrims (who kept flocking in the whole time) a very beautiful and simple exposition on the life of Christ as a loving Saviour, quite carrying on the teaching of the Curé.

"At half-past twelve a Sister of Charity came to show the Curé's room. It is railed off, because the pilgrims would have carried everything away, as they have almost undermined the thick walls in their eagerness to possess themselves of the bits of stone and plaster; but you see the narrow bed, the poor broken floor, his chair, his table, his pewter spoon and earthenware pot,—the picture which was defiled by the Demon, —the door at which 'the Grappin' knocked,—the narrow staircase from which he shouted 'Mangeur de truffes,' —the still poorer room downstairs where the beloved Curé lay when all his people passed by to see him in his last sleep,—the little court shaded by ancient elder-trees in which he gave his incessant charities,—and close by the little house of his servant Catherine. She herself is the sweetest old woman, seeming to live, in her primitive life, upon the gleanings and the teaching of the past. She sate on a low stool at Mother's feet, and talked in the most touching way of her dear Curé. When Mother said something about the crowds that came to him, she said, 'I have always heard that when the dear Saviour was on earth, He was so sweet and loving, that people liked to be near Him, and I suppose that now when men are sweet and loving, and so a

little like the dear Saviour, people like to be near them too.' In a small chapel of the school he founded they showed some blood of the Curé in a bottle—'*encore coulant*.' Many other people we saw who talked of him—'Comme il était gai, toujours gai,' &c. The whole place seemed cut out of the world, in an atmosphere of peace and prayer, like a little heaven: no wonder Roman Catholics like to go into 'Retreat' there."

We stayed afterwards at Arles, and made the excursion to S. Remy, one of the most exquisitely beautiful places I have ever seen, where Roman remains, grand in form and of the most splendid orange colouring, rise close to the delicate Alpines.

At Cannes we were most fortunate in finding a house exactly suited to our needs—a primitive bastide, approached by a long pergola of vines, on the way to the Croix des Gardes, quite high up in woods of myrtle and pine upon the mountain-side.[1] It was far out of the town and dreadfully desolate at night, but in the daytime there were exquisite views through the woods of the sea and mountains, and a charming terraced garden of oranges and cassia—the vegetation quite tropical. Close to the turn into our pergola was a little shrine of S.

[1] All this picturesque side of Cannes has since been spoilt and vulgarised.

François, which gave a name to our cottage, and which the peasants, passing to their work in the forests, daily presented with fresh flowers. Delightful walks led beyond us into the hilly pine woods with a soil of glistening mica, and,

S. REMY.[1]

if one penetrated far enough, one came out upon the grand but well-concealed precipices of rock known as the Rochers de Bilheres. Just below us lived Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, the "Valletort" of my Harrow days, with his

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

sweet invalid wife, and their three little girls, with the little Valletort of this time, were a perpetual pleasure to my mother in her morning walk to the Croix des Gardes. Old Madame Bœuf, our landlady, used to come up every morning in her large flapping Provençal hat

FROM MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES.[1]

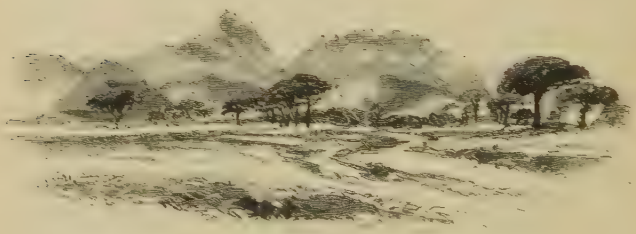
to work with her women amongst the cassia: the sunshine seemed almost ceaseless, and all winter we used to sit with open windows and hear our maid Marguerite carolling her strange patois ballads at her work.

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

On the other side of Cannes, at the Hôtel de Provence, we had a large group of friends, Lady Verulam and her sons; Lord and Lady Suffolk and their two daughters; and the Dowager Lady Morley with her son and daughter. With the latter I became very intimate, and joined them in many long and delightful excursions to remote villages and to the unspeakably grand scenery above the Var. Lady Suffolk too became a dear and much honoured friend.

A still greater pleasure was the neighbourhood, in a small house by the torrent at the foot of our hill, of the dear old Lady Grey of our Nice days, and her niece Miss G. Des Vœux. I generally dined with them once or twice a week, and constantly accompanied them on delightful drawing excursions, taking our luncheon with us. In the spring I went away with them for several days together to the wild mountains of S. Vallier and S. Cesaire. Lady Grey painted beautifully, though she only began to be an artist when she was quite an old woman. She always went out sketching with thirty-nine articles, which one servant called over at the door, another answering "Here" for each, to secure that nothing should be left behind.

Beneath us, at the Hôtel Bellevue, were Lady Jocelyn and her children, with Lord and Lady Vernon and Mr. and Lady Louisa Wells, whom we saw frequently; also three admirable Scotch sisters, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Kennedy, and Mrs. Tootal. Hither also came for two months our dear friend Miss Wright ("Aunt Sophy"), and she was a constant pleasure,



BOCCA WOOD, CANNES.

dropping in daily at tea-time, and always the most sympathising of human beings both in joy and sorrow.

Altogether, none of our winters was so rich in pleasant society as this one at Cannes, and we had nothing to trouble us till the spring, when Lea was taken very seriously ill from the bite either of scorpion or tarantula, and, while she was at the worst and unable to move, my

mother became alarmingly ill too with a fever. I was up with them through every night at this time; and it was an odd life in the little desolate bastide, as it was long impossible to procure help. At length we got a Sœur de Charité

MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES.

—a pretty creature in a most picturesque nun's dress, but efficient for very little except the manufacture and consumption of convent soup, made with milk, tapioca, and pepper.

Still, for the most part, my mother had not

been so well or so perfectly happy for years as in our little hermitage amid the juniper and rosemary. It was just what she most enjoyed, the walks all within her compass — perfect country, invariably dry and healthy, perpetual warmth in which to sit out, and endless subjects for her sketch-book. Lea, rejoiced to be rid for some months of her tiresome husband, found plenty of occupation in her kitchen and in attending to the poultry which she bought and reared; while I was engrossed with my drawings, of which I sold enough to pay our rent very satisfactorily, and with my "Lives of the Popes," a work on which I spent an immense amount of time, but which is still unfinished in MS., and likely to remain so. My mother greatly appreciated the church at Cannes, and we liked the clergyman, Mr. Rolfe, and his wife. His sermons were capital. I do not often attend to sermons, but I remember an excellent one on Zacharias praying for vengeance, and Stephen for mercy on his murderers, as respectively illustrating the principles of the Old and New Testament—Justice and Mercy.

I dined once or twice, to meet Mr. Panizzi[1] of the British Museum, at the house of a quaint old Mr. Kerr, who died soon afterwards. It

[1] Afterwards Sir Antonio Panizzi.

Maria Hare, 1862.

was him of whom it used to be said that he had been "trying to make himself disagreeable for sixty years and had not quite succeeded." When he was eighty he told me that there were three things he had never had: he had never had a watch, he had never had a key, and he had never had an account.

I frequently saw the famous old Lord Brougham, who bore no trace then of his "flashes of oratory," of his "thunder and lightning speeches," but was the most disagreeable, selfish, cantankerous, violent old man who ever lived. He used to swear by the hour together at his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Brougham,[1] who lived with him, and bore his ill-treatment with consummate patience. He would curse her in the most horrible language before all her guests, and this not for anything she had done, but merely to vent his spite and ill-humour. Though a proper carriage was always provided for him, he would insist upon driving about Cannes daily in the most disreputable old fly he could procure, with the hope that people would say he was neglected by his family. Yet he preferred the William Broughams to his other relations, and entirely concealing that he had

[1] Emily, only daughter of Sir Charles Taylor of Hollycombe, afterwards Lady Brougham and Vaux.

other brothers, procured the reversion of his title to his youngest brother, William, much to the annoyance of the Queen when she found it out. Lord Brougham was repulsive in appearance and excessively dirty in his habits. He had always been so. Mr. Kerr remembered seeing him at the Beefsteak Club, when the Prince Regent was President, and there was the utmost license of manners. One day when he came in, the Prince Regent roared out, "How dare you come in here, Brougham, with those dirty hands?"—and he insisted on the waiters bringing soap and water and having his hands washed before all the company. In early life, if anything aggravated him at dinner, he would throw his napkin in the face of his guests, and he did things quite as insulting to the close of his life at Cannes, where he had a peculiar prestige, as having, through his "Villa Louise Eleanore,"[1] first brought the place into fashion, which led to the extension of a humble fishing village into miles upon miles of villas and hotels.

To MISS WRIGHT (after she had gone on to Rome).

"*Maison S. François, Cannes, Feb. 2*, 1867.—On Tuesday we made an immense excursion of thirteen

[1] The name of his daughter, who died in 1839.

hours to the 'Seven villages of the Var.' The party consisted of Lord Morley and Lady Katherine, Lord Suffolk and Lady Victoria, Lord Henry Percy, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and myself. We left by the 7.40 train and had carriages to meet us at Cagnes. These took us as far as the grand Sinai-like granite peaks

CAGNES.[1]

of S. Janet, and thence we walked. The whole terrace is most grand for seven miles above the tremendous purple gorge of the Var, overhung here and there by splendid Aleppo pines or old gnarled oaks; and as we reached just the finest point of all, where the huge

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

castle of Carrozza stands out on a great granite crag, the mist curtain drew up and displayed range on range of snow mountains, many of them close by—really a finer scene than any single view I remembered in Switzerland. The whole of our party, hitherto inclined to grumble, were almost petrified by the intensity of the splendour.

"M. Victor Cousin's sudden death at dinner has been a great shock to the Cannes world. It was just at that time that our attention was so sadly occupied by the illness and death of dear old Sir Adam Hay. The Hays gave a picnic at Vallauris, to which I was invited, and Sir Adam caught a cold there, which excited no attention at the time, as he had never been ill in his life before. Four days afterwards Addie Hay took Miss Hawker and me in their carriage to Napoule, where we spent a pleasant day in drawing. When we came back, his father was most alarmingly ill, and absent children had been already telegraphed for. All that week I went constantly to Villa Escarras, and shared with the family their alternations of hope and fear, but at the end of a week dear Sir Adam died, and all the family went away immediately, as he was to be buried at Peebles."

During the latter part of our stay at Cannes, the society of Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) was a great pleasure to my mother, and in her great kindness she came often to sing to her. We went with the Goldschmidts to Antibes one most glorious

February day, when Madame G. was quite glowing with delight in all the beauties around and gratitude to their Giver. "Oh, how good we ought to be—*how* good with all this before our eyes! it is a country to die in." She spoke much of the sweetness of the Southern character, which she believed to be partly due to

ANTIBES.[1]

the climate and scenery. She talked of an old man, bowed with rheumatism, who worked in her garden. That morning she had asked him, "Comment ça va t'il? Comment va votre santé?"—"Oh, la volonté de Dieu!" he had replied—"la volonté de Dieu!" In his pretty Provençal his very murmur was a thanksgiving for what God sent. She spoke of the dislike

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

English had to foreigners, but that the only point in which she envied the English was their noble women. In Sweden she said they might *become* as noble, but that hitherto the character of Swedish women had been oppressed by the bondage in which they were kept by the laws—that they had always been kept under guardians, and could have neither will nor property of their own, unless they married, even when they were eighty. She said that she was the first Swedish woman who had gained her liberty, and that she had obtained it by applying direct to the king, who emancipated her because of all she had done for Sweden. Now the law was changed, and women were emancipated when they were five-and-twenty.

Then Madame Goldschmidt talked of the *faithfulness* of the Southern vegetation. In England she said to the leaves, "Oh, you poor leaves! you are so thin and miserable. However, it does not signify, for you have only to last three or four months; but these beautiful thick foreign leaves, with them it is quite different, for they have got to be beautiful always."

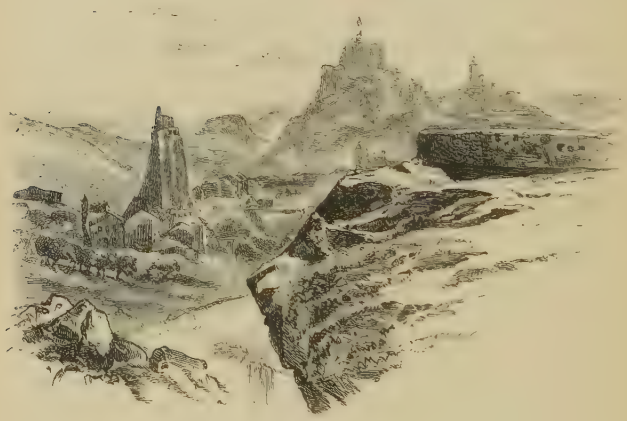
We drove up the road leading to the lighthouse, and then walked up the steep rocky path carrying two baskets of luncheon, which

we ate under the shadow of a wall looking down upon the glorious view. Madame Goldschmidt had been very anxious all the way about preserving a cream-tart which she had brought. "Voilà le grand moment," she exclaimed as it was uncovered. When some one spoke of her enthusiasm, she said, "Oh, it is delightful to soar, but one is soon brought back again to the cheese and bread and butter of life." When Lady Suffolk asked how she first knew she had a voice, she said, "Oh, it did fly into me!"

At first sight Madame Goldschmidt might be called "plain," though her smile is most beautiful and quite illuminates her features; but how true of her is an observation I met with in a book by the Abbé Monnin, "Le sourire ne se raconte pas." "She has no face; it is all *countenance*," might be said of her, as Miss Edgeworth said of Lady Wellington.

It was already excessively hot before we left Cannes on the 29th of April. After another day at the grand ruins of Montmajour near Arles, we diverged from Lyons to Le Puy, a place too little known and most extraordinary, with its grand and fantastic rocks of basalt crowned by the most picturesque of buildings.

Five days were happily spent in drawing at Le Puy and Espailly, and in an excursion to the charming neighbouring campagne of the old landlord and landlady of the hotel where we were staying. Then my mother assented



LE PUY.[1]

to my wish of taking a carriage through the forests of Velay and Auvergne to the grand desolate monastery of the Chaise Dieu, where many of the Popes lived during their exile in France, and where Clement VI. lies aloft on

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

a grand tomb in the centre of the superb choir, which is so picturesquely hung with old tapestries. Our rooms at the hotel here cost half

ROYAT.[1]

a franc apiece. Joining the railway again at Brioude, we went to the Baths of Royat, then a very primitive and always a very lovely

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

place, with its torrent tumbling through the walnut woods, its gorge closed by a grand old Templars' church, and its view over rich upland vineyards to the town and cathedral of Clermont. On the way home we visited the great deserted abbey of Souvigny near Moulins, and bought the beautiful broken statuette which is one of the principal ornaments of Holmhurst.

In June I went to Oxford to stay with my friend Henry Hood, and was charmed to make acquaintance with a young Oxford so different from the young Oxford of my days, that it seemed altogether another race—so much more cordial and amusing, though certainly very Bohemian. During this visit I cemented an acquaintance with Claude Delaval Cobham, then reading for the orders for which he soon felt himself unsuited. In some respects, he is one of the cleverest men I have met, especially from his unusual linguistic acquirements, combined with extreme correctness. I have frequently received kindness from him since and valuable advice and help in literary work, and though I have sometimes conceitedly rebelled against his opinion at the time, I have never failed to find that he was in the right.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Oxford, June* 1, 1867.—We went this morning in two pony-carriages to Cuddesden, where Claude Cobham now is, and spent the afternoon in walking and sitting in the Bishop's shady and weedy garden.

"The other day, coming out of this garden, the Bishop heard two navvies on the other side of the road talking. 'I zay, Bill, ain't yon a Beeshop?' said one. 'Yees,' said Bill. 'Then oi'll have some fun oot o' him.' So he crossed the road and said, 'I zay, zur, be you a Beeshop?'—'Yes, at your service,' said the Bishop. 'Then can you tell us which is the way to heaven?'—'Certainly,' said the Bishop, not the least discomposed; 'turn to the right and go straight on.'"

"*June* 3.—I enjoy being at Oxford most intensely, and Hood is kindness itself. A wet day cleared into a lovely evening for the boat-race, which was a beautiful sight, the green of the water-meadows in such rich fulness, and the crowd upon the barges and walks so bright and gay."

"6 *Bury Street, June* 12.—The first persons I met in London were Arthur and Augusta Stanley, who took me into their carriage, and with them to the Park, whence we walked through Kensington Gardens, and very pretty they looked. Arthur described his first sight of the Queen on that spot, and Augusta was full of Princess Mary's cleverness in being confined in the

same house on the same day on which the Queen was born.

"Then I went to Lady Wenlock, a most charming visit to that sweet old lady, now much feebler, but so animated and lively, and her life one long thanksgiving that her paralysis has left all her powers unimpaired. She told me many old stories. I also called on Lady Lothian, who is greatly disturbed at Madame de Trafford's power over my sister. She says she quite considers her 'possessed,' and that she ought to be exorcised. To-day I dined with Lady Grey. She told me that as Charlie Grey was crossing to America, his fellow-passengers were frightfully sea-sick, especially a man opposite. At last an American sitting by him said, 'I guess, stranger, if that man goes on much longer, he'll bring up his boots.'"

"*June* 15.—I have been sitting long with Lady Eastlake. She spoke of how the great grief of her widowhood had taught her to sift the dross from letters of condolence. She says that she lives upon hope; prayer is given her in the meanwhile as a sustenance, not a cure, for if it were a cure, one might be tempted to leave off praying: still 'one could not live without it; it is like port wine to a sick man.'

"She says she finds a great support in the letters of Sir Charles to his mother—his most precious gift to her. She said touchingly how she knew that even to her he had a slight reserve, but that to his mother he poured out his whole soul. In those letters she had learnt how, when he was absent, his mother hungered

after him, and perhaps, in all those blessed years when she had him, his mother was hungering after him. In giving him up, she felt she gave him up to her: he was with her now, and from those letters she knew what their communion must be. 'I know he is with her now, for "I have seen my mother, I have seen my mother," he twice rapturously exclaimed when he was dying.' How touching and how consoling are those visions on this side of the portal. Old Mr. Harford, when he was dying, continually asked his wife if she did not hear the music. 'Oh, it is so wonderful,' he said, 'bands upon bands.' She did not understand it then but she knows now.

"'It was beautifully ordered,' said Lady Eastlake, 'that my "History of Our Lord" was finished first: I could not have done it now. And through it I learnt to know his library. My darling was like a boy jumping up and down to find the references I wanted, and, if possible, through the book I learnt to know him better.'

"She spoke of his wonderful diligence. When he was a boy he wrote to his mother, 'London will be illuminated to-morrow, I shall draw all night.'"

In July I spent a few days with the Alfords at the Deanery of Canterbury, which was always most enjoyable, the Dean so brimming with liveliness and information of every kind. In the delightful garden grows the old historic mulberry-tree,[1] about which it used to be said

[1] See vol. i. p. 359.

that the Deans of Canterbury sit under the mulberry till they turn purple, because those Deans were so frequently elevated to the episcopal bench, and bishops formerly, though it is rare now, always wore purple coats. I

IN THE DEAN'S GARDEN, CANTERBURY.[1]

dined out with the Dean several times. I remember at one of the parties a son of Canon Blakesley saying to me—what I have often thought of since—"I find much the best way of

[1] From "Biographical Essays."

getting on in society is never to be able to understand why anybody is to be disapproved of." Both the Dean's daughters were married now, and he cordially welcomed my companionship, always treating me as an intimate friend or relation. No one could be more sympathetic, for he had always the rare power of condemning the fault, but not the action of it.[1] I insert a few snatches from his table-talk, though they give but a faint idea of the man.

"We have been studying Butler's Analogy ever since we came back from Rome, for we've had eight different butlers in the time. The last butler said to me, 'It's not you who govern the Deanery, and it's not Mrs. Alford, but it is the upper housemaid.'"

"Archbishop Harcourt was very fond of hunting, *so* fond that he was very near refusing the archbishopric because he thought if he accepted he should have to give it up. He consulted a friend, who said that he must take counsel with others. 'Of course I should never join the meet,' said the Archbishop, 'but you know I might fall in with the hounds by accident.' After some time the friend came back and said that on the whole the party considered that the Archbishop might hunt, provided he did not shout."

"Archbishop Manners Sutton had a wonderfully

[1] See Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

ready wit. One day a blustering vulgar man came up to him and said, 'I believe, Archbishop, that I am a relation of yours: my name is Sutton.' The Archbishop quietly replied, 'Yes, but you want the Manners.'"

"When some one was abusing our font the other day, I could not help saying that, for a font, I thought renaissance peculiarly appropriate."

"I met Lady Mounteagle the other day: you know she was the sister—

> 'Of the woman tawny and tough[1]
> Who married the Master rude and rough
> Who lived in the house that Hope built.'

You know Hope gothicised the Master's Lodge at Trinity. At the Whewells' 'perpendiculars,' as their large parties were called, no one was allowed to sit down: if any one ventured to do so, a servant came and requested him to move on."

"When Alice was a little girl, I was explaining the Apostles' Creed to her. When we came to the point of our Saviour descending into hell she said, 'Oh, that is where the devil is, isn't it?'—'Yes.'—'Then why didn't the devil run at him and tear him all to pieces?'"

In August we spent some time at the Deanery of Westminster, where Arthur and Augusta Stanley were always hospitality itself, and, with more than the usual kindness of hosts,

[1] Mrs. Whewell.

always urged, and almost insisted, on our inviting our own friends to dinner and luncheon, making us, in fact, use their house and fortune as our own.

From my JOURNAL.

"*July* 28, 1867.—In the evening, from the gallery of the Deanery which overhangs the abbey, Mother, Mrs. Hall, and I looked down upon the last service. Luther's hymn was sung and the Hallelujah chorus, and trumpets played: it was very grand indeed. The Bishop of Chester and the Wordsworths dined. Yesterday Arthur showed thirty working-men over the Abbey. He pointed out where Peel was buried. One of them received it very gravely in silence, and then, after several minutes, said, 'Well, it is very extraordinary. I've lived all my life in the next county, and I never knew that before: I always thought he was buried at Drayton. Now that's what I call *information*.'"

"*August* 3.—It has a weird effect at night to look down upon the Abbey, and see the solitary watchman walking along the desolate aisles and the long trail of light from the lantern he carries flickering on each monument and death's-head in turn. Hugo Percy, who was here the other evening, asked him about his nights in the Abbey. 'The ghosts have been very cross lately,' he said. 'Palmerston was the last who came, but Mr. Cobden has not come yet.'

"We have been to Buckingham Palace to see the

rooms which were arranged for the Sultan, which are dull and handsome. The chief fact I derived from the housekeeper was that the Sultan never 'goes to

COURTYARD, DEANERY, WESTMINSTER.

bed' and never lies down—in fact, he cannot, for a third of the imperial bed at either end is taken up by a huge bolster, in the middle of which he *sits* all night, and

reclines either way in turn. There was a picture of the late Sultan in the room, and of Frederick, Prince of Wales, sent from Windsor for the occasion. One room was entirely hung with portraits of French kings and their families."

From London I went to visit Bishop Jeune,[1] who was most wonderfully kind to me, really giving up his whole time to me whilst I was with him, and pouring forth such stores of information as I had not received since the days of Dr. Hawtrey; and it was a great pleasure to feel, to be quite sure—which one so seldom is—that he liked my visit as much as I liked being with him.

From my JOURNAL.

"*August* 10, 1867.—On the 8th I went to Peterborough, where I have had a most agreeable visit at the Palace. When I arrived at half-past seven, the family were all gone to dine with Dr. James, an old Canon in the Close, whither I followed them. He was a charming old-fashioned gentleman, most delightful to see.

"In the morning the Bishop, wearing his surplice and hood, read prayers at a desk in the crypted hall of the Palace. Afterwards we walked in the garden. I spoke of there being no monument in the Cathedral to Catherine of Arragon. 'It is owing to that very

[1] See vol. ii. p. 6.

circumstance,' said the Bishop, 'that you are here to-day. If Catherine of Arragon had had a tomb, I should never have been Bishop of Peterborough. When people reproached Henry VIII. with having erected no monument to his first wife, he said, "The Abbey of Peterborough shall be a cathedral to her monument," and he instituted the bishopric; the last abbot was the first bishop.' As we passed the lavatory of the old convent, the Bishop said that a touching description was still extant of its dedication and of the number of cardinals, bishops, and priests who were present. 'How few of them,' he said, 'would have believed that not only their buildings, which they believed would last for ever, could become an indefinite ruin, but that their Church, whose foundations they believed to be even more eternally rooted in the soil, should be cast out to make way for another Church, which is already tottering on its base and divided against itself.' He said he 'firmly believed that the ends both of the Church and monarchy were close at hand, that the power of government was even now in the hands of a few individuals, who were in their turn in the hands of a few Irish priests.'

"While passing through the garden in returning to the Palace, the Bishop showed me a white fig-tree growing out of the old wall of the refectory and abundantly bearing fruit. 'This,' he said, 'I believe to be the white fig-tree which is nearest to the Pole.' Passing a fine mulberry-tree he said, 'We owe that to James I., as he was so excessively anxious to promote the manufacture of silk, that he recommended to every one the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, but especially

to the clergy, and those of the clergy planted it who wished to stand well with him. Therefore it is to be found in the neighbourhood of many of our cathedrals.'

"Afterwards the Bishop showed the old chronicle of the Abbey, which he had had splendidly restored at Oxford. He read me some Latin verses which had

PALACE GARDEN, PETERBOROUGH.

evidently been inserted by one of the monks descriptive of his amours. 'Yet,' said the Bishop, 'these sins of the monk were probably only sins of the imagination, quite as vivid as real ones. You know,' he added, 'there are far more acted than enacted sins, and the former are really far the more corrupting of the two.'

"In the afternoon we drove to Croyland. The Bishop talked the whole way. I spoke of his patronage, and envied the power it gave him; he bitterly lamented it. He said, 'I have in my gift three canonries, two archdeaconries, and sixty livings, and if any of these fell vacant to-morrow, I should be at my wit's end whom to appoint. On the average, two livings fall vacant every year, and then comes my time of trouble. A bishop who would appoint the best man would be most unpopular in his diocese, for every one of his clergy would be offended at not being considered the best.' With regard to the canonries, I suggested that he could find no difficulty, as he might always choose men who were employed in some great literary work. The Bishop allowed that this was exactly what he desired, but that no such men were to be found in his diocese. There were many very respectable clergy, but none more especially distinguished than the rest. He said that when he was appointed bishop, Dr. Vaughan advised him never to become what he called 'a carpet-bag bishop,' but that this, in fact, was just what he had become: that when he was going to preach in a village and sleep in a clergyman's house, he did not like to trouble them by taking a man-servant, and that he often arrived carrying his own carpet-bag. That consequently he often never had his clothes brushed, or even his boots blacked, but that he brushed his boots with his clothes-brush as well as he could, as he was afraid of ringing his bell for fear of mortifying his hosts by showing that he had not already got all that he wanted. He said, however, that the work of a bishop was vastly overrated, that there was

nothing which did not come within the easy powers of one man, yet that a proposition had already been made to exclude the bishops from the House of Lords, to reduce their incomes to £1500, and to double their number. He said that he believed all Conservatives had better at once emigrate to New Zealand, and that he wondered the Queen did not invest in foreign funds; that it was utterly impossible the monarchy could last much longer; that the end would be hastened by the debts of the two Princes.

"When we reached Croyland we went into the Abbey Church, where the Bishop pointed out the baptistery used for immersion, and several curious epitaphs, one as late as 1729 asking prayers for the dead. The drive was most curious over the fens, which are now drained, but of which the soil is so light that they are obliged to marl it all over to prevent its being blown away. The abbey itself is most picturesque. It was built by St. Guthlac, a courtier, who retired hither in a boat, but who came from no desire of seclusion and prayer, but merely because he longed for the celebrity which must accrue to him as a hermit. His sister, Pega, became the foundress of Peakirk. The Bishop spoke much of the sublimity of the conception under which these great abbeys were founded—'One God, one Pope as God's interpreter, one Church, the servant of that Pope, unity in everything.' He spoke of the Jesuit influence as used to combat that of the Gallican Church, and he said that there were now only three Gallican bishops.

"Coming home, the Bishop talked about Wales, and asked if I had ever compared the military tactics of the

Romans with regard to Wales with those of Edward I. 'The Romans,' he said, 'built the castle of Lincoln for the repression of the savage people of the fens, and with the same idea built a line of fortresses between England and Wales for the repression of the Welsh; but the consummate skill of Edward I. saw a better plan than this, and he built a line of fortresses along the coast, which could be provisioned from the sea, so that if the Welsh made a raid into England, he could bring them back by falling upon their wives and children.

"In the evening the Bishop read aloud French poetry, a ballad of the early part of the seventeenth century, on which Goldsmith had evidently founded his 'Madame Blaise,' the powerful 'Malbrook,' and many old hymns; also a beautiful hymn of Adolph Monod on the Passion of Christ, which he said showed too much philosophy. He described how he had preached in Westminster Abbey in French during the great Exhibition, and the immense power of declamation that French gave; that he had apostrophised those lying in the tombs, the dead kings round about him, as he never should have ventured to do in English. He spoke of the transitions of his life, that his childhood had been passed amongst the rocks of Guernsey, and that he had loved rocks and wild rolling seas ever since. That as a child he was never allowed to speak French, as only the lower orders spoke it, but that he went to the French college of S. Servan, and there he learnt it. Then came his Oxford life, after which, thinking that he was never likely to have any opening for making his way in England, he went off to Canada in despair, intending to become a settler in the backwoods. The rough life,

however, soon disgusted him, and in a year he returned to England, where he became fellow and tutor of his college. Thence he was appointed Dean of Jersey, and ruled there over the petty community. Then he was made Master of Pembroke (where he remained twenty years), Vice-Chancellor, Dean of Lincoln, and Bishop of Peterborough. He spoke of the honour of Oxford men and the consistency of the Hebdomadal Board, compared with others he had to deal with. In Jersey, as a matter of course, all his subordinates voted with their Dean. When he came to Oxford he expected the same subserviency, and looked on all his colleagues with suspicion, but he was soon convinced of their uprightness. He said touchingly that, when near the grave, on looking back, it all seemed much the same—the same pettiness of feeling, the same party strife, only he did not worry himself about it; they were all in the hands of One who died for all alike; that now there were changes in everything—only One was unchanged.

"Speaking of the morality of Italy, he said that his friend Mr. Hamilton, head of a clan, had met 'Sandy,' one of his men, travelling between Rome and Naples. After expressing his surprise at seeing him there, he asked what he thought of Rome and Naples. 'Wal,' said Sandy, 'I jist think that if naething happens to Rome and Naples, Sodom and Gomorrah were very unjustly dealt with.'

"'I met Gioberti in Italy,' said the Bishop, 'and asked him about the Pope. "C'est une femme vertueuse," he replied, "mais c'est toujours une femme."'

"The Bishop said that, when younger, he wished

to have written a series of Bampton Lectures (and began them) on the History of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He intended to begin with a description of three scenes—first, the supper in the upper chamber at Jerusalem; then the Pope officiating at the altar of the Lateran; then a simple Scotch meeting in the Highlands—and he would proceed to describe what had led to the differences between these; how the Agape was arranged as a point at which all divisions and dissensions should be laid aside; how it was set aside after sixty years by the Roman Emperor; then of the gradual growth of the Eucharist, till oaths were taken on the wafer, and deeds were sealed with it to give them a solemnity; and till, finally, it came to be regarded as the actual body of Christ; then of the gradual rise of all the different theories, the impanation, the invination of the Saviour.

"This morning the Bishop asked if I knew what was the difference between the entrance of a field in France and England. 'In England,' he said, 'it is a *gate* to let people in; in France a *barrière* to keep people out: from this you might proceed to theorise that England was a country where sheep might stray, but France not: England a country for milk and flesh, France for corn and wine.'

"The Bishop said he knew our Roman acquaintance Mr. Goldsmid well. 'I met Nat Goldsmid in Paris about the time of the Immaculate Conception affair, and I said to him, "Goldsmid, now why has your Church done this? for you know you all worshipped the Virgin as much as you could before, and what more can you do for her now?"—"Yes," he said,

"that is quite true; we all worshipped the Virgin before, but we have done this as a stepping-stone to declaring the infallibility of the Pope. A Pope who could take upon himself to declare *such* a dogma as this must be infallible!"'

From Peterborough I went to stay at Lincoln with Mrs. Nicholas Bacon, mother of the premier baronet, a very pretty old lady, who reminded me of the old lady in "David Copperfield," finding her chief occupation in rapping at her window and keeping the Minster green opposite free from intruding children, and unable to leave home for any time because then they would get beyond her—"so sacrilegious," she told them, it was to play there. Going with her to dine with that Mrs. Ellison of Sugbrooke who has bequeathed a fine collection of pictures to the nation, I met the very oldest party of people I ever saw in my life, and as one octogenarian tottered in after another, felt more amazed, till Mrs. Ellison laughingly explained that, as Mrs. Bacon had written that she was going to bring "a very old friend" of hers, she had supposed it would be agreeable to him to meet as many as possible of his contemporaries! Afterwards, when staying with Mr. Clements at Gainsborough, I saw Stowe, which, as an old cathedral, was the predecessor of Lincoln—very

curious and interesting. Thence I went to Doncaster, arriving in time to help Kate[1] with a great tea-party to her old women. She asked one old woman how she was. "Well," she said, "I be middling *upwards*, but I be very bad *downwards*. I be troubled with such bad legs; downright dangerous legs they be." After visits at Durham, Cullercoats, and Ridley Hall, I went to stay with the Dixon-Brownes at Unthank in Northumberland.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Unthank, August* 27, 1867.—I spent yesterday morning in my Northern home (at Ridley), which is in perfect beauty now—the Allen water, full and clear, rushing in tiny waterfalls among the mossy rocks, all the ferns in full luxuriance, and the rich heather in bloom, hanging over the crags and edging the walks. At six o'clock the flag was raised which stops all trains at the bottom of the garden, and I came the wee journey of seven miles down the lovely Tyne valley to Haltwhistle. Unthank is the old home of Bishop Ridley, the house to which he wrote his last letter before the stake, addressed to 'my deare sister of Unthanke,'—and it is a beautiful spot in a green hollow, close under the purple slopes of the grand moor called Plenmellor. The house is modern, but has an old tower, and a garden splendid in gorgeous colouring sweeps up the hill behind it. To-day we went up

[1] Mrs. C. Vaughan. Dr. Vaughan was now Vicar of Doncaster.

through a romantic gill called 'The Heavenly Hole' to Plenmellor Tarn, a lovely blue lake in the midst of the heather-clad hills. We spoke of it to an old man there, 'Aye,' he said, 'it's jist a drap of water left by the Fluid, and niver dried up.'"

"*Bonnyrigg, August* 30.—This shooting lodge of Sir Edward Blackett is quite in the uninhabited moorlands, but has lovely views of a lake backed by craggy blue hills—just what my sweet mother would delight to sketch. Lady Blackett is very clever and agreeable.[1] We have been a fatiguing walk through the heather to 'the Queen's Crag,' supposed to be Guinevere turned into stone."

"*Bamborough Castle, Sept.* 7.—I always long especially for my dearest mother in this grand old castle, to me perhaps the most delightful place in the world, its wild scenery more congenial than even beautiful Italy itself. Nothing too can be kinder than the dear old cousins.[2] . . . It was almost dark when we drove up the links and under all the old gateways and through the rock entrance: the light burning in Mrs. Liddell's recess in the court-room. And it was pleasant to emerge from the damp into the brightly lighted tapestried chamber with the dinner set out. All yesterday the minute-gun was booming through the fog to warn ships off the rocks—such a strangely solemn sound.

"Mr. Liddell was speaking to an old Northumbrian

[1] Frances Vere, 2nd wife of Sir Edward Blackett of Matfen, and daughter of Sir William Lorraine.

[2] Rev. Henry and Mrs. Liddell of Easington.

here about the organ yesterday, and he said, 'I canna bear the loike o' that kist o' whistles a buzzin' in my ears.'"

"*The Lodge, North Berwick, Sept.* 9.—I find my sweet hostess, Mrs. Dalzel,[1] little altered, except perhaps more entirely heavenly than before in all her thoughts and words. 'I am very near the last station now,' she says, 'and then I shall be at home. I am the last of fifteen, and I can think of them all *there*—my mother, my sisters, one after another, resting upon their Saviour alone, and now with Him for ever!' 'When one is old, the wonderful discoveries, the great works of man only bewilder one and tire one; but the flowers and the unfolding of Nature, all the wonderful works of God, refresh and interest as much as ever: and may not it be because these interests and pleasures are to be immortal, amid the flowers that never fade?'

"Mr. Dalzel does not look a day older, but he sat at dinner with a green baize cloth before him to save his eyes. We dined at five, and another Mrs. Dalzel came, who sang Scottish songs most beautifully in the evening. Mr. Dalzel prayed aloud long extempore prayers, and we dispersed at ten. Before dinner I went to the sands with Mrs. Allen Dalzel,[2] who was very amusing:—

"'The old Dalzel house is at Binns near Linlithgow. The first Dalzel was an attendant of one of the early Kenneths. The king's favourite was taken by his enemies and hanged on a tree. "Who will dare to cut

[1] *Née* Aventina Macmurdo. See vol. ii. p. 18.

[2] Daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Dalzel. Their son, a very distinguished young man, died before them.

him down?" said the king. "Dalzel," or "I dare," said the attendant, who cut him down with his dagger. Hence came the name, and hence the Dalzels bear a dagger as their crest, with the motto "I dare," and on their arms a man hanging.

"'At Binns there are trees cut in the shape of men hanging. There is also a picture of the "tyrannous Dalzel," who persecuted the Covenanters, and who made a vow at the death of Charles I. that he would never shave again or change his costume. He lived for fifty years after that, but he never cut his beard, and he is represented in his odd suit of chamois leather, with a high-peaked hat and his hair down to his waist.

"'His comrade was Grierson of Lag, whose eye was the most terrible ever seen. Long after the persecution was over, he was told that a servant in the house had a great curiosity to see him. "Let him bring me a glass of wine," said Grierson. The servant brought it in upon a salver. Grierson waited till he came close up, and then, fixing his eye on him, exclaimed, "Are there ony Whigs in Galloway noo?" and the effect was so terrible, that the servant dropped the salver, glass and all, and rushed out of the room.

"'I used to go and teach Betty O'Brien to read when we lived at Seacliffe. Her mother was a clean tidy body, and, though she had not a penny in the world, she was very proud, for she came from the North of Ireland, and looked down upon all who came from the South. I asked her why she did not make friends with her neighbours, and she said, "D'ye think I'd consort wi' the loike o' them, just Connaught folk?"

So on this I changed the subject as quick as I could, for I just came from Connaught myself.

"'Her daughter, however, married one of those very Connaught Irish—what she called "the boy O'Flinn," and she would have nothing to do with her afterwards; and she lay in wait for "the boy O'Flinn," and threw a stone at him, which hit him in the chest so badly that he was in bed for a week afterwards. When I heard of this, I went to see her and said, "Well, Betty, you're Irish, and I'm Irish, and I think we just ought to set a good example and show how well Irishwomen can behave." But she soon cut short my little sermon by saying, "They've been telling tales o' me, have they? and it's not off you they keep their tongues neither: they say you're a *Roman!*" I did not want to hear any more, and was going out of the cottage, when she called after me in a fury, "*I* know what you've been staying so long in Edinburgh for; you just stay here to fast and to pray, and then you go there to faast and drink tay."'

"*Sept.* 10.—I wish for my dearest mother every hour in this sanctuary of peace and loving-kindness, with the sweet presence of Mrs. Dalzel. What she is and says it is quite impossible to give an idea of; but she is truly what Milton describes—

> "Insphered
> In regions mild of calm and air serene,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth."

Her constant communion with heaven makes all the

world to her only a gallery of heavenly pictures, creating a succession of heavenly thoughts, and she has so sweet and gentle a manner of giving these thought to others, that all, even those least in unison with her, are equally impressed by them. Most striking of all is her large-heartedness and admiration of all the good people who disagree with her. Her daughter-in-law has quite given up everything else in her devotion to her: it is really Ruth and Naomi over again.

"This afternoon we drove to Tantallon and on to Seacliffe, a most beautiful place on the coast, where Mrs. Dalzel lived formerly. A delightful little walk under a ruined manor-house and through a wood of old buckthorn trees led down to the sea, and a most grand view of Tantallon rising on its red rocks. We walked afterwards to 'Canty Bay,' so called because the Covenanters sang Psalms there when they were being embarked for the Bass.

"'How curious it would be,' Mrs. Dalzel has been saying, 'if all the lines on people's faces had writing on them to say what brought them there. What strange tales they would tell!'

"'Oh, what it is to be at peaee! at perfect peace with God! in perfect reliance on one's Saviour! I often think it is like a person who has packed up for a journey. When all his work is finished and all his boxes are packed, he can sit down in the last hour before his departure and rest in peace, for all his preparations are made. So in the last hours of life one may rest in peace, if the work of preparation is already done.'

"'I used to count the future by years: now I only do it by months; perhaps I can only do it by weeks.'

"'My eldest brother lived in a great world. He was very handsome and much admired. As aide-de-camp to Sir Ralph Abercromby, George IV. made him his friend, and many people paid court to him. At last one day he came to my dear mother, who was still living in her great age, and who had found her Saviour some years before, and said to her, "Mother, I feel that my health is failing and that this world is rapidly slipping away from me, and I have no certain hope for the next: what would you advise me to do?" And my mother said to him, "My dear son, I can only advise you to do what I have done myself, take your Bible and read it with prayer upon your knees, and God will send you light." And my brother did so, and God granted him the perfect peace that passeth understanding. He lived many years after that, but his health had failed, and his Bible was his constant companion. When I went to see him, he used to lay his hand on the Book and say, "*This* is my comforter." A few years before he died, a malady affected one of his legs which obliged him to have the limb amputated. When the operation was about to commence, the doctor who was standing by felt his pulse, and did not find it varied in the least. "General Macmurdo," he said, "you are a hero."—"No," said my brother solemnly, "but I hope I am a Christian." And the doctor said he felt the power of Christianity from that day.'

"'From the shore of another world all my past life seems like a dream.'[1]

"I think if one stayed here long, one would quite feel the necessity of sinning occasionally to avoid the danger of becoming intolerant of petty faults and unsuitablenesses, from living with those so entirely without them."

"*Carstairs, Sept.* 18.—This is a large and comfortable house, and Mr. Monteith is busied with various improvements in the grounds. One improvement I should certainly make would be the destruction of a horrible tomb of a former possessor of the place, an atheist relation, with an inscription 'to the Infernal Deities.' No wonder that the avenue leading to the tomb is said to be haunted."

It was during this summer that old Lady Webster died.[2] She had long been a conspicuous figure in our home neighbourhood, and had seemed to possess the secret of eternal youth. In my childhood she reigned like a queen at Battle, but the Websters had several years before been obliged to sell Battle to Lord Harry Vane (afterwards Duke of Cleveland), chiefly because there were five dowager Lady Websters at once, all drawing jointures from the already impoverished property. Of these ladies, three, usually known as "the good

[1] Mrs. Dalzel died in October 1871.

[2] Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Adamson, Esq., and widow of Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster, Bart.

Lady Webster," "Grace, Lady Webster," and "the great Lady Webster," lived much at Hastings. When the great Lady Webster died, she left several sons, and it was a subject of much comment at the time that, when her will was opened, she was found to have left nothing to any of them. Her will was very short. She left everything she possessed in the world to her dear and faithful companion Madame Bergeret. It excited many unkind remarks, but those who learnt the real facts always admitted that, in the crowning act of her life, Lady Webster had only acted with that sense of justice and duty which had ever been her characteristic. The story is this :[1]—

Towards the latter part of the last century there lived at an old manorial farm in Brittany a female farmer named Bergeret. Her ancestors had owned the farm, and had cultivated their own land for hundreds of years, and Madame Bergeret herself was well known and highly respected through all the neighbouring country, charitable to her poorer neighbours, frank, kind, and unfailingly hospitable to those in her own rank of life. She lived bounteously, kept an open house, and spent in beneficence and hospitality the ample income which her lands brought her.

[1] As taken down from the narration of old Mr. Frewen of Brickwall, an intimate friend of the Webster family, who generously bought in all their family portraits at the time of their ruin, and kept them till they had the power of redeeming them.

One day she was surprised by a visit from her next neighbour, a man named Girard, in her own class of life, whose family had always been known to her own, and who had possessed the neighbouring farm. He told her that he felt she would be shocked to hear that he had long been acting a part in making himself appear much better off than he was; that he had lost a great deal of money in speculation; that all was on the eve of being divulged; that if he could manage to keeps things going till after the next harvest, he might tide over his misfortunes, but that otherwise he must be totally ruined, lose everything he had, and bring his wife and children to destitution; and by the recollection of their old neighbourhood and long intimacy he adjured Madame Bergeret to help him. Madame Bergeret was very sorry—very sorry indeed, but she told him that it was impossible; and it really was. She lived amply up to her income, she had laid nothing by: she was well off, but all she had came from her lands; her income depended upon her harvest; she really had nothing to give to her poor neighbour, and she told him so—told him so with a very heavy heart, and he went away terribly crestfallen and miserable.

When Girard was gone, Madame Bergeret looked round her room, and she saw there a collection of fine old gold plate, such as often forms the source of pride to a Breton yeoman of old family, and descends like a patent of nobility from one generation to another, greatly reverenced and guarded. Madame Bergeret looked at her plate, and she said to herself, "If this was sold, it would produce a very large sum; and ought I, for the sake of mere family pride, to allow an old

and honourable family to go to destitution?" And she called her neighbour back, and she gave Girard all her gold plate. The sum for which he was able to sell it helped him through till after the harvest; soon afterwards he found an opportunity of disposing of his Breton lands to very great advantage, and removed to another part of the country. He thanked Madame Bergeret, but he did not seem to realise that she had made any great sacrifice in his behalf; and she, resting satisfied in having done what she believed to be right, expected no more.

Some years afterwards, Madame Bergeret, being an old woman, placed her Breton lands in the hands of an agent, and removed with her two children to Paris. The great French Revolution occurred while she was there, and the Reign of Terror came on, and Madame Bergeret, who belonged to a Royalist family of loyal Brittany, was arrested: she was thrown into the prison of La Force, and she was condemned to death.

The Madame Bergeret I knew in another generation recollected being with her little brother in a room on the Rue St. Honoré on the day on which a hundred and twenty persons were to suffer in the Place Louis XV. She saw them pass down the street to execution in twenty-two tumbrils; but when the last tumbril came beneath the window, the friends who were with her in the room drew down the blinds; not, however, before she had recognised her own mother in that tumbril, with all her hair cut off, that the head might come off more easily.

All the way to the place of execution, Madame

Bergeret consoled and encouraged her companions, and she assented to their petition that she should suffer last, that she would see them through the dread portal before her. Therefore, when her turn at length came, the ground around the scaffold was one sea of blood, for a hundred and nineteen persons had perished that day. Thus, on descending the steps of the cart, Madame Bergeret slipped and stumbled. This arrested the attention of the deputy who was set to watch the executions. He started, and then rushed forward saying, "This woman has no business here. I know her very well; she is a most honest citoyenne, or, if she is not, I know quite well how to make her so: this woman is not one to be guillotined." It was Girard.

Now Madame Bergeret was quite prepared for death, but the sudden revulsion of her deliverance overcame her and she fainted. Girard carried her away in his arms, and when she came to herself she was in bed in a house in a quiet back-street of Paris, and he was watching over her. He had removed to Lyons, and, with the sudden changes of the time, had risen to be deputy, and being set to watch the executions, had recognised the woman who had saved him. By the help of Girard, and after many hairbreadth escapes, Madame Bergeret reached the coast, and eventually arrived in England. She then made her way to the only person she knew, a lady who had once spent some time in her Breton village, a Mrs. Adamson. Her daughter played with and was brought up with the little Miss Adamson. When Miss Adamson married Sir Godfrey Webster of Battle Abbey, Mademoiselle Bergeret (her mother being dead) went with her and lived at

Battle as a sort of companion to Lady Webster and nursery-governess to her boys. For fifty years she never received any salary, and having, through the changes of things in France, inherited something of her mother's Breton property, she twice sacrificed her little all to pay the debts of the Webster family. Therefore it was that, in the close of life, Lady Webster felt that her sons might provide for themselves, but that, having very little to bequeath, the one person she could not leave destitute was "her dear and faithful companion and friend, Madame Bergeret."

Five months before her death, Lady Webster was very full of the terrible deaths which had lately occurred from railway accidents, and, on leaving home, she said to Madame Bergeret, "Here is this paper, and if I should be killed by an accident or not live to come home, you may read it; but at any rate keep it for me, and perhaps, if I come back, some day I may want it again." Lady Webster came back well and did not ask for the paper, and when she died, it was so sudden, a few minutes after talking quite cheerfully to Madame Bergeret, that in the shock she remembered nothing about it, and it was only long afterwards, when they were making a great fuss about there being no will, that she suddenly thought of the paper entrusted to her, and, when it was read, found Lady Webster had left her all she possessed.

Madame Bergeret dying herself about a year afterwards, left everything back to the Webster family. She was a quiet primitive old woman, who used to sit in the background at work in Lady Webster's sitting-room.

After my return home in the autumn of 1867, my mother was terribly ill, so that our journey abroad was a very anxious one to look forward to. I tried, however, to face it quite cheerily. I have read in an American novel somewhere, "It is no use to pack up any worries to take with you; you can always pick up plenty on the way;" and I have always found it true.

To Miss Wright *and* Journal.

"*Nice, Nov.* 17, 1867.—My dear Aunt Sophy will be delighted to see this date. So far all our troubles and anxieties are past, and the sweet Mother certainly not the worse, perhaps rather better for all her fatigues. It is an extraordinary case, to be one day lying in a sort of vision on the portals of another world, the next up and travelling.

"When we reached Paris she was terribly exhausted, then slept for thirty-six hours like a child, almost without waking. At the Embassy we were urged to go on to Rome, all quiet and likely to subside into a dead calm; but so much snow had fallen on Mont Cenis, that in Mother's weak state we could not risk that passage, and were obliged to decide upon coming round by the coast. On Monday we reached Dijon, where twenty-four hours' sleep again revived the Mother. It was fiercely cold, but Tuesday brightened into a glorious winter's day, and I had a most enchanting walk through sunshine and bracing air to Fontaines. It is picturesque French country, a winding road

with golden vines and old stone crosses, and a distance of oddly-shaped purple hills. Fontaines itself is a large village, full of mouldering mediæval fragments, stretching up a hillside, which becomes steeper towards the top, and is crowned by a fine old church, a lawn

FONTAINES.[1]

with groups of old walnut-trees, and the remains of the château where St. Bernard was born. Over the entrance is a statue of him, and within, the room of his birth is preserved as a chapel. The view from the churchyard is lovely, and the graves are marked

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

by ancient stone crosses and bordered with flowers. Within are old tombs and inscriptions—'Ce git la très haute et très puissante dame,' &c.

"We came on to Arles by the quick night-train, and stayed there as usual two days and a half—days of

ARC DE S. CESAIRE, ALISCAMPS, ARLES.[1]

glaring white sirocco and no colour, and at Arles we found ourselves at once in Southern heat, panting, without fires and with windows wide open."

"*Pisa, Dec.* 1.—We left Nice on the 21st, and slept at Mentone, quite spoilt by building and by cutting down

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

trees. I saw many friends, especially the Comtesse d'Adhemar, who flung her arms round me and kissed me on both cheeks. We spent the middle of the next day at S. Remo and slept at Oneglia. The precipices are truly appalling. I have visions still of the early

AT SAVONA.[1]

morning drive from Oneglia along dewy hillsides and amongst hoary olives, and through the narrow gaily painted streets of the little fishing-towns, where the arches meet overhead and the wares set out before the shop-doors brush the carriage as it passes by.

"The second day, at Loiano, I was left behind. I

[1] From "Northern Italy."

went just outside the hotel to draw, begging my mother and Lea to pick me up as they went by. The carriage passed close by me and they did not see me. At first I did not hurry myself, thinking, when they did not find me, that they would stop for me a little farther on; but seeing the carriage go on and on, I ran after it as hard as I could, shouting at the pitch of my voice; but it never stopped, and I quite lost sight of it in the narrow streets of one of the fishing-villages before reaching Finale. At Finale I was in absolute despair at their not stopping, which seemed inexplicable, and I pursued mile after mile, footsore and weary, through the grand mountain coves in that part of the Riviera and along the desolate shore to Noli, where, just as night closed in, I was taken up by some people driving in a little carriage, on the box of which, in a bitter cold wind, I was carried to Savona, where I arrived just as our heavy carriage with its inmates was driving into the hotel. It was one of the odd instances of my dear mother's insouciance, of her 'happy-go-lucky' nature: 'they had not seen me, they had not looked back; no, they supposed I should get on somehow; they knew I always fell on my legs.' And I was perfectly conscious that if I had not appeared for days, my mother would have said just the same. We spent a pleasant Sunday at Savona, the views most beautiful of the wonderfully picturesque tower, calm bay of sapphire water, and delicate mountain distance.

"The landlord of the Croce di Malta at Genoa engaged a *vetturino* to take us to La Spezia. The first day, it was late when we left Sta. Margherita, where we stayed for luncheon. The driver lighted his lamps

at Chiavari. Soon both my companions fell asleep. I sat up watching the foam of the sea at the bottom of the deep black precipices without parapets as long as I could see it through the gloom: then it became quite dark. Suddenly there was a frightful bolt of the horses, scream after scream from the driver, an awful crash, and we were hurled violently over and over into the black darkness. A succession of shrieks from Lea showed me that she was alive, but I thought at first my mother must be killed, for there was no sound from her. Soon the great troop of navvies came up, whose sudden appearance from the mouth of a tunnel, each with a long iron torch in his hand, had made the horses bolt. One of them let down his torch into the mired and broken carriage as it lay bottom upwards. 'Povera, poveretta,' he exclaimed, as he saw Lea sitting pouring with blood amongst the broken glass of the five great windows of the carriage. Then Mother's voice from the depth of the hood assured us that she was not hurt, only buried under the cushions and bags, and she had courage to remain perfectly motionless, while sheet after sheet of broken glass was taken from off her (she would have been cut to pieces if she had moved) and thrown out at the top of the carriage. Then there was a great consultation as to *how* we were to be got out, which ended in the carriage being bodily lifted and part of the top taken off, making an opening through which first Lea was dragged and afterwards the Mother. Then my mother, who had not walked at all for many weeks, was compelled to walk more than a mile to Sestri, in pitch darkness and pouring rain, dragged by a navvy on one side and me on the

other. Another navvy supported Lea, who was in a fainting state, and others carried torches. We excited much pity when we arrived at the little inn at Sestri, and the people were most hospitable and kind. I had always especially wished to draw a particular

SESTRI.[1]

view of a gaily painted church tower and some grand aloes on the road near Sestri, and it was curious to be enabled to do so the next day by our forcible detention there for want of a carriage.

"On the 29th we crossed once more the grand pass of Bracco, with its glorious scenery of billowy mountains ending in the delicate peaks of Carrara; and we

[1] From "Central Italy."

baited at a wretched village where Mother was able to walk in the sunny road. Yesterday we came here by the exquisite railway under Massa Ducale, and were rapturously welcomed by Victoire[1] and her daughter."

"*Palazzo Parisani, Rome, Dec.* 10. — We had a wearisome journey here on the 3rd, the train not attempting to keep any particular time, and stopping more than an hour at Orbetello for the '*discorso*' of the guard and engine-driver,[2] and at other stations in proportion. However, Mother quite revived when the great masses of the aqueducts began to show in the moonlight. They had given up expecting us in the Palazzo, where my sister has lent us her apartments, and it was long before we could get any one to open the door.

"It has been bitterly cold ever since we arrived and the air filled with snow. The first acquaintance I saw was the Pope! He was at the Trinità de' Monte, and I waited to see him come down the steps and receive his blessing on our first Roman morning. He looked dreadfully weak, and Monsignor Talbot seemed to be holding him tight up lest he should fall. The Neapolitan royal family I have already seen, always in their deep mourning.[3]

"The Pincio is still surrounded with earthworks, and the barricades remain outside the gates: a great

[1] Mme. Victoire Ackermann. See vol. i.

[2] Such was a constant cause of detention in early days of Italian railways, though it seems impossible now.

[2] For the Queen Dowager, who died of the cholera at Albano in the summer of 1867.

open moat yawns in front of the door of the English Church. The barrack near St. Peter's is a hideous ruin. The accounts of the battle of Mentana are awful: when the Pontificals had expended all their ammunition, they rushed upon the Garibaldians and tore them with their teeth.

"Terrible misery has been left by the cholera, and the streets are far more full of beggars than ever. The number of deaths has been frightful—Princess Colonna and her daughters; old Marchese Serlupi; Müller the painter and his child; Mrs. Foljambe's old maid of thirty years; Mrs. Ramsay's donna and the man who made tea at her parties, are amongst those we have known. The first day we were out, Lea and I saw a woman in deep mourning, who was evidently begging, look wistfully at us, and had some difficulty in recognising Angela, our donna of 1863. Her husband, handsome Antonio the fisherman, turned black of the cholera in the Pescheria, and died in a few hours, and her three children have been ill ever since.

"Mrs. Shakspeare Wood has been to see us, and described the summer which she has spent here—six thousand deaths in Rome between May and November, sixty in the Forum of Trajan, thirty in the Purificazione alone. The Government wisely forbade any funeral processions, and did not allow the bells to be tolled, and the dead were taken away at night. Then came the war. The gates were closed, and an edict published bidding all the citizens, when they heard 'cinque colpi di cannóne, d'andare subito a casa.' The Woods laid in quantities of flour, and spent £5 in

cheese, only remembering afterwards that, having forgotten to lay in any fuel, they could not have baked their bread."

"*Dec.* 13.—Yesterday I went to Mrs. Robert De Selby.[1] She described the excitement of the battles. In the thick of it all she got a safe-conduct and drove out to Mentana to be near her husband in case he was wounded. She also drove several times to the army with provisions and cordials. If they tried to stop her, she said she was an officer's wife taking him his dinner, and they let her pass. One of the officers said afterwards to her mother, 'La sua figlia vale un altro dragone.'

"She told me Lady Anne S. Giorgio (her mother),[2] was living in the Mercede, and I went there at once. She was overjoyed to see me, and embraced me with the utmost affection. She is also enchanted to be near the Mother, her 'saint in a Protestant niche.' She is come here because 'all the old sinners in Florence' disapproved of her revolutionary tendencies. Lady Anne remembered my father's great intimacy with Mezzofanti. She said my father had once a servant who came from an obscure part of Hungary where they spoke a very peculiar dialect. One day, going to Mezzofanti, he took his servant with him. The Cardinal asked the man where he came from, and, on his telling him, addressed him in the dialect of his native place. The man screamed violently, and, making for the door, tried to escape: he took Mezzofanti for a wizard.

[1] Contessa Carolina di S. Giorgio.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 86.

"Lady Anne recollected my father's extreme enjoyment of a scene of this kind. There was a Dr. Taylor who used to worship the heathen gods—Mars and Mercury, and the rest. One day at Oxford, in the presence of my father and of one of the professors, he took his little silver images of the gods out of his pocket and began to pray to them and burn incense. The professor, intensely shocked, tried to interfere, but my father started up—'How *can* you be so foolish? *do* be quiet: don't you see you're interrupting the comedy?' The same Dr. Taylor was afterwards arrested for sacrificing a bullock to Neptune in a back-parlour in London!"

"44 *Piazza di Spagna, Dec.* 29.—We moved here on the 20th to a delightfully comfortable apartment, which is a perfect sun-trap. Most truly luxurious indeed does Rome seem after Cannes—food, house, carriages, all so good and reasonable. I actually gave a party before we left my sister's apartment, lighting up those fine rooms, and issuing the invitations in my own name, in order that Mother might not feel obliged to appear unless quite equal to it at the moment. Three days after I had another party for children—tea and high romps afterwards in the long drawing-room.

"On the 21st I went with the Erskines, Mrs. Ramsay, and Miss Garden, by rail to Monte Rotondo. The quantity of soldiers at the station and all along the road quite allayed any fears of brigands which had been entertained regarding the mile and a half between the village and the railway. The situation proved quite beautiful—the old houses crowned by the

Piombino castle, rising from vineyards and gardens, backed by the purple peak of Monte Gennaro. Beyond, in the hollow, is the convent where Garibaldi was encamped, and farther still the battlefield of Mentana.

"On the 23rd there was a magnificent reception at the Spanish Embassy. Every one went to salute the new ambassador, Don Alessandro del Castro, and the whole immense suite of rooms thrown open had a glorious effect. There was an abundance of cardinals, and the Roman princesses all arrived in their diamonds. The Borgheses came in as a family procession, headed by Princess Borghese in blue velvet and diamonds. The young English Princess Teano looked lovely in blue velvet and gold brocade. On Christmas Day I went to St. Peter's for the coming in of the Pope, and stayed long enough to see Francis II. arrive with his suite. In the afternoon I took Lea to the Ara Cœli and Sta. Maria Maggiore. At the Ara Cœli great confusion prevails and much enthusiasm on account of a new miracle. When people were ill, upon their paying a scudo for the carriage, the Santo Bambino was brought by two of the monks, and left upon the sick-bed, to be fetched away some hours after in the same way. A sacrilegious lady determined to take advantage of this to steal the Bambino; so she pretended her child was ill and paid her scudo; but as soon as ever the monks were gone, she had a false Bambino, which she had caused to be prepared, dressed up in the clothes of the real one, and when the monks came back they took away the false Bambino without discovering the fraud, and carried it to the place of honour in the Church of Ara Cœli.

"That night the convent awoke to fearful alarm, every bell rang at the same moment, awful sounds were heard at the doors; the trembling brotherhood hastened to the church, but loud and fast the knocks continued on the very door of the sanctuary ('bussava, bussava, bussava'). At last they summoned courage to approach the entrance with lights, and behold, a little tiny pink child's foot, which was poked in under the door; and they opened the door wide, and there without, on the platform at the head of the steps, stood, in the wind and the rain, quite naked, the real Bambino of Ara Cœli. So then the real child was restored to its place, and the lady, confounded and disgraced, was bidden to take the false child home again.

"Our donna, Louisa, was in ecstasies when she told us this story—'Oh com' è graziosa, oh com' è graziosa questa storia,'—and she never can understand why we do not send for the Bambino to cure Mother of all her ailments, though, in consequence of the theft, it is now never left alone in a house, but is taken away by the same monks who bring it. Lea was imprudent enough to say she did not believe the Bambino would ever do *her* any good; but when Louisa, looking at her with wondering eyes, asked why, said weakly, 'Because I have such a bad heart,' in which Louisa quite acquiesced as a reason.

"It had been a sad shadow hitherto over all this winter that my sweetest Mother had been so ill. At Parisani I had many sad days and nights too. She suffered almost constantly from pain in the back, and moaned in a way which went to my very heart. . . .

Twice only in the fortnight was Mother able to get out to the Forum and walk in the sun from the Coliseum to the Capitol, and she felt the cold most terribly, and certainly the Palazzo was very cold.

"At first, when we came to this house, Mother was better, and she was delighted with these rooms, which fulfilled a presentiment she had told me of before we left home, that this winter she should have the pleasantest apartment she had ever had yet. But on the 21st she was chilled when driving with Mrs. Hall to Torre Quinto, and that evening quite lost her power of articulation. It only lasted about an hour. . . . She was conscious of it afterwards, and said, 'It was so odd, I was not able to speak.' Some days after, though able to articulate, she was unable to find the words she needed, calling the commonest things by their wrong names, and this was the more alarming as more likely to be continuous. On Thursday she was well enough to drive with me to the Aqua Acetosa, and walk there in the sun on the muddy Tiber bank, but that evening she became worse, and since then has scarcely been out of bed."

"*Dec.* 30.—On Saturday I was constantly restless, with a sense of fire near me, but could discover nothing burning in the apartment. I had such a strong presentiment of fire that I refused to go out all day. When Lea came in with my tea at 8 P.M., I told her what an extraordinary noise I continually heard—a sort of rushing over the ceiling, which was of strained canvas—but she thought nothing of it. Soon after she was gone, a shower of sparks burst into the room and

large pieces of burning wood forced their way through a hole in the ceiling. Shouting to Lea, I rushed up to the next floor, and rang violently and continuously at the bell, shouting 'Fuoco, fuoco;' but the owners of the apartment were gone to bed and would not get up; so, without losing time, I flew downstairs, roused the porter, sent him off to fetch Ferdinando Manetti, who was responsible for our apartment, and then for the *pompieri*. Meantime the servants of Miss Robertson, who lived below us, had come to our help, and assisted in keeping the fire under with sponges of water, while Lea and I rushed about securing money, valuables, drawings, &c., and then, dragging out our great boxes, began rapidly to fill them. Mother was greatly astonished at seeing us moving in and out with great piles of things in our arms, but did not realise at once what had happened. I had just arranged for her being wrapped up in blankets and carried through the streets to Palazzo Parisani, when the *pompieri* arrived. From that time there was no real danger. They tore up the bricks of the floor above us, and poured water through upon the charred and burning beams, and a cascade of black water and hot bricks tumbled through together into our drawing-room."

To Miss Wright.

"*Jan.* 1.—Alas! I can give but a poor account of her who occupies all my real thoughts and interests. My sweetest Mother is still very, very feeble, and quite touchingly helpless. She varies like a thermometer with the weather, and if it is fine, is well

enough to see Mrs. Hall and one or two friends, but she is seldom able to be dressed before twelve o'clock, and often has to lie down again before four. I seldom like to be away from her long, and never by day or night feel really free from anxiety."

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"*Jan.* 2, 1868.—I have been out twice in the evening —to Mrs. Ramsay to meet M. de Soveral, the ex-minister of Portugal, and his wife and daughter, and to Mrs. Hall to meet the Erskines. Mrs. Hall described a sermon she had lately heard at the Coliseum, the whole object of which was the glorification of Mary Queen of Scots. It was most painful, she said, describing how Elizabeth, who turned only to her Bible, died a prey to indescribable torments of mind, while Mary, clinging to her crucifix, died religiously and devoutly.

"The Marchesa Serlupi has given a fearful account of the Albano tragedy. The old Marchese had come to them greatly worn out with his labours in attendance on the Pope during the canonisation,[1] and he was seized with cholera almost at once. When the doctor came, his hair was standing on end with horror. He said he had not sat down for eighteen hours, hurrying from one to another. He said the old Marchese had the cholera, and it was no use doing anything for him, he would be dead in a few hours. The Marchesa thought he had gone mad with fright, which in fact he had. When he was gone, she gave remedies of her own to the old man, which subdued the cholera at the time,

[1] Of the Japanese martyrs.

but he sank afterwards from exhaustion. During that time the dead all around them were being carried out: the Appian Way was quite choked up by those who were in flight, and people were dying among the tombs all along the wayside.

"As soon as the old Marchese was dead, the Serlupi family determined to fly. As the Marchesa had been constantly nursing the old man, she would not take her child with her, and sent him on first in another carriage. When they got half way, a man came up to them saying that the person who was with the child in the other carriage was in the agonies of death, and they had to take the child into their own carriage. At the half-way house they stopped to inquire for a party of friends who had preceded them: five had fled in the carriage, three were already dead! There was only one remedy which was never known to fail: it was discovered by a Capuchin monk, and is given in wine. It is not known what the medicine is, and its effect entirely depends upon the exact proportions being given. The Marchesa used to send dozens of wine to the Capuchin, and then give it away impregnated with the medicine to the poor people in Rome.

"To-day my darling has been rather better, and was able to drive for an hour on the Pincio. Yesterday evening she prayed aloud for herself most touchingly before both me and Lea, that God would look upon her infirmities, that He would forgive her weakness, and supply the insufficiency of her prayers. Her sweet pleading voice, tremulous with weakness, went to our hearts, and her trembling upturned look was inexpressibly affecting."

"*Feb.* 4.—When we first came here, we were much attracted by Francesca Bengivenga, a pleasant cordial woman who lets the apartment above us, and who lived in a corner of it with her nice respectable old mother. Lea went up to see them, and gave quite a pretty description of the old woman sitting quietly in her room at needlework, while the daughter bustled about.

"On January 9 we were startled by seeing a procession carrying the Last Sacraments up our staircase, and on inquiry heard that it was to a very old woman who was dying at the top of the house. Late in the evening it occurred to Lea that the sick person at the top of the house might perhaps be in want, and she went up to Francesca to inquire if she could be of any use. Then, for the first time, we heard that it had been Francesca's mother who had been ill, and that she had died an hour after the priests had been. Francesca herself was in most terrible anguish of grief, but obliged to control herself, because only a few days before she had let her apartment, and did not venture to tell her lodgers what had occurred in the house. So whenever the bell rang, she had to dry her tears by an effort, and appear as if nothing had happened. We urged her to reveal the truth, which at length she did with a great burst of sobs, and the tenants took it well. The next day at four o'clock the old woman was carried away, and on the following morning I pleased Francesca by attending at the *messa cantata* in S. Andrea delle Fratte.

"On January 10 Charlotte and Gina Leycester arrived. By way of showing civilities to acquaintance,

I have had several excursions to the different hills, explaining the churches and vineyards with the sights they contain. On the Aventine I had a very large—too large a party. With the Erskines I went to San Salvatore in Lauro, where the old convent is partially turned into a barrack, and was filled with Papal Zouaves, who spoke a most unintelligible jargon which turned out to be High Dutch. A very civil little officer, however, took us into a grand old chapel opening out of the cloisters, but now occupied as a soldiers' dormitory, and filled with rows of beds, while groups of soldiers were sitting on the altar-steps and on the altar itself, and had even piled their arms and hung up their knapsacks on the splendid tomb of Pope Eugenius IV., which was the principal object of our visit.[1] We went on hence to the Vallicella, where we saw the home and relics of S. Filippo Neri—his fine statue in the sacristy, his little cell with its original furniture, his stick, his shoes, the crucifix he held when he was dying, the coffin in which he lay in state, the pictures which belonged to him, and the little inner chapel with the altar at which he prayed, adorned with the original picture, candlesticks, and ornaments.

"Another excursion has been to the Emporium, reached by an unpleasant approach, the Via della Serpe behind the Marmorata, an Immondezzajo half a mile long; but it is a fine mass of ruin, with an old gothic loggia, in a beautiful vineyard full of rare and curious marbles. Close by, on the bank of the

[1] It is therefore not fair to say that the desecration of the Roman churches has *only* occurred since the Sardinian occupation.

Tiber, the ancient port of the Marmorata is now being cleaned out.

"My dearest Mother continues very ailing and terribly weak, but I am hopeful now (as the cold months are so far advanced), that we may steer through the remainder of the winter, and that I may once more have the blessing of taking her back to England restored to health and power. Every Friday she has been seriously ill, but has rallied afterwards. On Friday 17th, she was very ill, and I was too anxious about her to rest at all during the night, but perpetually flitted ghost-like in and out of her room. Last Friday again she was, if anything, worse still, such a terrible cloud coming over all her powers, with the most complete exhaustion. I scarcely left her all day. When these sad days are over, life becomes quite different, so heavy is the burden lifted off, and it is difficult to realise all that they have been, the wearing anxiety as to what is best to be done, the terribly desolate future seeming so near at hand, all the after scenes presenting themselves so vividly, like fever phantoms, to the imagination, and then sometimes the seeming carried with my dearest one to the very gates of the unseen world. . . . She is always patient, always self-forgetful, and her obedience to her 'doctor,' as she calls me, is too touching, too entirely confiding and childlike. Oh, if our unity is broken by death, no one, *no one* will ever realise what it has been. Come what will, I can bless God for this winter, in which that union has been without one tarnished moment, one passing difference, in which my sweetest one has entirely leant upon me, and I have entirely lived for her.

"*Feb.* 9.—There is no improvement in my dearest Mother. If there is a temporary rally, it is followed by a worse attack and intense fits of exhaustion, and the effort of going up and down stairs fatigues her so much that it is difficult to judge how far it is wise to gratify her constant craving for air. On Tuesday, Lea and I took her to the Monte Mario, and she sat in the carriage while we got out and picked flowers in the Villa Mellini. That day she was certainly better, and able to enjoy the drive to a certain degree, and to admire the silver foam of the fountains of St. Peter's as we passed them. I often think how doubly touching these and many other beautiful sights may become to me, if I should be left here, when she, with whom I have so often enjoyed them, has passed away from us to the vision of other and more glorious scenes.

"It is in these other scenes, not *here*, that I often think my darling's mind is already wandering. When she sits in her great weakness, doing nothing, yet so quiet, and with her loving beautiful smile ever on her revered countenance, it is surely of no earthly scenes that my darling is thinking.

"In the night I am often seized with an irresistible longing to know how she is, and then I steal quietly through the softly opening doors into her room and watch her asleep by the light of the night-lamp. Even then the face in its entire repose wears the same sweet expression of childlike confidence and peace.

"I dined with Mrs. Robert Bruce one day, meeting Miss Monk and Cavendish Taylor, and went with them afterwards to see the 'Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein' acted. It was in a booth in the Piazza

Navona, such as is generally used for wild beasts at a fair, and where one would expect an audience of the very lowest of the people; but instead the place was crowded with the most *élite* of the Roman princes and their families. The acting was wonderful, and the dresses and scenery very beautiful. It is said that the actors are a single family, fourteen sons, three daughters, and their cook!

"At the Shakspeare Woods' I met Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American tragic actress, who has been living here for some years. She was the Mrs. Siddons of her time in America, and places were taken weeks beforehand for the nights when she acted. She does a great deal of good here and is intensely beloved. In appearance she is much like Miss Boyle,[1] with white hair rolled back, and is of most winning and gracious manners. I went to a party at her house last night, and never saw anything more dignified and graceful than her reception of her guests, or more charming than her entertainment of them. She sang, but as she has little voice left, it was rather dramatic representation than song, though most beautiful and pathetic.

"The American Consul, Mr. Cushman, told me he had crossed the Atlantic forty-seven times. The last time he returned was during the cholera at Albano, and he described its horrors. A hundred and fifty people died in the village on the first day, and were all thrown immediately into a large pit by a regiment of Zouaves, happily quartered there, and were tumbled in just as they happened to fall. The next day, so many more died, that soldiers were sent down into the pit to pack

[1] The Hon. Carolina Courtenay Boyle, maid of honour.

the bodies closer, so as to fit more in. The bodies already in the pit were so entangled, that several arms and legs were pulled off in the process. The Zouaves employed in the work all died."

I often saw Miss Cushman afterwards, and greatly valued her friendship. Hers was a noble and almost unique character, a benignant influence upon all she came in contact with. Her youth had been a long struggle, but it gave her a wonderful sympathy with young artists striving as she herself had done, and for them her purse, her hand, and her heart were always open. When she was only a "stock actress," the wife of the manager, who played herself and was jealous of her talents, got her husband to give her a very inferior part: it was that of Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist." Miss Cushman saw through the motive, and determined to prepare herself thoroughly. She disappeared. She went down to the worst part of the town, and remained for four days amongst all the lowest women there, till she understood them thoroughly and could imitate their peculiarities to perfection. Her first appearance, when she strolled on to the stage chewing a sprig of a tree, as they all do, took the house by storm, and from that time it was at her feet. The play of "Guy Mannering" was written to suit

her in the part of Meg Merrilies. She would take an hour and a half to get herself up for it, painting all the veins on her arms, &c., and her success was wonderful.

She had been originally intended for an opera-singer, but, just when she was to appear, she had a dangerous illness, and, when she recovered, her voice was gone. But she wasted no time in regrets: she immediately turned to being an actress. This power of making the best of whatever *was*, formed one of the grandest traits of her character.

She died of what, to many, is the most terrible of all diseases. She insisted on an operation; but when she went to have it repeated, the great surgeons told her it was no use, and advised her to devote her remaining life to whatever would most take her out of herself and make her forget her pain. Then she, who had left the stage so long, went back to it as Meg Merrilies again and had all her old triumphs. And the last time she appeared, when she, as it were, took leave of the stage for ever, she repeated the words "I shall haunt this old glen," &c., in a way which sent a cold shiver down the backs of all who heard them.

Miss Stebbings' interesting Life of Miss Cushman is inadequate. It dwells too much

on the successful part. What were really interesting, and also useful to those beginning life, would have been the true story of the struggles of her youth, and how her noble nature overcame them.

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"*Feb.* 10.—My dearest Mother is better and up again, sweet and smiling. Last week, after poor Mrs. C. had died, Mrs. Ramsay, not knowing it, sent to inquire after her. 'E andata in Paradiso,' said her old servant Francesco, quite simply, when he came back."

"*Feb.* 25.—On the 16th old Don Francesco Chigi died, a most well-known figure to be missed out of Roman life. He was buried with perfectly mediæval pomp the next day at the Popolo. The procession down the Corso from the Chigi Palace was most gorgeous, the long line of princely carriages and the running footmen with their huge torches and splendid liveries, the effect enhanced by the darkness of the night, for it was at nine o'clock in the evening.

"Yesterday I rushed with all the world to St. Peter's to stare at the bridal of Donna Guendalina Doria, who had just been married at S. Agnese to the Milanese Conte della Somaglia. The Pope gave her his benediction and a prayer-book bound in solid gold and diamonds. Thirteen carriages full of relations escorted her to St. Peter's, but very few had courage to come with her into the church. She looked well in a long lace veil and white silk cloak striped with gold.

"My sweet Mother has gained very little ground the last fortnight. Yesterday for the first time she went out—carried down and upstairs by Benedetto and Louisa, and drove with Charlotte to the Villa Doria. But in the evening her breathing was difficult. To-day I drove with Lady Bloomfield[1] and Jane Adeane to the Campagna, and when I came back I found that she had been quite ill the whole time. The dear face looks sadly worn."

"*Feb.* 27.—When I went into my darling's room at 3 A.M., both she and Lea were sleeping quietly, but when I went again at six, the Mother had been long awake, and oppressed with great difficulty of breathing. At half-past nine Dr. Grilli came and begged for another opinion. . . . How did I bear it when he said that my darling was in the greatest danger, that if she would desire any spiritual consolations, they ought to be sent for! Then I lost all hope. 'No,' I said, 'she has long lived more in heaven than on earth.' 'Quello se vede,' said Dr. Grilli.

"I questioned whether she should be told the danger she was in, but I decided not; for has not my darling been for years standing on the threshold of the heavenly kingdom? Death could to *her* only be the passing quite over that threshold, and to us the last glimpse of her most sweet presence here.

"2 P.M.—Charlotte Leycester and Emma Simpkinson have been with me in the room all morning by turns.

[1] My cousins, Lord and Lady Bloomfield, and the Dowager Lady Barrington, with her daughter Augusta, were spending the winter in Rome.

I cannot but think her slightly better. The shutter has just been opened that she may see the sun, which poured into the room. My darling was sitting up then and smiled to see it.

"5½ P.M.—Waiting for the consultation of doctors. How I dread it, yet I cannot but think they will find my darling better. I have a feeling that there must still be hope. At two I went in a carriage to the Villa Negroni,[1] as the most solitary place I knew, and there spent an hour on that terraced walk beneath the house in which I was born, where my two mothers walked up and down together before my birth, and where I have often been, oh! so happy in the sunshine of her presence who is life to me.

"Coming back, I went into the Church of the Angeli. A white Carthusian was kneeling there alone. I knelt too and prayed—not that God would give my darling back to me unless it were His will, but oh! so earnestly that there might be no pain in her departure.

"Mrs. Woodward and Miss Finucane want to come and sit up—always good and kind. Grilli has been this evening with Dr. Bertoldi, and says everything depends on how she passes the next night: if she sleeps and the breathing becomes easier, we may hope, but even then it will be most difficult to regain the ground lost. In this I buoy myself up that *they* know nothing of her wonderful power of rallying.

"When Charlotte went away for the night, she said, 'I shall think of you, dear, and pray for you

[1] This beautiful villa and its lovely grounds have been entirely destroyed under the Sardinian Government.

very much to-night.'—'Yes, into the Lord's hands I commend my spirit,' said my darling solemnly.

"9 A.M. *Feb.* 28, *Friday.*—Last night, when I wished her good-night, she said in her sweetest manner, 'Don't be too anxious; it is all in His hands.' Lea went to bed and Emma Simpkinson sat upon the sofa. I went in and out all through the night. Since 4 A.M. she has been less well!

"6 P.M.—I went rapidly to-day in a little carriage to St. Peter's, and kneeling at the grating of the chapel of the Sacrament by Sixtus IV.'s tomb, I *implored* God to take two years out of my life and to add them to my Mother's. I could not part with her now. If there is power in prayer, I *must* have been heard. I was back within the hour.

"When Charlotte came, she repeated to the Mother the texts about the saints in white robes, and then said 'Perhaps, dear, you will be with them soon—perhaps it is as in our favourite hymn, "Just passing over the brink."'—'Yes,' said my darling, 'it cannot last long; this is quite wearing me out.' I heard this through the door, for I could not bear to be in the room. Then Charlotte said, 'The Lord be with you,' or similar words, and my darling answered 'Yes, and may He be with those who are left as well as with those who are taken.' At this moment I came in and kissed my darling. Charlotte, not knowing I had heard, then repeated what she had said. 'She is praying that God may be with you and with me,' she said. I could not bear it, and went back to the next room. Charlotte came in and kissed me. 'I cannot say what I

feel for you,' she said. I begged her not to say so now, 'as long as there was anything to be done I must not give way.'"

"3 P.M. *Saturday*.—The night was one of terrible suffering. Mrs. Woodward sat up, but I could not leave the room. In the morning my darling said, 'I never thought it would have been like this; I thought it would have been unconscious. The valley of the Shadow of Death is a dark valley, but there is light at the end. . . . No more pain. . . . The Rock of Ages, that is my rock.' Then I read the three prayers in the Visitation Service. 'It will be over soon,' she said; 'I am going to rest.'

"'Will you give me some little word of blessing, darling?' I said. 'The Lord keep you and comfort you, my dear child,' she said. 'Don't fret too much. *He* will give you comfort.' I had begged that Mrs. Woodward would call in Lea, who was now kneeling between us at the bedside. 'And you bless poor Lea too,' I said. 'Yes, dear Lea; she has been a most good and faithful and dear servant to me. I pray that God may be with her and John, and keep them, and I hope that they will be faithful and loving to you, as they have been to me, as long as you need them. . . . Be reconciled to all who have been unkind to you, darling; love them all, this is my great wish, love—love—love—oh, I have tried to live for love—oh! love one another, that is the great thing—love, love, love!'

"'The Lord bless and comfort you, dear,' she said to Charlotte. 'Be a mother to my child.'—'I will,'

said Charlotte, and then my darling's hand took mine and held it.

"'We look for the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ,' said Charlotte. 'Yes, and it was here that it first dawned upon me . . . through much tribulation. . . . He will be with me, and He will be with those who are left.'

"'We look for the King in His beauty,' said Charlotte. 'Yes, beauty such as we have never seen,' my darling said. 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Oh, I have been able to serve Him very little.'—'Yes, darling, but you have loved Him much.'

"'I send my love to all my dear ones in England; none are forgotten, none.' Then, after a pause, 'Tell your sister that we shall meet where there is no more controversy, and where we shall know thoroughly as we are known.'

"In the night the terrible pain came on, which lasted many hours and gave us all such anguish. 'And He bore all this,' she said, and at one of her worst moments—'He that trusteth in Thee shall never be put to confusion.' What these trembling words were to us I cannot say, with her great suffering and the sadly sunken look of her revered features. Mrs. Woodward cried bitterly.

"'Mine eyes look to the hills, from whence cometh my help,' said Charlotte when she came in. 'You have loved the Psalms so much, haven't you, dear?'—'Yes, the Psalms so much.'—'All Thy waves and storms pass over me,' said Charlotte, 'but the Rock resisteth the flood.'—'Yes, the *Rock*,' said my darling. 'The

floods lift up their waves, but the Lord is mightier.'—'He is mightier,' she repeated. 'The Lord is a refuge and a strong tower,' said Charlotte. 'He is *indeed*,' she answered with emphasis; 'it is a dark valley, but there is light beyond, for He is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'

"She bade me in the early morning not to leave her, and I sat by her without moving from 6 A.M. till 1 P.M. 'Oh, you will all be *so* tired,' she said once. When she was very ill, Charlotte leant over her and said, 'I am oppressed, O Lord, undertake for me: may the everlasting arms be beneath you.'—'Yes,' she said."

"*March* 1, *Sunday morning*.—How long it is! At 6 P.M. she was very restless and suffering. At last she gave me her hand and lay down with me supporting the pillows behind. She spoke quite clearly, and said, 'My blessing and darling, may you be blessed in time and eternity!' This quiet sleep seemed to soothe and rest her, and afterwards Lea was able to take my place for an hour. But the night was terrible. Mrs. Woodward and Miss Finucane both sat up with me. Once she said, 'Through the grave and the gate of death . . . a glorious resurrection.' At seven, she was speaking again, and leaning over her I heard, 'How long, how long? when will the Bridegroom come?'"

"4 P.M. *Monday, March* 2.—A rather less suffering night. Dear Miss Garden sat up with me, saying she felt as if it was her own mother who was lying there, and Mother rambled gently to her about 'going

home.' At 7 A.M. she fell asleep sweetly with her hand clasped in both of mine. I did not venture to move, and sank from my knees into a sitting position on the floor; so we remained for nearly an hour. When she waked, her moan was more definite. 'Oh, for rest! oh, for rest!' I said, 'Darling, rest is coming soon.'—'Yes,' she said, 'my health will all come back to me soon; no infirmities and no pains any more."

"10 A.M.—When Charlotte went at nine, I thought my darling sinking more rapidly, and Dr. Grilli when he came told us it was all but impossible she could rally. She looks to me at moments quite passing away. I would not call my darling back for worlds now: if God took her, I could only be lost in thankfulness that her pains were over. Oh, that she may be soon in that perfect health which we shall not be permitted to see. I scarcely leave her a moment now, though it is agony to me if she coughs or suffers. Can I afford to lose one look from those beloved eyes, one passing expression of those revered features? So I sit beside her through the long hours, now moistening her lips, now giving her water from a spoon, now and then a little soup-jelly, which she finds it easier to swallow than the soup itself, and now and then my darling gently gives me her hand to hold in mine. 'Rest in bliss,' she said to Mrs. Woodward, 'rest ever in bliss.' Afterwards Charlotte said, 'When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee: underneath thee are . . . the everlasting arms.'

"12½ P.M.—Charlotte has repeated sentences from the Litany—'By Thine agony and bloody sweat.' We

thought she scarcely understood at first, then her lips, almost inaudibly, repeated the sentences. Soon she said, 'It is *so* long coming!' Then Charlotte read, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they *rest* from their labours.' She opened her eyes, looked up at Charlotte, and said, 'Oh, how well I know you!'

"1 P.M.—After some minutes' quiet she opened her eyes with surprise and said, 'I thought I was safe home; I thought I was, yet I can move, so I suppose it will not be yet.'

"2 P.M.—Her face has lost all its troubled look, and though she still moans, there is a happy appearance of repose stealing over her features.

"3 P.M.—When C. L. came in she said, 'Oh, Charlotte, I thought it was all over. I did not hear the noise of the waves any more. Oh, they were so very tormenting, and then, when I did not hear them, I thought it was over, and then I heard your voice, and I knew I was still here. . . . I have no more pain now. . . . It was very long, but I suppose He thought He would knock out all that was bad in me.'

"*Midnight, Monday.*—After a terrible afternoon, she had such an extraordinary rally in the evening that we all began to hope. But soon after there was another change. Her features altered, her face sunk, but her expression was of the most transcendent happiness. Thinking the last moment was come, we knelt around the bed, I alone on the right; Charlotte, Lea, and Mrs. Woodward on the left; the nurse, Angela Mayer, at the foot. Charlotte and Mrs. W. prayed aloud. Then my darling, in broken accents, difficult to understand, but which I, leaning over her, re-

peated to the others, began to speak—'I am going to glory . . . I have no pain now . . . I see the light . . . Oh, I am *so* happy . . . no more trouble or sorrow or sin . . . so extremely happy . . . may you all meet me there, not one of you be wanting.'

"I, leaning over her, said, 'Do you know me still, darling?'—'Yes, I know and bless you, my dearest son . . . peace and love . . . glory everlasting . . . all sins and infirmities purged away . . . rest . . . love . . . glory . . . reign for ever . . . *see Christ.*

"'Oh, be ready!

"'Mary and Arthur and Kate and Emmie and Mamie, faithful servants of Christ, to meet me there in His kingdom.

"'Let peace and love remain with you always. This is my great wish, peace and love . . . peace and love.'

"After saying this, my mother solemnly folded her trembling hands together on her breast, and looking up to heaven, said, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and may all these meet me again in Thy kingdom!' As she said this, my darling's eyes seemed fixed upon another world.

"After this I begged the others to leave me alone with her, and then my dearest one said to me, 'Yes, darling, our love for one another on earth is coming to an end now. We have loved one another very deeply. I don't know how far communion will be still possible, but I soon *shall* know; and if it be possible, I shall still be always near you. I shall so love to see and know all you are doing, and to watch over you; and when you hear a little breeze go rustling by, you must think it is the old Mother still near you. . . . You will

do all I wish, darling, I know. I need not write, you will carry out all my wishes.'—'Yes, dearie,' I said, 'it will be my only comfort when you are gone to do all you would have wished. I will always stay at Holmhurst, darling, and I will continue going to Alton, and I will do everything else I can think of that you would like.'

"'Yes, and you must try to conquer self . . . to serve God here, and then we may be together again in heaven. . . . Oh, we *must* be together again there.'

"Lea now came in, and my darling stroked her face while she sobbed convulsively. 'Your long work is done at last,' Mother said; 'I have been a great trouble to you both, and perhaps it is as well I should be taken away now, for I am quite worn out. Tell John and all of them that I am sorry to leave them, but perhaps it was for the best; for this is not an illness; it is that I am worn out. . . . You and Augustus will stay together and comfort one another when I am gone, and you will bear with one another's infirmities and help one another. The great thing of all is to be able to confess that one has been in the wrong. Oh, peace and love, peace and love, these are the great things.'

"'Have I been a good child to you, dearest?' I said. 'Oh, yes, indeed—dear and good, dear and good; a little wilful perhaps you used to be, but not lately; you have been all good to me lately—dear and good.'—('Yes, that he has,' said Lea.)—'Faithful and good,' my darling repeated, 'both of you faithful and good.'

"Charlotte now came in. 'Here is Charlotte.'—'Dear Charlotte! Oh yes, I know you. I do not

know whether there will be any communication where I am going, but if there is, I shall be very near you. I am going to rest . . . rest everlasting. Be a mother to my child. Comfort him when I am gone . . . give him good advice. . . . You know what suggestions I should make. . . . You will say to him what I should say . . . and if he could have a good wife, that would be the best thing . . . for what would you do, my child, in this lonely world ? . . . No, a good wife, that is what I wish for you—a good wife and a family home.

"'And now I should like to speak to kind Mrs. Woodward' (she came in). 'Thank you so much ; you have been very good and kind to me, dear Mrs. Woodward. I am going fast to my heavenly home. I have said all I meant to have written all the time I have been ill, and have never been able . . . my mouth has been opened that I might speak.'"

"7 A.M. *March* 3.—'Oh, it is quite beautiful. Good-bye, my own dearest! I cannot believe that you will look up into the clouds and think that I am only there . . . but you will also see me in the flowers and in my friends, and in all that I have loved.'

"8 A.M.—With the morning light my dearest Mother has seemed to become more rapt in holy thoughts and visions, her eyes more intently fixed on the unseen world. At last, with a look of rapture she has exclaimed, 'Oh, angels, I see angels!' and since then pain seems to have left her.

"8½ A.M.—(To Lea.) 'You will take care of him and comfort him, as you have always taken care of me: you have been a dear servant to me.'—'Yes,'

said Lea, 'I will always stay with him and take care of him as long as I live. I took care of your dear husband, and I have taken care of you, and I will take care of him as long as he wants me.' 'Darling sweet,' I said to her. 'Yes, darling sweet,' she repeated, with inexpressible tenderness. 'I always hear the tender words you say to me, dear, even in my dreams.' Then she said also to Mrs. Woodward, 'You have been very kind to us; you will comfort Augustus when he is left desolate: you know what sorrow is, you have gone through the valley. . . . It seems so much worse for others than for me. . . . For then I shall begin really to live.'

"All this time my darling lay with her eyes upturned and an expression of rapt beatitude. The nurse says that in her forty years' nursing she never saw any one like this, so quiet, so happy. 'Nothing ever puts her out or makes her complain: I never saw anything like it.'[1]

"8½ A.M.—'It is very difficult to *realise* that when you are absent from the body you are present with the Lord.'

"10 A.M.—Dr. Grilli says she may live till evening, even possibly into the night. She has just said, a little wandering, 'You know in a few days some pretty sweet violets will come up, and that will be all that will be left to you of the dear Mother.'

[1] "Look at a pious person, man or woman, one in whom the spirit sways the senses: look at them when they are praying or have risen from their knees, and see with how bright a ray of divine beauty their faces are illuminated: you will see the beauty of God shine on their faces: you will see the beauty of an angel."—SAVONAROLA, *Sermons*.

"11½ A.M. — She has taken leave of Emma Simpkinson and Miss Garden. When I came in she took my hand and said, 'And you, darling, I shall always think of you, and you will think of me. I shall spring up again like the little violets, and I shall put on an incorruptible body. I shall be always floating over you and watching over you somehow: we shall never be separated; and my body will rest beside that of my dear husband. So strange it should be here; perhaps, if it had been anywhere else, I might have wished to get better, but as it was here, the temptation was too great. I am quite worn out. I thought I could not get better after my last illness, and I *was* given back to you for a little while, though I have always felt very weak, but I shall be quite well now.'

"10 A.M. *March* 4.—All night she wandered gently, saying that she would 'go out and play with the little children; for there can be nothing bad amongst very little children.' In the morning Charlotte still thought there was a chance of her rallying, but Emma Simpkinson and I both think her sinking, and Dr. Grilli says that 'sussulti tendinósi' of the pulses have come on, and that there is not the slightest hope. It can probably only be two hours, though it may last till evening. He has formally taken leave, saying that medicine is useless, and that it is no use for him to return any more. Since the early morning my darling has been lying with her hand in mine, leaning her head against mine on the pillow, her eyes turned upwards, her lips constantly moving in inarticulate

prayer. She has asked, 'What day is it? I think it is my birthday to-day.' I have not told her it is her father's birthday, as I believe it will be her own birthday in heaven.

"11 A.M.—She has again appeared to be at the last extremity. Raising her eyes to heaven and taking my hand, she has prayed fervently but inaudibly. Then she prayed audibly for blessings for me and Lea, and, with a grateful look to Emma, added, 'And for dear Emma too.'

"1 P.M.—She wandered a little, and asked if the battle was over. 'Yes,' said Lea, 'and the victory won.'

"1½ P.M.—'I am all straight now, no more crookedness. . . . You must do something, dear, to build yourself up; you must be a good deal pulled down by all this. . . . Rest now, but work, work for God in life.

"'Don't expect too much good upon earth.

"'Don't expect too much perfection in one another.

"'Work for eternity.

"'Only try for love.

"2 P.M.—'Oh, how happy I am! I have everything I want here and hereafter.'

"2.10.—(With eyes uplifted and hands clasped.) . . . 'Living water. The Lamb, the Lamb is the life.'

"2.15.—C. L. repeated at her request 'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.'

"2.30.—The dear Mother herself, with her changed voice, clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, has repeated the hymn 'Just as I am, without one plea.'

"3 P.M.—'I am glad I am not going to stay. I could not do you any more good, and I am *so* happy.'

"4 P.M. — (With intense fervour.) 'O God, O God! God alone can save—one and eternal. Amen! Amen!'

"4.15.—'Let us be one in heaven, dear, as we are one on earth.'

"4.30.—'Oh, let me go. . . . I have said I was ready to go so often, but you won't give me up.' I said, 'I think you had better try to sleep a little now, darling.'—'Yes, but let it be the last: I have had so many, many last sleeps.'—'You are in no pain now, dearie?' I said. 'Oh no, no pain; there is no pain on the borderland of heaven.

"'May He who ruleth all, both in heaven and earth, bless you, my child—bless you and keep you from ill. Love, love, perfect love, love on earth and then love in heaven. . . . I can hear words from the upper world now and none from the nearer. They have taught me things that were dark to me before.'

"5 P.M.—'Peace be with you, peace and love.

"'Sin below, grace above.

"'We sinners below, Christ above.

"'All love, all truth in Jesus Christ, my Lord and my God.'

"5½ P.M.—'Oh, let it be. It could not be better — no doubt, no difficulty. . . . All the good things of this world, what are they? . . . soon pass away — pride, vanity, vexation of spirit; but oh! love! love!' It was after saying these words that my darling's face became quite radiant, and that she looked upward with an expression of rapture. 'I see a

white dove,' she said, 'oh, such a beautiful white dove, floating towards me.' Soon after this she exclaimed, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly'. . . . When she opened her eyes, 'What a wilful child you are! you will not let your mother depart, and she is *so* ready.'—'Is it he who keeps you?' said C. L. 'No, a better One; but let me go or let me stay, O Lord, I have no will but Thine.'" [1]

"2 A.M. *March* 5.—During the night she has prayed constantly aloud for various relations and friends by name, and often for me. Once she said, 'Ever upright, ever just, sometimes irritable, weak in temperament, that others should love him as I have done . . . and a good wife, that is what I have always thought.'

"8 P.M. *March* 5.—Twice to-day there has been a sudden sinking of nature, life almost extinct, and then, owing to the return of fever, there has been a rally. She became excited if I left her even for a moment, so through last night and to-day I have constantly sat behind her on the bed, supporting her head on a pillow in my arms.

"10 P.M. — Emma Simpkinson is come for the night, but there is a strange change. My mother is asleep! quietly asleep—the fever is reduced after the aconite which I insisted upon, and which the homœopathic doctor said *must* end her life in half-an-hour.

[1] There is a passage in Rudyard Kipling which exactly describes my mother's state at this time. "The mind was quickened, and the revolving thoughts ground against each other, as millstones grind when there is no corn between."

"*Friday evening, March* 6.—All day there has been a rally, and she has now power to cough again. Grilli had given the case up, so at noon to-day I had no scruple in sending for Dr. Topham, writing full explanation of the strange case. He says it is the most extraordinary he has ever seen and a most interesting study — 'Before such a miracle of nature, science can only sit still.' Life still hangs on a thread, but there is certainly an improvement. She knows none but me."

"*Saturday evening, March* 7.—What a quiet day of respite we have had after all the long tension and anxiety. My darling's face has resumed a natural expression, and she now lies quite quiet, sleeping, and only rousing herself to take nourishment."

I have copied these fragments from my journal of two terrible weeks, written upon my knees by my mother's side, when we felt every hour *must* be the last, and that her words, so difficult to recall afterwards, would be almost our only consolation when the great desolation had really fallen. But no description can give an idea of the illness—of the strange luminousness of the sunken features, such as one reads of in lives of Catholic saints—of the marvellous beauty of her expression — of the thrilling accents in which many words were spoken, from which her sensitive retiring nature would

have shrunk in health. Had there been physically any reason for hopefulness, which there was not—had the doctors given any hope of recovery, which they did not, her appearance, her words, her almost transfiguration would have assured us that she was on the threshold of another world. I feel that those who read must—like those who saw—almost experience a sort of shock at her being given back to us again. Yet I believe that God heard my prayer in St. Peter's for the two years more. During that time, and that time only, she was spared to bless us, and to prepare me better for the final separation when it really came. She was also spared to be my support in another great trial of my life, to which we then never looked forward. But I will return to my journal, with which ordinary events now again entwine themselves.

"*March* 10, 1868.—My darling is gradually but slowly regaining strength, the doctor saying he can give no medicine, but that he can only stand still in awe before the marvels of nature, whilst we, the watchers, are gradually rallying from the great strain and tension of the last week.

"Yesterday was Santa Francesca Romana's day. I went to her house, the old Ponziani Palace, now the Ezercizii Pii, hung outside for the day with battered

tapestry and strewn within with box. The rooms inside are the same as when the Saint lived in them, with raftered ceilings, and many of them turned into chapels. Downstairs is the large room which she turned into a hospital, and there is a bright open courtyard planted with orange-trees, though certainly nothing of the 'magnificent Ponziani Palace' described by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in her book.

"Thence to the Tor de' Specchi, where a cardinal, a number of Roman ladies, and a crowd of others were passing through the bright old rooms covered with frescoes and tapestry, and looking into the pleasant courtyards of the convent with their fountains and orange-trees. Upstairs is a fine chapel, where the skeleton of the Saint lies under the altar, dressed as an Oblate (with the face exposed), but in a white veil and white gloves! The living Oblates flitting about were very interesting picturesque-looking women, mostly rather old. Several relics of Santa Francesca are preserved. On a table near the entrance was the large flat vase in which she made ointment for the poor, filled with flowers.

"On Sunday, when many ladies went to the Pope, he made them a little sermon about their guardian angels and Sta. Francesca Romana."

"*March* 15.—My sweet Mother is in almost exactly the same state—a sort of dormouse existence, and so weak that she can scarcely hold up her head; yet she has been twice wheeled into the sitting-room.

"I have been with the Fitzmaurices to the Castle of S. Angelo, very curious, and the prisons of Beatrice Cenci and her stepmother, most ghastly and horrid

There are between seven and eight hundred men there now, and many prisoners. Over the prison doors passers-by had made notes in chalk: one was 'O voi che entrate qui, lasciate ogni speranza;' another, 'On sait quand on entre, on ne sait pas quand on sort;' another, 'Hôtel des Martyrs.'

CASTLE OF ESTE.[1]

"On Friday evening I rushed with all the world to the receptions of the new cardinals—first to the Spanish Embassy, then to the Colonna to see Cardinal Bonaparte,[2] who has a most humble manner and a

[1] From "Northern Italy."

[2] Prince Lucien, son of the Roman Prince Charles Lucien (nephew of Napoleon I.) and of Zenaide, only child of Joseph, King of Naples and Spain.

beautiful refined face like Manning at his best; and then to the Inquisition, where Cardinal de Monaco was waiting to receive in rooms which were almost empty."

"*March* 30.—The dear Mother makes daily progress. She has the sofa in her bedroom, and lies there a great deal in the sunny window.

"I went to Mrs. Lockwood's theatricals, to which, as she said, 'all the people above the rank of a duchess were asked down to the letter M.' The play, *L'Aïeule*, was wonderfully well done by Princess Radziwill, Princess Pallavicini, Princess Scilla, Duca del Gallo, and others, a most beautiful electric light being let in when the grandmother steals in to give the poison to the sleeping girl."

"*May* 8.—We leave Rome to-morrow—leave it in a flush of summer glory, in a wealth unspeakable of foliage and flowers, orange blossoms scenting our staircase, the sky deep blue.

"All the last fortnight poor Emma Simpkinson[1] has been terribly ill—a great anxiety to us as to what was best to be done for her, but we hope now that she may be moved to England, and I must go with my restored Mother, who is expanding like a flower in the sunshine.

"This afternoon, at the crowded time, the young Countess Crivelli, the new Austrian Ambassadress, drove down the Corso. At the Porta del Popolo she

[1] Emma Simpkinson reached England before us, but was then rapidly waning heavenwards. She spent the last few weeks of her life at St. Leonards, where we had the great comfort of being able to cheer and watch over her, and she is buried in the cemetery at Ore.

met her husband's horse without a rider. Much alarmed, she drove on, and a little farther on she found her husband's dead body lying in the road. She picked it up, and drove back down the Corso with the dead man by her side."

Amongst the many English who spent this spring in Rome, I do not find any note, in my diaries, of Lord Houghton, yet his dinners for six in the Via S. Basilio were delightful. His children were real children then, and his son, Robin,[1] a boy of wonderful promise. Lord Houghton was never satisfied with talking well and delightfully himself; his great charm was his evident desire to draw out all the good there was in other people.

JOURNAL.

"*Venice, May* 10, 1868.—We had a terribly hot journey by Spoleto and Ancona, and came on to Este. It is a long drive up from the station to the primitive little town close under the Euganean Hills, with the ruined castle where the first Guelph was born. The inn (La Speranza) is an old palace, and our sitting-room was thirty-four feet long. The country is luxuriance itself, covered with corn and flax, separated by rows of peach and fig trees, with vines leaping from tree to tree. I drove to Arqua, a most picturesque village in a hollow of the hills. In the little court of the

[1] Afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

church is Petrarch's tomb, of red Verona marble, and on the high ridge his house, almost unaltered, with old frescoes of his life, his chair, his chest, and his stuffed cat, shrunk almost to a weasel."

"*Augsburg, May* 24.—From Venice we saw Torcello—the Mother, Lea, and I in a *barca* gliding over those shallow mysterious waters to the distant island and its decaying church, where we sat to draw near

PETRARCH'S TOMB, ARQUA.[1]

Attila's marble chair half buried in the rank growth of the mallows.

"We came away by an early train to Verona, and drove in the afternoon to San Zenone, and then to the beautiful Giusti gardens for the sunset. Mother was able to climb up to the summer-house on the height, and the gardener gave us pinks and roses.

[1] From "Northern Italy."

"On the 24th we came on to Trent, a most attractive place, with an interesting cathedral, fine fountains, beautiful trees, and surroundings of jagged pink mountains tipped with snow. Cheating the Alps by crossing the Brenner, we went by Salzburg to Berchtesgaden, where we found quiet rooms with a

TOMB OF THE COUNT OF CASTELBARCO, VERONA.[1]

splendid view of the snow-clad Watzmann. We were rowed down the Königsee as far as the waterfall, Lea dreadfully frightened on the lake."

From Augsburg we went to Oberwesel on the Rhine, where we were very happy in a

[1] From "Northern Italy."

primitive hotel amid the vines and old timber-houses. On our second morning there, while I was drawing on the shore of the river, a strange and terrible presentiment came over me of some great misfortune, some overwhelming grief which was then taking place in England. I threw down my drawing things and hurried back to the hotel to my mother. "Never," I said, "have these sudden presentiments come to me without meaning. I am sure you will listen to me when I say that we ought to be in England directly."—"Yes," she said, "I quite believe it; let us go at once;" and then and there, in the hot morning, we walked down to the train. We travelled all night, and at daybreak we were in England. I confess that, as we travelled, the detailed impression which I had from my presentiment was wrong. I thought of what would have affected my mother most. I fancied that, as I was sitting on the Rhine shore, Arthur Stanley had died at Westminster. But John Gidman met us with our little carriage at Hastings, and as we drove up to Holmhurst he told me the dreadful truth—that, at the very moment of my presentiment, my sister Esmeralda had expired.

I still feel the echo of that terrible anguish.

XIII

LAST YEARS OF ESMERALDA

"Sleep sweetly, dear one; thou wilt wake at dawn."—MOSCHUS.

"Her mind was one of those pure mirrors from which the polluting breath passes away as it touches it."—BISHOP HEBER.

"Cette longue et cruelle maladie qu'on appelle la vie, est enfin guérie."—MADEMOISELLE D'ESPINASSE.

"Let her pure soul . . .
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this portal every step I go."
—SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

I THINK that I have not written anything concerning the life of my sister after we met her at Rome in the winter of 1865–66. Since that time she had been more incessantly engrossed by the affairs, and often very trivial interests, of the Roman Catholic Church, but without for a moment relaxing her affection and cordiality towards us. Great was my pleasure in watching how, in spite of all religious differences, my mother became increasingly fond of her every time they met. I think it

is William Penn who says, "The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are all of one religion."

On leaving Rome in 1866, Esmeralda made it an object to visit the famous "Nun of Monza," Ancilla Ghizza, called in religion the "Madre Serafina della Croce." This nun had been founding a religious order at Monza, which was at first intended to be affiliated to the Sacramentarie on the Quirinal at Rome. She was supposed to have not only the "stigmata," but the marks of our Lord's scourging, to be gifted with a wonderful power and knowledge of the interior life, and to possess the gift of prophecy. She was summoned to Rome, and, after three years' noviciate at the Sacramentarie, she was permitted, in 1862, to return to Monza, and to begin her community, fifteen nuns being clothed at the same time. She used to distribute little crosses which she declared to have been blessed by our Lord in person, and she was often in an ecstasy, in which it was alleged that her body became so light that she could be raised from the ground by a single hair of her head! Concerning Serafina della Croce, Esmeralda had already received from a celebrated Italian ecclesiastic the following:—

"*Venezia,* 3 *Gennaio,* 1864.—Mi scusi se io così presto riprendo la penna, per offrirle il mio povero tentativo di consolarla, sotto la forma di questa piccola croce, che io ebbi dall' Ancilla Ghizzi di Monza, e che è stata benedetta dalle mani stesse di Nostro Signore in una visione. Io potrei dirle molto di queste croci, ma ci vorrebbe troppo tempo. Così io le dirò soltanto per affermare la sua opinione sopra la santità di questa serva di Dio, che io conosco qui un sacerdote che andò a vederla, e al quale il confessore dell' Ancilla delegò la sua autorità, dicendogli che poteva commandarla ed interrogarla per un' ora, come se fosse lui stesso il suo confessore. Infatti, portatosi dall' Ancilla, senza che essa fosse stata avvertita di quest' accordo fra loro, il Sacerdote le diède mentalmente l'obbedienza di unirsi con Dio in orazione, ed essa immediatamente andò in estasi, e continuò un' ora intera in questo stato, nel qual tempo egli le domandò *mentalmente* varie cose in rapporto a certe persone che desiderebbero essere raccomandate alle sue preghiere, ed essa rispondeva al suo precetto mentale, raccomandogli ogni persona ed ogni domanda al Signore di *viva voce,* continuando così un dialogo non interrotto. Qualche volta per la soddisfazione di una terza persona che era presente, questo Sacerdote gli diceva all' orecchio il soggetto sopra il quale voleva schiarimento. Debbo aggiungere che in questo stato il suo corpo è così leggiero che la poteva sollevare da terra *per un solo dei suoi capelli,* come se non avesse più nessun peso. Ho pure veduto dei manoscritti voluminosi del suo confessore pieni di maraviglie, e che dimostrano che la sua familiarità colle cose e colle persone

celesti è arrivata ad un tal punto, che si può ben paragonare a tutto ciò che si legge nelle vite dei santi. Anzi a me mi pare che supera tutto quel che io ho letto fin qui."

Another intention of Esmeralda was to visit "Torchio," the inspired cobbler at Turin, and consult him on various subjects. This Torchio had had the most extraordinary visions of the Judgment; but alas! I neglected to write down the long verbal account which my sister gave me of her visit to him, and thus it is lost. I have only the following, written in crossing the Mont Cenis with an Asiatic bishop, to whom Esmeralda had offered a place in her carriage:—

"*June* 4, 1866.—For three days running before leaving Rome, I had the visits of the venerable Monsignor Natale, and we talked of coming events in the political world. I went over from Pisa to Leghorn, and there I saw a very remarkable person called Suora Carolina. We went to Milan for one day, and from thence to Monza. I saw the bishop, and besought and entreated, and at last he gave permission, and I was the first to pass through the closed door of the convent, and to kneel and kiss the hand of the saint. Auntie went with me. I can never express what I felt. It was like seeing S. Francesco d'Assisi, and it seemed like a dream as, side by side, we walked through the cloisters and then went up into her cell:

one so highly favoured! it was too much happiness. All I had heard was nothing to the reality, and there was Auntie sitting in her cell, the other nuns standing round. Her face was quite beautiful, quite heavenly.

"And then we returned to Milan and started for Turin, and there I went to see Torchio, the celebrated Torchio, as he sat on his basket and spoke as he was inspired. It was a wonderful and beautiful sermon, both in word and action. When he spoke of the Passion, one seemed to follow him to Calvary. He is a poor man living at the top of a very poor house, but he is an apostle."

Esmeralda returned to London to Mrs. Thorpe's, but in the autumn she went north and paid visits to the Monteiths and Stourtons and to Lady Herries in Yorkshire. Lady Herries said afterwards that she liked to think of her as she so often saw her in the chapel at Everingham, praying, "oh, so fervently," for hours together. As her life became more absorbed in devotion and religious interests, she was conscious of the danger of neglecting earthly duties and sympathies. On August 4, 1866, she wrote :—

"Let me walk in the presence of God without underrating His gifts, for the underrating of God's gifts is one of the temptations which I am required to fight against."

On September 8 she wrote :—

"Let me surrender entirely my individual will, to be completely united and absorbed in the will of Jesus Christ,—then will the truths of Christianity become a fixed life in my soul.

"The great impediment to the life of Jesus in the soul is the aiming at mediocrity in things pertaining to our Lord and to a spiritual life; whereas our Master would have us aim at *perfection*, and bear in mind as a command His words, 'Be ye perfect.'"

In August Esmeralda was thrown into real heart-mourning by the news which reached England of the death of "the Great Mother," Maria de Matthias. The following is from Pierina Rolleston, Superior of the Order of the Precious Blood in England :—

"My own dearest in the precious blood, I write in haste, and while I write my tears are flowing, because I have sad news to tell you and dear Mrs. Montgomery, who are both children of the Institute, and love our beloved Mother-General, who is in heaven, praying for us all. The following is a copy of a letter I received yesterday from Monsignor Talbot :—'I write to announce to you the death of your Mother-General. She expired two days ago—died as she lived, after giving examples of patience and resignation in the midst of her sufferings. To-morrow her funeral will be celebrated at the Church of SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio, and I intend to attend. I do not think you need

fear for the future of your Institute, because I think that the successor of your late Mother-General, though she may not be so saintly a person, will be equally able to carry on the business. I do not think you can be too grateful to Almighty God for having such friends as Monsignor Paterson and Miss Hare.' . . . . My dearest, I write in haste that you may receive all the news of our beloved Mother. Sister Carolina Longo, whom she named as her successor upon her death-bed, is a good clever nun, and she was Mother's dear child. She lived with Mother from a child of eight years old, and became a religious about the age of twenty-two. We have lost one of the dearest of mothers, but can look up to her in heaven, and I am sure she will help us in our work. . . . With fond love in the precious blood, I am always your most affectionate in Christ,

"PIERINA OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

The winter of 1866–67 was chiefly passed by my sister at the house of Mrs. Alfred Montgomery at Ifield near Crawley, where Esmeralda and her aunt for many months shared in the housekeeping. For Esmeralda had been induced to regard Mrs. Montgomery as a religious martyr, and her impressionable nature was completely fascinated by her hostess. While at Ifield, a fatal web was drawn each day more closely by her Catholic associates, by which Esmeralda was induced to entrust large

sums to her brother Francis for speculation upon the political prophecies of Madame de Trafford. Her unworldly nature was persuaded to consent to this means of (as Francis represented) largely increasing her income, by the prospect which was held out to her of having more money to employ in assisting various religious objects, especially the establishment of the Servites in London, and the foundation of their church, for which she had promised Father Bosio, General of the Servites, to supply £500, to be obtained either by collections or otherwise, at the expiration of three years. Esmeralda never knew or had the faintest idea of the sum to which her speculations amounted. She was beguiled on from day to day by two evil advisers, and, her heart being in other things, was induced to trust and believe that her worldly affairs were in the hands of disinterested persons. The lists of her intended employments for the next day, so many of which remained amongst her papers, show how little of her time and attention was given to pecuniary matters. From them it is seen that a quarter of an hour allotted to the discussion of investments with her brother would be preceded by an hour spent in writing about the affairs of a French convent or the

maintenance of a poor widow in Rome, and followed by an hour devoted to the interests of the Servites or some other religious body. There is no doubt that Esmeralda undertook far more than was good either for her health or for her mind; each hour of every day was portioned out from the day before, and was fully and intensely occupied, especially when she was in London. If visitors or any unexpected circumstance prevented the task for which she had allotted any particular hour, she did not leave it on that account unfulfilled, but only detracted from the hours of rest. One thing alone, her daily meditation, she allowed nothing to interfere with. In the hours of meditation she found the refreshment which helped her through the rest of the day. "Our Lord requires of us that our souls should become a tabernacle for Him to dwell in," she wrote on February 2, 1867, "and the lamp lighted before it is the lamp of our affections."

All through the summer of 1866, my brother William's health had been declining, and in the autumn, in the hope of benefit from the sea-breezes, he was moved to Brighton, which he never left. After Christmas day he was never able to leave the house. The small fortune of his pretty helpless wife had been lost in a

bankruptcy, and they were reduced to a state of destitution in which they were almost devoid of the absolute necessaries of life. The following are extracts from William's letters to his sister at this time :—

"You cannot imagine how I miss your letters when you cease to write for any length of time. . . . Since Sunday I have been confined to my bed, having almost lost all use of my limbs. I could not possibly be moved to our sitting-room, being in so weak and emaciated a condition, and I fear I shall have to keep my bed all through this bitter cold weather. I am so miserably thin that it is with the greatest difficulty that I can contrive to sit or lie in any position. It is, however, God's will that it should be so, and I am enabled to say 'Thy will be done, O Lord.' . . . God has mercifully vouchsafed me time for repentance, and has brought me back to Himself, and made me one with Him by strengthening me with His own body, so that, dear sister, I feel supremely happy and at peace with all the world ; and should it please Almighty God to call me hence, I feel serene in His love, that He has graciously forgiven me all my sins, and that He will take me to Himself where there is no longer any pain or suffering. Father Crispin came on Wednesday to hear my confession, and on Thursday morning he administered the most Blessed Sacrament to me. . . . Dear Edith has received £10 lately, which you may well suppose at this critical time was obtained with very great difficulty ; but all this money has been expended on my illness, and there is nothing left for

the doctor's visits, medicine, or to pay the butcher, baker, washerwoman, milk, or coal bill. Yet it will not do to give up the doctor in my critical state, or to cease taking his medicine, or to deny myself the necessary restoratives; if I did I must inevitably sink. Will you not, in compassion for my fallen state, consent to make me some sort of allowance during my illness to enable me to obtain what is necessary?

"Mr. Blackwood (you will remember 'Beauty Blackwood,' who married the Duchess of Manchester[1]) has sent me a little book which he has just published—'The Shadow and the Substance,' which he assures me is quite free from controversy, and he desires me to read it with especial care and attention, as being conducive to my comfort during hours of sickness and suffering."

My sister immediately sent William all he required, when he again wrote:—

"How can I thank you sufficiently for so generously responding to my appeal in more senses than one, by sending me money to relieve the pressure of want, books to comfort me in hours of sickness, and wine to cheer and strengthen me? . . . Should I be spared, I must accept this illness as one of the greatest, indeed the greatest blessing I could possibly receive, for it has taught me my own nothingness, my all insufficiency, and it has drawn me from a sphere of sin into a sphere of grace; it has caused me to despise the world and

[1] Afterwards Sir Arthur Blackwood, Secretary to the Post-Office. He died 1893.

all its vanities, and has diverted my heart and whole being to Almighty God; it has brought me into close communion with Him, strengthened by the graces of His Holy Sacraments, and has made me feel the blessedness of constant prayer. Oh, I would not change my present state for worlds; and should it please Almighty God to call me from hence, I feel that He will receive me into everlasting peace. Father Crispin called last evening: he considers me so prostrate that he intends administering the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Pray for me! I cannot express to you how rejoiced I am that we are again hand in hand together. You should not forget the days of our youth, we were always inseparable; we were then estranged from each other, and a very, very bitter time that was to me. I cannot say that I am any better."

After the receipt of this letter my sister hurried to Brighton, and she was there when William died. On the 11th of March she wrote to me:—

"We are here to be with William, to wait by his bedside during these last days of his illness. On Thursday night, and again on Friday night, it seemed as if the last hour was come, but there is now a slight, a very slight improvement, so that he may live a few days longer. Yesterday there came over him a momentary wish to recover, but it passed away, and his calm resignation was really unbroken and continues the same to-day. He does not murmur, though his sufferings must be terrible. . . . From time to time he

asks me to read aloud a few lines of the 'Imitation of Christ,' but I can scarcely do it without breaking down as I look up and see those sunken cheeks and large glazed eyes fixed upon me with such a deep look of intense suffering."

Two unexpected friends appeared to cheer William's last days. One was the young Duchess of Sutherland, who had been intimate with him as a child, and having never met him since the days when they both lived in the Maison Valin, heard accidentally of his illness at Brighton; she came repeatedly to see him, and supplied him with many comforts, and even luxuries. The other was the well-known Miss Marsh, the authoress of the "Memorials of Hedley Vicars,"—the staunch Protestant, but liberal Christian. She happened to call to see the landlady of the lodging where he was, when, hearing of William's illness and poverty, she went constantly to visit him, and laying aside in the shadow of death all wish for controversy, read and prayed with him in the common sympathy of their Christian faith and trust. She wrote afterwards:—

"Blessed be God that I have no doubt that the dying friend in whom I have been so deeply interested was in Christ and is now *with* Him. We never spoke together of Romanism or Protestantism; all I cared for

was to persuade him, by the help of the Holy Ghost, to accept at once the offer of a free and present salvation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and through Him *only:* and to believe God's word that he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, because of His *one* sacrifice *once* offered for the sins of the whole world. And *he did believe it*, and false confidences faded away like shadows before the sunrise. 'Jesus only' became all his salvation and all his desire, and he passed into His presence with a radiant smile of joy. I was not with him when he died, but the hour of communing with his spirit that same evening was one of the sweetest I have spent on earth."

My sister has left some notes of that which occurred after William's death:—

"After all was over, and when the room was decorated and the body laid out, Miss Marsh came to see him, and taking his dead hand, she placed a white camellia in it. Then kneeling by the side of the bed, she offered up the most beautiful prayer aloud, in which she described as in a picture our Blessed Lord and the angels receiving his soul. It was quite wonderfully beautiful: there was only one thing she left out; she never mentioned Our Blessed Lady; she placed the angels before our Lady. I was standing at the foot of the bed with a crucifix, and when she ceased praying, I said, 'But you have never spoken of Our Lady: I cannot let Our Lady be passed over.' And Miss Marsh was not angry; no, she only rose from her knees, and coming to me, she threw her arms

round my neck and said, 'Do not let us dispute upon this now; we have one God and one Saviour in common, let us rest upon these,' and she came to see me afterwards when I was ill in London.

"'Know thou that courtesy is one of God's own properties, who sendeth His rain and His sunshine upon the just and the unjust out of His great courtesy; and verily Courtesy is the sister of Charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love.' Were not these the words of the dear S. Francis of Assisi?

"During William's illness Miss Marsh came every day with something for him, and quite stripped her own room to give him her own chair, and even her mattress. She was just the one person William wanted. Any dried-up person might have driven him back, but she was daily praying by his side, handsome, enthusiastic, dwelling only on the love of God, and she helped him on till he began really to think the love of God the only thing worth living for.

"'O sister,' he said to me once, 'if it should please God that I should live, all my life would be given up to Him.'

"The doctor who went up to him when he was told that he could not live many hours came down with tears upon his face. 'There must indeed be something in religion,' he said, 'when that young man can be so resigned to die.'"

On the Saturday after William's death my sister wrote to us:—

"Now that dear William's last call has come, I feel thankful for his sake. The good priest who attended

him in all the latter part of his illness wrote to me the day after his death that I could have no cause of anxiety for his everlasting welfare. It was a beautiful death, he was so happy, peaceful, and resigned. I had only left him a *very* short time when he again asked for Edith. She came up to his bedside, and then there seemed to come over William's face a bright light illuminating his countenance, and fixing his eyes upwards with a short sigh, he breathed his last. There was no suffering then, no agony. I had asked him if he feared death. 'No,' he said, and looked as if he wondered at the thought coming into my mind. He felt he had found the only true peace and happiness. He told me he wished to be buried at Kensal Green. His only anxiety was about poor Edith, and when I told him that I would do what lay in my power for her, he seemed satisfied, and never, I believe, gave this world another thought, but prepared to meet our Blessed Lord. That beautiful look of peace was on his face after death. Francis arrived too late to see him alive, but when he looked on William's face he said, 'Oh, sister, how beautiful!' The little room was draped with black and white. There he lay, and we were coming and going, and praying by the side of the open coffin. On Tuesday will be the funeral. On Monday the body will be removed to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, where it will remain through the night, according to devout Roman custom."

After the funeral Esmeralda wrote :—

"*Ifield Lodge, Crawley.*—When the long sad week

was over, I felt all power of further exertion gone, and yet it seemed, as it does now, that for the soul God had taken to Himself, should the happiness of that soul not yet be perfected, prayers must be obtained, and that I must work on and on as long as life lasts. There is a feeling of longing to help in the mind of every Catholic for those departed. On Monday the 24th the dear remains were moved from Brighton by the 6 P.M. train. Auntie and I went up by the same train from Three Bridges, and Francis came to the Victoria Station to meet the coffin; but such was the heavy feeling of sorrow, that, though we were on the platform at the same time, we did not see each other.

"The next morning I went for Edith, and we arrived at the church early. The body had been placed in one of the side-chapels, and had remained there through the night. Before mass it was brought out, and remained before the high-altar during mass. There were many of William's friends present, and also Margaret Pole, now Mrs. Baker. The funeral procession formed at the door of the church. As the body was moved down the church, Edith and I followed after the officiating priests. I held Edith's hand tightly, and did not intend her to get into one of the mourning coaches, but suddenly, as the hearse moved slowly from the church door, she wrenched her hand from my grasp and was gone before I had time to speak. Four nuns went to say the responses at the grave. One was the nun who had nursed dear Mama through her last hours, and had stayed on with me in Bryanston Street. I returned from the church to the

hotel, and there Auntie and Edith found me after the funeral was over.

"The funeral service in the church was very solemn, but there was no weight of gloom or sadness. The strong feeling of the safety of the soul was such a consolation, that the end for which that soul had been created had been gained, and that if it were not then in heaven, the day would come soon, and could be hastened by the prayers said for it. His dear remains rest now under the figure of Our Lady of Sorrows, which he had so wished to see erected. I never looked forward to such a deathbed for William, where there would be so much peace and love of God, and now I can never feel grateful enough for such grace granted at the eleventh hour. May we all and each have as beautiful an end and close of life. Edith says, 'Oh I wish I could see what William saw when he looked up with that bright light on his face.' With that look all suffering is blotted out of poor Edith's mind, all her long watchings.

"I can never feel grateful enough to Miss Marsh for all her kindness to William. It helped him to God, and it was very, very beautiful. . . . I hope still to go to Rome for the *funzione* in June, and also to Hungary for the coronation of the Emperor."

May 1867 was passed by my sister in London, where, by her astonishing cleverness and perseverance, she finally gained the last of her lawsuits, that for the family plate, when it had been lost in three other courts. Soon

after, in spite of the great heat of the summer, Esmeralda started for Rome, to be present at the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs, paying a visit to Madame de Trafford on the way. She wrote to me:—

"When I first went to Beaujour, I was afraid to tell Madame de Trafford that I intended to go to Rome. 'Mais où allez vous donc, ma chère?' said Madame de Trafford. 'Mais, Madame, je vais . . . en voyage.'—'Vous allez en voyage, ça je comprends, mais ça ne répond pas à ma question: vous allez en voyage, mais il faut aller quelque part, où allez vous donc?'—'Mais, Madame, vous verrez de mon retour.'—'Mais où allez vous donc, ma chère? dites-moi, où allez vous?'—'Je vais à . . . Rome!' Madame de Trafford sprang from her chair as I said this, and exclaimed, 'Rome, Rome, ce mot de Rome, Rome, Rome . . . et vous allez à Rome . . . moi aussi je vais à Rome,' and she went with us. From the time that Madame de Trafford determined to go, Auntie made no opposition to our going, and was quite satisfied."

The journey to Rome with Madame de Trafford was full of unusual incidents. The heat was most intense, and my sister suffered greatly from it. At Turin she was so ill that she thought it impossible to proceed, but Madame de Trafford insisted upon her getting up and going on. Whilst they were

still *en route* Madame de Trafford telegraphed to Rome for a carriage and every luxury to be in readiness. She also telegraphed to Pisa to bid M. Lamarre, the old family cook of Parisani, go to Rome to prepare for them. My sister telegraphed to Monsignor Talbot to have places reserved for the ceremonies, &c. All the last part of the way the trains were crowded to the greatest possible degree, hundreds of pilgrims joining at every station in Umbria and the Campagna, for whom no places were reserved, so that the train was delayed six or seven hours behind its time, and the heat was increased, by the overcrowding, to the most terrible pitch. My sister wrote :—

"In the carriage with us from Florence was a young Florentine noble, a Count Gondi, all of whose relations I knew. He asked me what I should do after the canonisation. 'Ça dépend, M. le Comte, si on attaquera Rome.'—'Mais, certainement on l'attaquera.'—'Eh bien, donc je reste.'—'Mais vous restez, Mademoiselle, si on attaque Rome.'—'Oui, certainement.'—'Et vous, Madame,' said Count Gondi, turning to Madame de Trafford. 'Mais si on attaque Rome,' said Madame de Trafford, 'je ferais comme Mademoiselle Hare, je reste, bien sure.' His amazement knew no bounds.

"When we arrived at Rome, I was so afraid that Madame de Trafford might do something very extraordinary that I made her sleep in my room, and slept

myself in the little outer room which we used to call the library, so that no one could pass through it to my room without my knowing it. The morning after we arrived she came into my room before I was up. I said, 'Mais, Madame, c'était à moi de vous rendre cette visite?'—'Laissez donc ces frivolités,' said Madame de Trafford, 'nous ne sommes pas ici pour les frivolités comme cela: parlons du sérieux; commençons.'"

The ceremonies far more than answered my sister's expectations. She entered St. Peter's with Madame de Trafford by the Porta Sta. Marta, and they saw everything perfectly. She met the Duchess Sora in the church, radiant with ecstasy over what she considered so glorious a day for Catholicism. "I *knew* you would be here," said the Duchess; "you *could* not have been away." The meeting was only for a moment, and was their last upon earth. "When the voices of the three choirs swelled into the dome," wrote Esmeralda, "then I felt what the Pope expressed in words, 'the triumph of the Church has begun.' When we first went into St. Peter's, Giacinta,[1] who had *felt* I should be there, was waiting for me. 'Eccola, la figlia,' she said, 'io l'aspettava.'"

Afterwards Giacinta came to see my sister at

[1] "The Saint of St. Peter's." See vol. ii. p. 429.

the Palazzo Parisani. "I shall never forget the meeting of those two souls," wrote Esmeralda, "when Giacinta first saw Madame de Trafford. They had never heard of one another before: I had never mentioned Giacinta to Madame de Trafford, and she had never heard of Madame de Trafford, but they understood one another at once. Madame de Trafford passed through the room while Giacinta was talking to me, and seeing only a figure in black talking, she did not stop and passed on. Giacinta started up and exclaimed, 'Chi è?'—'Una signora,' I said. 'Quello se vede,' said Giacinta, 'ma quello non è una risposta—chi è?'—and when I told her, 'O vede un' anima,' she exclaimed. Madame de Trafford then did what I have never known her do for any other person; she looked into the room and said, 'Faites la passer dans ma chambre,' and we went in, and the most interesting conversation followed."

As she returned through Tuscany, Esmeralda had her last meeting with her beloved Madame Victoire, who had then no presentiment of the end. At Paris she took leave of Madame de Trafford, and returned to London, where she for the first time engaged a permanent home —5 Lower Grosvenor Street. The furnishing of this house was the chief occupation of the

next two months, though Esmeralda began by depositing in the empty rooms a large crucifix which Lady Lothian had given her, and saying, "Now the house is furnished with all that is really important, and Providence will send the rest." A room at the top of the house was arranged as an oratory; an altar was adorned with lace, flowers, and images; a lamp burned all night long before the crucifix, and if Esmeralda could not sleep, she was in the habit of retiring thither and spending long hours of darkness in silent prayer. There also she kept the vigil of "the Holy Hour." Early every morning the Catholic household in Grosvenor Street was awakened by the sharp clang of the prayer-bell outside the oratory door.

I went to stay with my sister in August for a few days. Esmeralda was at this time looking very pale and delicate, but not ill. Though the beauty of her youth had passed away, and all her troubles had left their trace, she was still very handsome. Her face, marble pale, was so full of intelligence and expression, mingled with a sort of sweet pathos, that many people found her far more interesting than before, and all her movements were marked by a stately grace which made it impossible for her to pass unobserved. Thus she was when

I last saw her, pale, but smiling her farewell, as she stood in her long black dress, with her heavy black rosary round her neck, leaning against the parapet of the balcony outside the drawing-room window.

All through the winter Esmeralda wrote very seldom. She was much occupied with her different books, some of which seemed near publication. "The Study of Truth," upon which she had been occupied ever since 1857, had now reached such enormous dimensions, that the very arrangement of the huge pile of MS. seemed almost impossible. A volume of modern American poetry was to be brought out for the benefit of the Servites, and was also in an advanced state; yet her chief interest was a collection of the "Hymns of the Early Church," obtained from every possible source, but chiefly through the aid of foreign monasteries and convents. Upon this subject she kept up an almost daily correspondence with the Padre Agostino Morini of the Servites, who was her chief assistant, especially in procuring the best translations, as the intention was that the original Latin hymn should occupy one page and that the best available translation should in every case be opposite to it: many hundreds of letters remain of this correspond-

ence. In the autumn Esmeralda was again at Ifield Lodge, where she was persuaded into a wild scheme for building a town for the poor at Crawley. Land was bought, measurements and plans were taken, and a great deal of money was wasted, but Esmeralda fortunately withdrew from the undertaking before it was too late.

But the state of excitement and speculation in which she was now persuaded to live had a terrible effect upon Esmeralda, who had continued in a weak and nervous state ever since her hurried journey to Rome. She now found it difficult to exist without the stimulus of daily excitement, and she added one scheme and employment to another in a way which the strongest brain could scarcely have borne up against. On her return to London she threw herself heart and soul into what she called a scheme for the benefit of the "poor rich." She remembered that when she was herself totally ruined, one of her greatest trials was to see her mother suffer from the want of small luxuries in the way of food to which she had been accustomed, and that though their little pittance allowed of what was absolutely necessary, London prices placed chickens, ducks, cream, and many other comforts beyond their reach.

Esmeralda therefore arranged a plan by which she had over twice a week, from certain farms in Normandy, large baskets containing chickens (often as many as eighty at a time), ducks, geese, eggs, apples, and various other articles. The prices of the farm produce in Normandy were so low, that she was able, after paying the carriage, to retail the contents of her hampers to the poor families she was desirous of assisting, besides supplying her own house, at a cost of not more than half the London prices. Many families of "poor rich" availed themselves of this help and were most grateful for it, but of course the trouble involved by so many small accounts, with the expenditure of time in writing notes, &c., about the disposition of her poultry was enormous. It was in the carrying out of this scheme that Esmeralda became acquainted with a person called Mrs. Dunlop, wife of a Protestant, but herself a Roman Catholic. Esmeralda never liked Mrs. Dunlop; on the contrary, she both disliked and distrusted her; but owing to her interesting herself in the same charities, she inevitably saw a great deal of her.

During the winter an alarming illness attacked my brother Francis. He was my brother by birth, though I had seldom even seen him,

and scarcely ever thought about him. Looking back now, in the distance of years, I wonder that my Mother and I never spoke of him; but he was absolutely without any part in our lives, and we never did, till this winter, when my sister mentioned his refusing to go to live with her in Grosvenor Street, which she had hoped that he would do when she took the house, and of his putting her to the unnecessary expense of paying for lodgings for him. Here he caught cold, and one day, unexpectedly, Dr. Squires came to tell Esmeralda that he considered him at the point of death. She flew to his bedside and remained with him all through the night. As she afterwards described it, she "could not let him die, and she breathed her life into his: she was willing to offer her life for his."

After this Esmeralda wrote to us (to Rome) that the condition of Francis was quite hopeless, and that her next letter must contain the news of his death. What was our surprise, therefore, when the next letter was from Francis himself (who had never written to us before), not merely saying that he was better, but that he was going to be married immediately to a person with whom he had long been acquainted. At the time of this marriage, Esmeralda went away into Sussex, and afterwards, when she

returned to London, she never consented to see Mrs. Francis Hare.

My sister's cheque-books of the last year of her life show that during that year alone her brother Francis had received £900 from her, though her income at the most did not exceed £800. He had also persuaded Esmeralda to take a house called "Park Lodge" in Paddington, with an acre and a half of garden. The rent was certainly low, and the arrangement, as intended by Esmeralda, was that her brother should live in two or three rooms of the house, and that the rest should be let furnished. But tenants never came, and Francis lived in the whole of the house, after furnishing it expensively and sending in the bills to his sister, who paid them in her fear lest anxiety about money matters might make him ill again.

At the end of March Esmeralda received a letter from Madame de Trafford, of which she spoke to Mrs. Dunlop. She said, "Madame de Trafford has written to me in dreadful distress. She says she sees me in a very dark, narrow place, where no one can ever get at me, and where no one will ever be able to speak to me any more." Esmeralda laughed as she told this, and said she supposed it referred to the prison to which

Augustus said she would have to go for her extravagance; but it was the grave of which Madame de Trafford spoke.

In March, Esmeralda talked to many of her friends of her plans for the future. She said that in consequence of the expense of keeping up the house, she should be obliged to part with Grosvenor Street, and that she should go abroad—to Rome, and eventually to Jerusalem. She did more than merely form the plan of this journey. She had the dresses made which she intended to wear in the East, and for three nights she sat up arranging all her papers, and tying up the letters of her different friends in separate parcels, so that they might more easily be returned to them. To Mary Laffam, her then maid, who assisted her in this, she said, "Mary, I am going on a very, very long journey, from which I may never return, and I wish to leave everything arranged behind me."

In the beginning of May Esmeralda went with her aunt to spend three weeks in Sussex. After she returned to Grosvenor Street, she was very ill with an attack like that from which she had suffered at Dijon several years before. Having been very successfully treated then in France, she persuaded her aunt to obtain the

direction of a French doctor. The remedy which this doctor administered greatly increased the malady. This was on Tuesday 19th.

On Thursday 21st my sister was so much weakened and felt so ill, that she dismissed the French doctor, and sent again for her old doctor, Squires, who came at once. He was much shocked at the change in her, and thought that she had been terribly mistreated, but he was so far from being alarmed, that he saw no reason why her house should not be let, as arranged, on the following Tuesday, to Mademoiselle Nilsson, the Swedish songstress, and said that the change would do her good.

About this time, by Esmeralda's request, my aunt wrote to tell Madame de Trafford of the illness, but she did not then express any alarm. On Saturday the good and faithful Mrs. Thorpe[1] saw Esmeralda, and was much concerned at the change in her. She remained with her for some time, and bathed her face with eau-de-Cologne. Esmeralda then took both Mrs. Thorpe's hands in hers, and said no one could do for her as she did. Mrs. Thorpe was so much alarmed at Esmeralda's manner, which seemed like a leave-taking, that she

[1] The maid of our old friend Mrs. Chambers of Hodsock Priory.

went down to our Aunt Eleanor and tried to alarm her; but she said that as long as the house could be let on Tuesday to Mademoiselle Nilsson, the doctor must be perfectly satisfied, and there could not possibly be anything to apprehend.

Sunday passed without any change except that, both then and on Saturday, whenever her brother Francis was mentioned, Esmeralda became violently agitated, screamed, and said that he was on no account to be admitted.

Father Galway was away, but on Monday Esmeralda sent for Father Eccles, and from him she received the Last Sacraments. When I asked my aunt afterwards if this did not alarm her, she said, "No, it did not, because Esmeralda was so nervous and so dreadfully afraid of dying without the Last Sacraments, that whenever she felt ill she always received them, and the doctor still assured her that all was going on well."

That night (Monday, May 25), a nun of the Misericorde sat up in the room. Aunt Eleanor went to bed as usual. At half-past four in the morning she was called. The most mysterious black sickness had come on, and could not be arrested. Dr. Squires, summoned in haste, says that he arrived exactly

as a clock near Grosvenor Square struck five. He saw at once that the case was quite hopeless, still for three hours he struggled to arrest the malady. At the end of that time, Esmeralda suddenly said, "Dr. Squires, this is very terrible, isn't it?"—"Yes," he replied, throwing as much meaning as possible into his voice, "it is indeed *most* terrible." Upon this Esmeralda started up in the bed and said, "You cannot possibly mean that you think I shall not recover?" Dr. Squires said, "Yes, I am afraid it is my duty to tell you that you cannot possibly recover now."—"But I do not feel ill," exclaimed Esmeralda; "this sickness is very terrible, but still I do not feel ill."—"I cannot help that," answered Dr. Squires, "but I fear it is my duty to tell you that it is quite impossible you can live."

"It was then," said her doctor, "that her expression lost all its anxiety. Death had no terror for her. She was almost radiant." The serenity of her countenance remained unchanged, and to her last moment she was as one preparing for a festival.

After a pause she said, "Tell me how long you think it possible that I should live." Dr. Squires said, "You might live two days, but it is quite impossible that you should live longer than

that." She at once asked for writing materials, and with a firm hand, as if she were well, she wrote a telegraphic despatch bidding Madame de Trafford to come to her at once. (The office was then closed, and when it was opened, it was already too late to send the despatch.) Then Dr. Squires kindly and wisely said, "I fear you have little time to lose, and if you wish to make any changes in your will, you had better make them at once." My sister answered, "Oh, I must alter everything. I never thought it possible that I should die before my aunt, and I wish to leave things so that my death will make no difference to her." The doctor, seeing a great change coming on, was afraid to leave the room even to get a sheet of paper, and he wrote upon a scrap of paper which he picked up from the floor. My sister then made a very simple will, leaving everything to her (Protestant) aunt, Miss Paul, except her interest in Park Lodge and a chest of plate which she left to Francis, and her claims to a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds,[1] which she left to me.

When Esmeralda had dictated the page con-

[1] She showed her clearness of mind by mentioning this picture, which she had not seen for years ; but much trouble afterwards resulted from this clause in her will.

taining these bequests, her doctor wisely made her sign it in the presence of her servants before she proceeded to dictate anything else. Thus the first portion of her will is valid, but before she had come to the end of another page containing small legacies to the Servites, to the Nuns of the Precious Blood, &c., the power of signature had failed, and it was therefore valueless.

Esmeralda then said almost playfully, "You had better send for the Nuns of the Precious Blood, for they would never forgive me, even after all is over, if they had not been sent for," and a maid went off in a cab to fetch the Abbess Pierina. It was then that a priest arrived from Farm Street to administer extreme unction, and Dr. Squires, seeing that he could do nothing more, and that my sister was already past observing who was present, went away.

The Abbess Pierina says that she arrived at the house about nine o'clock, and saw at once that Esmeralda was dying. A priest was praying by the bedside. She remained standing at the foot of the bed for about ten minutes, then she went up to Esmeralda, who said, "I am dying." A few minutes afterwards, in a loud and clear voice, she called "Auntie," and instantly fell back and died.

Thus the day which she looked for as her Sabbath and high day came to her, and she passed to the rest beyond the storm—beyond the bounds of doubt or controversy—to the company of those she justly honoured, and of some whom she never learnt to honour here, in the many mansions of an all-reconciling world. Let us not look for the living amongst the dead. She exchanged her imperfect communion with God here for its full fruition in the peace of that Sabbath which knows no evening.

During the whole of the last terrible hours our poor deaf aunt was in the room, but she had sunk down in her terror and anguish upon the chair which was nearest the door as she came in, and thence she never moved. She never had strength or courage to approach the bed: she saw all that passed, but she heard nothing.

Soon after all was over, the Abbess Pierina came down to my aunt, and revealed—what none of her family had known before—that Esmeralda had long been an Oblate Sister of the Precious Blood, and she begged leave to dress her in the habit of the Order. All the furniture of the room was cleared away or

draped with white, and the bed was left standing alone, surrounded night and day by tall candles burning in silver sconces, with a statue of "Our Lady of Sorrows" at the head, and at the foot the great crucifix from the oratory. Esmeralda was clothed in a long black dress, which she had ordered for her journey to Jerusalem, but had never worn, and round her waist was the scarlet girdle of the Precious Blood. On her head was a white crape cap and a white wreath, as for a novice nun.

As soon as Aunt Eleanor was able to think, she sent for her sister, Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who arrived at 11 A.M. She, as a strong Protestant, said that she could never describe how terrible the next three days were to her. All day long a string of carriages was ceaselessly pouring up the street, and a concourse of people through the house, nuns of the Precious Blood being posted on the different landings to show them where to go. Each post brought letters from all kinds of people they had never heard of before, asking to have *anything* as a memorial, even a piece of old newspaper which Esmeralda had touched.

On the day after we arrived at Holmhurst from Germany (Sunday 31st), I went up to try to comfort my broken-hearted aunt at the

house in Grosvenor Street. The rooms in which I had last seen Esmeralda looked all the more intensely desolate from being just finished, new carpets and chintzes everywhere, only the last pane of the fernery in the back drawing-room not yet put in. My aunt came in trembling all over. It was long before she was able to speak: then she wrung her hands. "Oh, it was so sudden—it was so sudden," she said; and then she became more collected, and talked for hours of all that had passed. Those present said that for the whole of the first day she sat in a stupor, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and never spoke or moved, or seemed to notice any one who went in or out.

The coffin was already closed, and stood in the middle of the room covered with a white pall, and surrounded by burning candles and vases of flowers. Upon the coffin lay the crucifix which both Italima and Esmeralda held in their hands when they were dying. Near it was the bed, with the mark where the head had lain still unremoved from the pillow.

On Monday afternoon there was a long wearying family discussion as to whether the remains were to be taken to Kensal Green in the evening, to remain throughout the night in

the cemetery chapel. Francis insisted that it should be so. Our Aunt Fitz-Gerald declared that if it was done she would not go to the funeral, as she would not follow *nothing*. I agreed with Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, and the nuns of the Precious Blood were most vehement that the body should not be removed. Eventually, however, Francis carried his point. At 9 P.M. we all went up for the last time to the room, still draped like a chapel, where the coffin lay, covered with fresh flowers, with the great crucifix still standing at the foot between the lighted candles. Then what remained of Esmeralda was taken away.

The next day (June 2) was the funeral. At the cemetery the relations who came from the house were joined by Mr. Monteith, Lady Lothian, Lady Londonderry, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the Abbess Pierina, and all the nuns of the Precious Blood, with several nuns of the Misericorde.

The chapel was full of people, but it is very small, and a very small part of it is used for seats. The larger part was spread with a rich crimson carpet, in the midst of which rose a kind of catafalque, upon which lay the coffin, covered with a long purple velvet pall, embroidered in golden letters—"May all the holy

saints and angels receive her soul." Round this were six candles burning in very tall brass candlesticks. After the priest had gone round with the holy water and incense, a door at the

ESMERALDA'S GRAVE.

east end of the church was thrown open and the pall removed, when the light poured in upon the coffin and its silver ornaments and

the large silver cross lying upon it. Then we all passed out round the shrubberies to the grave, where the vault was opened just behind the beautiful seated statue of "Our Lady of Sorrows" under the cross, which Esmeralda had herself erected. Upon the coffin was engraved—

"ANNE FRANCES MARIA LOUISA HARE,
E. de M.
(Enfant de Marie),
Oblate of the Order of the Precious Blood.
Born October 9, 1832.
Died May 26, 1868.

As the priest said all the leading sentences, the nuns, with clear voice, sang the responses. The whole service occupied nearly an hour and a half. We drove home in total silence: Aunt Fitz-Gerald led Auntie into the desolate house.

Thus was my sweet sister Esmeralda taken from us—being removed from the evil to come.

"Souls of the Holy Dead!
Though fancy whispers thus to musing hearts,
We would not call ye back, whence ye are fled,
To take your parts
In the old battle-strife; or break
With our heartache—
The rest which ye have won and in Christ's presence take."

XIV

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONSPIRACY

"Glory to Thee in Thine Omnipotence,
Who dost dispense,
As seemeth best to Thine unerring will
The lot of victory still;
Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust,
And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so much seeming ill
May Thine appointed purposes fulfil."

—SOUTHEY.

"Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden."

—*Swiss Inscription.*

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Of five things have a care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

—*Old Distich.*

AT eleven o'clock on the morning of my sister's death, our aunt, Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, arrived in Grosvenor Street. She wrote to me afterwards:—

"When Eleanor sent for me, after I recovered the shock, I went immediately to Grosvenor Street, and the first thing I asked before going up to Eleanor was,

'Is Mr. Hare (Francis) upstairs?' The maid made answer, 'Oh, no; Miss Hare would not hear of seeing him, and forbade us to let him enter the house, declaring that he had her death to answer for.' I could not believe this statement, and I called another servant into the dining-room, who repeated exactly the same thing, saying also that things had taken place in that house which were fearful, and that they were afraid of their lives. *I* was the innocent cause of Francis coming to sleep in the house, as I did not think it was right that Eleanor should be left alone with the dead body of your sister. I did not know till the following morning, when the servants told me, that people had been walking about the house the whole night, and that the Rev. Mother (Pierina) had forbid them to leave the kitchen, hear what they would."[1]

Upon this, and all succeeding nights until the funeral, the three maids persistently refused at night to go upstairs, saying that they had seen a spirit there, and they remained all through the night huddled up together in a corner of the kitchen. By day even they manifested the greatest terror, especially Mary Laffam, the lady's-maid, who started and trembled whenever she was spoken to, and who entreated to be allowed to go out when she heard the lawyer was coming, "for fear he should ask her any

[1] Letter of Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, which would have been used at Guildford had the trial proceeded.

questions." If they had the opportunity, they always made mysterious hints of poison, and of Esmeralda's death having been caused by unnatural means. To the Rev. Mother Pierina, Mary Laffam said at one time that Miss Hare had told her she knew that she should die of poison.[1] All the servants constantly repeated to the Rev. Mother their conviction that Miss Hare was poisoned. They talked a great deal, especially Mary Laffam, who horrified the Abbess by saying that Miss Hare had herself said in her last moments, "I am poisoned and I die of poison."[2] In consequence of all that the servants had said to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald of their certain conviction that my sister had been poisoned, she was most anxious, before my return to England, for a post-mortem examination, but Francis violently opposed this, and he carried his point.

The opinion that my sister's death was caused by poison was shared by many of those who came to see her after death. They could not but recollect that though Dr. Squires *then* said he believed her to have died of ulceration of the intestines, up to the day before the

[1] Statement of Pierina to Miss Stanley.

[2] Statement made by Pierina to Monsignor Paterson, and repeated by him before the trial to Miss Stanley and my solicitor.

death he had said that she might be removed, that the house might be let, and had suggested no such impression. For two days *after* death, black blood continued to stream from the mouth, as is the case from slow corrosive poison, and three eminent physicians, on hearing of the previous symptoms and the after appearances (Dr. Hale, Sir Alexander Taylor, and Dr. Winslow), gave it as their opinion that those were the usual symptoms and appearances induced by corrosive poison. Mrs. Baker (Marguerite Pole) wrote to me on June 24:—"The idea of poison is the one I formed the first moment I saw the body, as for some years I was practically versed in medicine, and I was at a loss how to account for various appearances in a natural way—*i.e.*, from illness."

When I arrived at the house on May 31 (the death having taken place on the 26th), I found all its inmates agitated by the various reports which were going about. Mrs. Fitz-Gerald was full of a dreadful message which she believed to have been given by my dying sister to the Abbess Pierina. "When I am dead, go to my brother Francis, and tell him that he was the cause of my death, and that he will have to answer for it." This message was

also repeated to me by Mrs. Baker and by Mrs. William Hare, and was always spoken of as having been given to the Rev. Mother herself. On each occasion on which I heard it spoken of, I said that the message had much better not be given to Francis, as he was in such a weak state of health that it might do him serious injury; and that probably when my sister gave it, she was in a state of semi-delirium, brought on by her extreme weakness. I entirely declined to question the servants, consequently I heard nothing directly from them, only their words as repeated by Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, and the many persons to whom the Mother Pierina had related them.

I never had any interview with or heard anything directly from Pierina herself. The reason of this was that, three days after the death, she had a violent scene with Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who had intercepted her in the act of carrying off two large heavy silver candelabra from the oratory, and some valuable point-lace, which she had ripped off the altar-cloth and concealed in her pocket. She also took away a quantity of small articles (rosaries, crucifixes, &c.), which were afterwards returned with the more valuable articles by order of Monsignor Paterson, who wrote

to express his extreme grief and annoyance at her conduct. My own impression still is that Pierina was a simple and devout character, who would not willingly do anything she believed to be wrong, but that she was really convinced (as she said) that it was a duty to take away these things, which had been dedicated to the service of a Roman Catholic altar, in order to prevent their being applied to secular uses in a Protestant household. After this, however, which occurred before my arrival, the Abbess Pierina was never allowed to return to the house, so that I never saw her.

Immediately after the death, all the small articles in my sister's room had been hastily removed, in order that the room might be draped with white, and to give it as much as possible the appearance of a chapel. On the day before the funeral, I saw Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who was in the inner drawing-room, after opening a davenport and looking into a blotting-book, suddenly burst into tears. "Oh," she said, "the whole mystery is revealed now; it is all quite plain; you may see what it was that killed your sister," and she held up a letter from Francis, written on the Friday evening before her death —a cruel letter, telling her in the harshest terms that she was totally ruined, that she

might sell her house and her plate, and all else that she possessed, for she had nothing whatever left to live upon; but that, as he did not wish her to starve, she and her aunt might come to live *with his wife*. This letter Esmeralda must have received on Saturday morning, soon after writing the affectionate note to Francis, which was read afterwards at Guildford in proof of the happy terms on which she was living with him. But it was her peculiar habit, when she was ill or suffering, to put letters aside, whoever they might be from, and not to read them till she felt better; it is therefore quite possible that she did not open this letter till Monday, when it gave the fatal blow. This was my impression at the time, and then and always afterwards, when others spoke of poison, I said, "There were strange signs of poison, and many people think she was poisoned, but it is my firm conviction that she did not die of poison, but *of a broken heart —a heart broken by her brother Francis*."

On the 6th of June I spent the whole morning in the office of my sister's solicitor examining accounts and papers, and the afternoon at Coutts' Bank to find out what was left. The result of the investigation was to show that in October my sister possessed £12,000 clear,

besides a great quantity of plate, diamonds, and other valuables, and the house in Grosvenor Street paid for and clear from debt, as well as the property in the Palazzo Parisani at Rome. At the time of her death she possessed, interest and principal combined, £216, and debts to a considerable amount, while the diamonds and plate seemed to have disappeared without leaving a trace behind them.

Several days afterwards, while I was taking an envelope out of the envelope-box on the table, I saw a bit of bluish paper sticking up between the partitions of the box. I absently poked it up with a paper-knife, and then found that it was a pawn-ticket from Attenborough for £120 upon diamonds. Turning out a quantity of old *Times* from a cupboard, I afterwards found there a pawn-ticket for £100 upon plate; later I found a third ticket for £82 upon some diamond earrings. Attenborough told me that Francis had brought his sister there at different times and placed the plate and diamonds in pawn.

Whilst I was still in Grosvenor Street, many of my sister's Catholic friends came to see me. Mrs. Montgomery came three times. I had never liked her, and had greatly deprecated my sister's intimacy with her, but in the presence

of what I believed to be a common grief I could not refuse to receive her, and she was apparently most sympathising and even affectionate. The second time she came she sat by me on the sofa and spoke of Esmeralda's death as making a blank in her whole future life. She said what a comfort and happiness it would be to her if she were ever able to be of use to me in any way,—in any way to supply the place of her I had lost. . . . Yet ten days after![1]

Mrs. Dunlop came several times. On June 8 she would not get out of her carriage, but begged me to come down to her and speak to her in it. She then said, "Now I know you would not speak of these things to any one else, but you *know* you may trust me: now do tell me, was it not most extraordinary that Francis should, in spite of her forbidding him, force his way into his sister's house just upon the one day on which he knew his aunt was away? Now of course you would not speak of this to every one, but Esmeralda loved me as a sister. You *know* you may trust me." She went on very long in the same strain. At last I was so shocked that I got up and said, "Mrs. Dunlop, I see what you *wish* me to say. You *wish* me to say that I think my

[1] Mrs. Alfred Montgomery died at Naples in January 1893.

brother poisoned my sister. Recollect that *I do not think so.* I distinctly think that he was the cause of her death, but I think that she died of a broken heart," and so saying I left her.

In the face of this Mrs. Dunlop afterwards asserted that I had told her that Francis poisoned my sister. In fact, I shall always believe that the whole of the poisoning story, as it appeared at the trial which ensued, originated, sprung up, and fructified with Mrs. Dunlop, the most unscrupulous of the conspirators concerned. "Where the devil cannot go, he sends an old woman," is an old German proverb.

On June 9 I received a letter from my adopted mother's niece, Mary Stanley, saying that some friends had come up to her at a party, and spoken of the cruel way in which Mr. (Francis) Hare had been treated by his Protestant relations. When she asked an explanation, they said that Mrs. Montgomery had asserted (it was at Lord Denbigh's) that the doors of the house in Grosvenor Street were forcibly closed upon Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hare during Miss Hare's illness, and that she was influenced in her last moments to cancel a will in which she had left all her money to her brother

Francis; also that neither Francis nor his wife were then allowed to enter the house or to see their aunt, and that they had nothing to live upon, owing to their having been disinherited by Miss Hare, who supported them during her life. Mary Stanley, a Roman Catholic, shocked at such falsehoods promulgated by a member of her own creed, and seeing the discredit it was likely to bring upon her party, strongly urged my writing to Mrs. Montgomery, who had professed such intimate friendship for me, stating that I had heard such a report was circulated, though not by whom, and after putting her in possession of the facts, as my sister's dearest friend, urging her to contradict it.

Having an inward distrust of Mrs. Montgomery, and a shrinking from any communication with her, I did not then write as Mary Stanley wished.

On June 11 Mary Stanley came down to Holmhurst, and again vehemently urged my writing to Mrs. Montgomery in defence of Miss Paul. On June 12 I yielded to her repeated solicitations, and wrote—Mary Stanley and my adopted mother looking over the letter and approving it sentence by sentence. When it was finished, Mary Stanley said, "That letter is perfect: you must not alter a word:

it could not be better." The letter was as follows:—

"*Holmhurst, June* 13, 1868.—Dear Mrs. Montgomery, I have heard on good authority that a report has been circulated in London to the effect that the doors were perfectly closed upon Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hare during Miss Hare's illness, and that she was influenced in her last moments to cancel a will in which she had left all her money to her brother Francis; also that neither Francis nor his wife are now allowed to enter the house or to see their aunt, and that they have nothing to live upon, owing to their being disinherited by Miss Hare, who supported them during her life.

"As it is a pity that this impression should be allowed to gain ground, and as you were latterly the most intimate friend my dearest sister possessed, I venture to put you in possession of the facts.

1. "In her previous will my sister had not even mentioned Francis' name. She had left £4000 to me, a very large legacy to Lady G. Fullerton, legacies to other friends, and the remainder to her aunt. Francis was not even alluded to.

2. "Francis was not allowed to see my sister during the last days of her life at her own especial request: the very mention of his name made her scream with horror. In her last moments she left a solemn message with the Superior of the Precious Blood, to be given him after her death. This message was of so terrible a kind that, owing to Francis' critical state of health and the uncertainty of his life, he has hitherto been spared the pain of hearing it.

3. "Francis and his wife are *not* allowed, by the lawyer's direction, to see my aunt until the whole terrible story of my sister's sudden death is cleared up. In the month of November, besides Grosvenor Street, bought and paid for, she possessed £12,000 in money; when she died she was absolutely penniless, except £216, interest and principal combined, and she was overwhelmed with debts. There is no trace of any part of her fortune except of £2000 which was lost on the Stock Exchange through brokers to whom Francis introduced her.

4. "My dear sister's accounts at Coutts' show only too clearly that Francis had the greater part of her income. He will henceforward receive *nothing* from his aunt, who is totally ruined, and will scarcely have enough left to buy daily bread, as £2400 of her own little fortune is gone owing to signatures which Francis persuaded her to give.

"I am sure you will forgive my troubling you thus far with our family affairs, but I am certain that many, knowing your intimacy with my sister, may ask you for information, and I wish you to be in a position to give it. Believe me yours very truly,

"AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE."

In writing this letter, I had no idea of the significance which it might be made possible to attribute to the sentence No. 3—"Until the whole story of my sister's sudden death is cleared up." My own mind dwelt entirely and fixedly upon the impression that my sister's

terribly sudden death was caused by the cruel shock of Francis' ungrateful letter coming to her in her weak state. To have it cleared up would be in my mind to have it clearly ascertained that she was poisoned, as most people believed, because in that case it would be certain that Francis might be held guiltless of her death, since—putting other reasons aside—he had never once been allowed to enter the house during the last days of the illness, and therefore *could* have nothing to do with it.

The statements about the money were perfectly correct; my sister's solicitor vouched for them. I believed all the other statements to be correct also, for I wrote them, not upon what I had heard from one person, but from what I had heard repeatedly and from many. I did not know till long afterwards that "the message" was not given *by my sister* herself to the Superior of the Precious Blood, but that the Superior had received it through the servants. It will be borne in mind that I had never myself seen the Superior, except in the group of mourners round the grave.

It was not till after I had written the letter to Mrs. Montgomery that I was able to read all the details of my sister's former will, annulled upon her death-bed. All that I had said and

more than that was true. The will was of great length and detail, but Francis was not even alluded to. It began by leaving £4000, the family diamonds, miniatures, and plate, with various other valuables, to me, but it also left me residuary legatee. There was a legacy of £4000 to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, or, if she were dead, to her husband, Alexander Fullerton; £200 to Lady Lothian; £200 to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Galton; £200 to Father Galway—in all about £5000 to Roman Catholics. Besides these, there were considerable legacies to Victoire, to Flora Limosin and her daughter, to Clémence Boissy,[1] and £200 annuity to her aunt. There were small legacies to various nuns—Serafina della Croce, Pierina of the Precious Blood, the "Saint of St. Peter's," &c.

From the virulence and avarice afterwards displayed by the Roman Catholics, and by the fact of their bringing an action to get the exact sum, £5000, we could only conclude that they had discovered that my sister had originally left them that sum and that they determined to extort it from the Protestant part of the

[1] It was touching to us, and like Esmeralda's forethought, to find a clause in the will stating that in case of her former maid, Clémence, dying first, the annuity should be continued to her crippled helpless mother-in-law (whom Esmeralda had never seen), in order that Clémence might die without any burden on her mind.

family, in spite of the fact that she had really left *nothing*, so that even the last will was valueless, and that, if it had not been so, I should have been the chief sufferer, having been residuary legatee under the old will.[1]

In less than a week from the time of my sending the letter to Mrs. Montgomery, I received one from a lawyer, who had long been mixed up with Francis' affairs, stating that unless I at once withdrew and apologised for every part of that letter, an action for libel would be brought against me. Knowing that Francis was utterly insolvent, my family and I treated this as an idle threat, and declining any correspondence with the person in question, referred him to my solicitor. Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Dunlop had persuaded Francis to these proceedings, and Mrs. Montgomery had at once begun to stir up strife by taking the letter to him.

On hearing what had happened, Mary Stanley wrote:—

"*July* 16, 9 A.M.—You may imagine that my indignation is boundless. I can scarcely believe it. There

[1] Every precaution had been taken by Esmeralda to prevent her fortune from falling to her brother Francis. In case of my dying unmarried, everything was to go to her cousin Charles Williamson; and in case of his death without children, to his brother Victor Williamson.

must be some mistake, because there is no *sense* in it. *You* were not in England when the will was made: it is Miss Paul, if any one, from whom they ought to extort money, if they wish it.

"2 P.M.—All morning I have been out in your service. I went first to Farm Street, to see if I could see any of the priests who knew anything of the matter, but only two were in, who knew nothing. Then I went to Lady G. Fullerton, she was out; to Lady Lothian, she was out; then to find out Monsignor Paterson's direction, and happily I found *it* and *him*. I wish you could have heard all he said. The *moment* I mentioned the name principally concerned he stopped me—'You need say no more; I can believe *anything* of that person.' *Nothing* could be stronger than his words about her. . . . He was just as indignant at the whole transaction as you and I are. He said Francis, finding all else fail, was now trading on his faith. The Abbess Pierina had told him *all* that your sister said on her deathbed, and Monsignor Paterson desired me to say that you had only to command his services, and he would keep *her* to her words."

Meanwhile the action for libel was declared, an action which openly avowed its object, to extort £5000. Meanwhile, also, it was found that Mr. and Mrs. Monteith of Carstairs had joined the conspirators, and were hand in hand with Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Montgomery. Soon after I reached home, Mrs. Monteith had written to me, expressing her great devotion

to my sister's memory, and begging me to send all the sad details connected with her death. I answered to the effect that those who were present could better tell the story of my sister's death. Had I written to Mrs. Monteith, doubtless my letter to *her* would have been used in the action, instead of that which I wrote, when I fell into the more skilful trap laid by Mrs. Montgomery. The Monteiths before this were intimate friends of mine. I had spent a week at Carstairs in the preceding October. With Francis they were previously unacquainted. Therefore it could have been only the interests of their Church which incited them to the course they pursued.

On the 18th of July Mary Stanley wrote :—

"At last I have got into the enemy's camp. I found Mrs. Dunlop this morning, and for an hour heard her version, and was aghast at the violence with which she spoke. I am very glad I have seen her, because it gives me a fresh insight into the state of things. She said Francis himself was absolutely passive, and allowed his friends to act for him ; that he was now living on charity, and of course his friends must defray the cost of prosecution.

"She also said that Mrs. Montgomery's letter was used for the prosecution only because it happened to be more convenient than Mrs. Dunlop's evidence. They were *resolved to prosecute you.*

"I was so afraid of doing mischief, I scarcely knew what to say, but the general point I urged was that I had heard from a Catholic priest to whom I had spoken on the subject that the accusation of poison originated with the Abbess, *who had told my informant* that Miss Hare had said so *to her!*—and that my informant was ready to hold her to these words."

I do not think that any words could describe my misery at this time—"battered and fretted into great sorrow of heart," as Carlyle would say. It was naturally of far more consequence to *me* than to any one else to screen the miserable Francis, whom I *alone* had cared for and helped during the long years of his prison life, and who was now—as a last resource—consenting to extort what was equivalent to hush-money from me—either hush-money to save the family from the exposure of his own past life, or a provision for life from the Roman Catholic conspirators, if they were successful in the scheme to which he lent himself. Yet I possessed nothing, and even if I could have brought myself to let the Roman Catholics so far triumph, I could not have allowed my adopted mother to impoverish herself by the purchase of their silence. And all the time there was the unutterable weariness of contradicting all the false reports, of making over and

over again the statement that if my sister were poisoned, *then* Francis, who had never seen her during her illness, was innocent of her death, but that if she were *not* poisoned, then the moral cause of it must be attributed to him; and mingled through the whole were silent bursts of indignant misery over the cruel sufferings which Esmeralda had undergone, and the calumnious falsehood of her friends, with anguish over her so recent death.

When it became quite evident that the only real object of the conspiracy was to extort money from me, because I was supposed to be, as Mrs. Dunlop expressed it, "the richest of the family," I did all I could to save family scandal by offering to withdraw the letter to Mrs. Montgomery altogether. My solicitor made every possible offer on my part, but was always answered that they must have "pecuniary compensation,"—in fact, it was always made a question of buying back the letter to Mrs. Montgomery. The conspirators, as Mrs. Dunlop said, were "resolved to prosecute," and wished to use the letter to Mrs. Montgomery because "it was more convenient to use than anything else." They would listen to nothing, consider nothing. Is it not Whyte-

Melville who says, "I never knew but one woman who could understand reason, and she wouldn't listen to it?"

When we knew that the trial was inevitable, we did what we could to prepare for it. I was strongly advised to put the case entirely into the hands of my sister's solicitor, who was already acquainted with all the dark page of Francis' past life, rather than to give it to my adopted mother's respectable, old-fashioned solicitor, who was totally unacquainted with it. I afterwards regretted this course, as the one remark made by the latter, "that the Abbess should *now* be allowed to deliver her message," showed greater perspicuity than anything which was done by the former. He, on the contrary, insisted that there should be no communication at all with Pierina till just before the trial, and begged that I would not see her at all; he also allowed himself entirely to lose sight of the servants, in spite of my repeated entreaties. His plan seems to have consisted in ferreting out all the proofs of what Francis' conduct had been for many years past, and of the way in which he preyed upon his sister during the last year of his life, as shown by his own letters and my sister's accounts, which were in our hands.

In the "declaration of the action for libel" it was set forth as the necessary "injury" that it had caused Francis to be avoided by all his friends and acquaintances. Upon this we sued for particulars. Francis returned a list of the persons whom he declared to have been led to avoid him—"Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. Monteith, Mrs. Monteith, Marchioness of Lothian, and Miss Bowles," a list which included the very persons (several of whom he had not known before) who were at that time in constant communication with him, and were bringing on and subscribing for the action, which was nominally on his behalf. On Tuesday, July 28, the Roman Catholic lawyer asked permission to fix the day for the trial. This courtesy was not refused. He fixed the day instantly and summoned his witnesses, but he did not let us know till Saturday, August 1, that the trial was to be on Monday, August 3, when, owing to the want of a London post on Sunday, it was most difficult, almost impossible, to summon the witnesses on our side.

On Friday, July 31, my acting solicitor went to Monsignor Paterson and took down his deposition as to Pierina's account to him of the death-bed. Monsignor Paterson then de-

posed that "the message" had been given by my sister in the form already described, and that my sister had also said she was "poisoned, and knew that she died of poison." Upon receiving this evidence, my solicitor naturally felt sure of his cause. He then went to see the Abbess Pierina in Mecklenburgh Square, when, to his utter amazement, she totally denied ever having received the message; but (being terrified by threats as to the "legal consequences" which might accrue to her) she did not *then* say that the message had been given to the servants and by them delivered to her to give to Francis.

On Saturday afternoon, August 1, Monsignor Paterson again saw Pierina, and, to *his* amazement, was informed that the message which he had so positively declared to have been given to the Abbess was not what Miss Hare said to her, but what Miss Hare had said to the maids, who had told her. Monsignor Paterson wrote this immediately to my solicitor, who (owing to the want of London post on Sunday) only received it in court.

On Saturday, August 1, the announcement came that the trial would take place at Guildford on Monday the 3rd. On Monday morning Mary Stanley and I drove early to

the Waterloo station to go down to Guildford. There were so many passengers for the trial that a special train was put on. At the station I was close to Mr. Monteith, who had come from Scotland to represent his wife, and young Gerard, who was to open the prosecution, but there was no speech between us. Sir Alexander Taylor went down with us, and at Guildford we were joined by many other friends.

The heat of that day was awful, a broiling sun and not a breath of air. We had a little room to meet in at the hotel. Almost immediately I was hurried by my solicitor to the room where our senior counsel, the great Hawkins, was breakfasting at the end of a long table. He complained of the immense mass of evidence he had had to go through. He said—what I knew—that such a trial must expose terrible family scandals—that it would be a disgrace not to snatch at any chance of bringing it to a close—that probably the judge would give it for private investigation to some other Queen's counsellor—that, in fact, it was never likely to *be* a trial.

When I came down from Mr. Hawkins, Mary Stanley and I were taken to court. There were so many cases to be tried, that ours could not come on for some time. As Leycester

Penrhyn was there, who was chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Guildford, we were given places on the raised daïs behind the judge, and there we all sat waiting through many hours. In that intensely hot weather, the court-house, with its high timber roof and many open windows, was far cooler than the outer air, and we did not suffer from the heat. But the judge, Baron Martin, whom I have heard described as far more at home on a racecourse than on the judgment-seat, was suffering violently from diarrhœa, was most impatient of the cases he had to try, and at last snatched his wig from his head and flung it down upon the ground beside him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we were assured that it was quite impossible our case could be brought on that day, as there were still so many others to be tried, and we were advised to go out and rest. So Mary Stanley and I went back to the hotel and remained there in a cool room. Presently, to our horror, a messenger came running down from the court and said, "Your case is on, and has been on twenty minutes already." We rushed to the court and found the whole scene changed. All the approaches to the court were crowded, literally choked up with witnesses and Roman

Catholic spectators. The court itself was packed to overflowing. As I was hurried through the crowd, I recognised the individuals forming the large group of figures immediately behind the judge. There were Pierina of the Precious Blood and her attendant nuns in their long black veils and scarlet girdles; there, in her quaint peaked head-dress, was the nun of the Misericorde who had watched through the illness; there was the burly figure of Mr. Monteith; the sallow face of Mrs. Dunlop; her husband the Admiral; Mrs. Montgomery, beautiful still; Lady Lothian in her deep mourning and looking very sad at being subpœnaed, which was a terrible pain to her; Dr. Squires, Mr. Seyer, and Miss Bowles.

When I was brought in, all seemed to be confusion, every one speaking at once; Mr. Hawkins was in vain trying to put in a word, the judge was declaiming that he would have an end of the trial, whilst Serjeant Parry for the prosecution was in a loud voice reading the letter to Mrs. Montgomery and giving his comments upon it.

The proceedings had commenced by the judge saying that he considered the case one which it would be most undesirable to discuss in a public court; and suggesting, indeed trying

to enforce, that it should be left to the arbitration of some friend of the family. Repeatedly Baron Martin urged the expediency of a private investigation, saying that he "felt it his duty to make the suggestion, and that he thought the learned counsel (Parry) might act upon it." But the lawyers for the opposition refused any compromise whatever, for they knew what the evidence of Pierina and the servants was to be.

Serjeant Parry then opened his speech by describing between whom the action was taking place. He drew a picture of the nominal prosecutor's life in which he dwelt on "the brilliant examination at Sandhurst," but touched lightly upon the time which he had passed in the gaieties both of the Continent and of this country, after which he became "not embarrassed, but reduced in circumstances." He then said that Esmeralda had recently had a tolerable fortune, and was doubtless "supposed at her death to be in possession of it, but she was not, for she entered into speculations which had proved unsuccessful, so that she died a comparatively poor woman." He then described the death-bed will. He asserted that the only cause of the death was inflammation of the

bowels. He then said that he should proceed to read the letter, "supplementing it with evidence to prove that the defendant was actuated by the wickedest malice."

It was at this point that we arrived in court. When a little silence was obtained, Parry began to read the letter, and having concluded the first sentence, said, "When the defendant states that a report has been circulated in London, &c., he states a deliberate falsehood. No such report ever was heard by him, and I will not say it is the effect of his imagination, it is simply an invention for the purpose of damaging the character of his brother."[1]

Serjeant Parry then read the paragraph saying that in the first will Francis was not even alluded to. "I have reason to believe that this also is totally false," he said, and that with the will itself lying open upon the table before him.

Parry passed over the third paragraph of the letter, without any criticism except an absolute denial, but he read a note written by my sister before she received Francis' fatal letter, in proof of the affectionate terms

[1] At this point the agitation of Mary Stanley, who had been my informant, was so great, that she startled the court by something like a shout of denial.

on which they were living. That the "mention of his name made her scream with horror," he declared to be utterly false, and he asserted (for the first time stating facts) that the Abbess Pierina would deny that any message was given by my sister to *her*. Finally, Parry denied that there was any truth in the statement that Francis had received money from his sister, beyond the sum of £300.

As Serjeant Parry concluded his speech, Mrs. Montgomery was called into the witness-box. While the preliminary questions were being put to her, the confusion in court increased; a letter was brought in to Mr. Harrison and handed on by him to Mr. Hawkins. It was the letter from Monsignor Paterson, written on Saturday evening, which announced that Pierina would deny and belie the deposition he had made. Immediately Mr. Hawkins turned round to me and said, "Our cause has received a fatal blow; the Abbess Pierina is about to deny all the evidence she has given before—deny all that she has said to Monsignor Paterson, and will swear that your sister's death-bed passed in total silence, save for the single word 'Auntie,' and under these circumstances it is perfectly useless to go on; our antagonists will get the money they long for; for money is

all they really care for."—"But," I said, "we can bring endless persons and Monsignor Paterson's own deposition to prove what the Abbess's former statements have been."—"No," said Mr. Hawkins, "you cannot bring a witness to prove a witness."—"But," I said, "we can prove every other part of the letter."—"That will do no good," said Mr. Hawkins; "if you fail in proving a single point, you fail in proving the whole, and the Roman Catholics will get the money; besides, you cannot prove every other part of the letter, for where is the maid, Mary Laffam?—she is not here." And in truth, Mary Laffam (whose evidence was all-important, who was to swear to the screaming at the very mention of Francis' name, who was constantly present during the illness) was mysteriously missing, and no trace of her could then be found. Two days afterwards she was traced, and it was discovered that she had been sent abroad by the Roman Catholic confederates to be out of the way—sent by them to the Augustinian Abbey of Charentan in France.

During the discussion which was now taking place, the utmost excitement prevailed in court. Almost every one stood up. Mr. Hawkins urged—"Are your adopted family prepared to pay what the Roman Catholics

claim?"—"Certainly not."—"Then you must submit to a verdict."—"I leave it in your hands." So I wrote on a bit of paper, "Say no more than this. I withdraw anything that may be legally taken as *libellous* in the letter to Mrs. Montgomery." Then the group opened, and Mr. Hawkins again stood up and said that he was in a position to withdraw the letter—if it contained any libellous statements to apologise for them. At the same time "his client could not submit to be told that he had either acted maliciously or invented anything: he was absent from England at the time of his sister's death, and had throughout acted entirely upon information he had received from those upon the spot."

"I will have an end of this, gentlemen," exclaimed the judge—"I give a verdict for forty shillings."

"Make it ten guineas, my Lord," shouted the Roman Catholic lawyer, who had previously interrupted Serjeant Parry by saying "We will have money, we will have money." "There shall be an end of this, gentlemen," said the judge; "I give a verdict for forty shillings," and he walked out of court. And so this painful ordeal came to an end. It was not till afterwards that I was aware that the verdict of forty

shillings obliged me to pay the costs of both sides—£199 to my lawyer, and £293 to the Roman Catholic lawyer, which was afterwards reduced by a taxing-master to £207, 9s. 1d.

As soon as we left the court and returned to the hotel, our solicitor came in, and, before all those of our family who were present, declared how, by my desire, he had repeatedly offered to withdraw the letter to Mrs. Montgomery, but how money was always demanded as its price, and how money was proved throughout to be the only real object of those who brought the action. In looking back, therefore, upon the whole of this terrible affair, I only see three ways in which the trial could have been avoided:—

1. If Miss Stanley had had the courage to go openly to Mrs. Monteith and Lady Lothian, and say boldly that she, a Roman Catholic, was the cause of my writing the letter to Mrs. Montgomery; that as to the "report," I acted entirely and exclusively on information which she gave; that at first I had hesitated to do as she wished, but that she had continued to urge it; and that she, a Catholic, had looked over the letter before it was sent, and begged me not to alter a word of it.

2. If my solicitor had acted upon the one piece of advice given by Mr. Phelps, and weeks before the trial had requested Pierina to deliver her "message," we should then have known that the message was not

given to her except through the medium of the servants, and therefore that by English law the wording of the letter was indefensible.

3. If my solicitor had been less supine in summoning witnesses—if he had at once subpœnaed Mary Laffam and the other maids on our side, and had also summoned my Aunt Fitz-Gerald, who would have been willing and glad to give her evidence, and whose very appearance would have made Francis shrink from allowing the Roman Catholic confederacy to continue the trial.

Mary Stanley and I went early to the Guildford station to wait for the train which was to take us back to London. We had not been long on the platform before all the Roman Catholic party emerged upon it. I went at once to meet and *pass* them, thinking it better at once to establish the terms on which we were to remain through life. The Mother Pierina alone lingered behind the rest, and, with streaming eyes and outstretched hands, came towards me. "Oh, I thought it would have been for peace," she said. I could not refuse to take her hand, when Mr. Monteith, turning round, roughly seized her by the shoulder and led her away, saying, "Reverend Mother, I must insist that you do not speak to that . . . *person*." Afterwards, when she was entering the railway

carriage after the others, Mrs. Dunlop seized Pierina and pushed her out of the carriage, almost throwing her down upon the platform, and slammed the carriage-door in her face. Admiral Dunlop immediately forced his wife to get out of the carriage and apologise to the Reverend Mother. I did not know till long afterwards the reason of Mrs. Dunlop's violence, which was the persistence with which Pierina throughout that day had dwelt upon the wicked unfairness of having the trial in the absence of Mary Laffam, who was the witness really responsible for all that had been said. On August 19 Mary Stanley wrote to me :—

"Yesterday I saw Sister Pierina. She said how extremely grieved she had been for you. She said the lawyer on the Catholic side read the evidence to all the party at Guildford, and that she then expressed her dissent, saying that it was not in accordance with what Mary Laffam had said to her and others, and that in justice to you, she, Laffam, ought to be present. All through that day (which she said was most dreadful to her) she asserted and reasserted this, and that you were not fairly dealt with, and to me she complained sadly of the un-christian spirit in which the affair had been carried on: Mrs. Dunlop, she said, was *far* the worst.

"Pierina denies *nothing*. She could only say, when asked about the message, that none was given directly to *her*, and that to her your sister had only said, 'Tell

Francis that he has been the cause of my death.' She was forbidden to say to whom the message was given. So far from going over to the other side, she was at war with them the whole day, and told me she did not believe any of that party would ever come near her again; and I met Monsignor Paterson on Sunday, who told me that Mrs. Dunlop had been to him to complain bitterly of her."

Afterwards the feeling of the conspirators, especially of Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Montgomery, became so violent against the Mother Pierina (on account of her persisting in the injustice of the trial), that they not only stopped their own subscriptions to her charities, but induced others to do so, and eventually, by the interest of Mr. Monteith with Monsignor Talbot and other Roman authorities, they brought about her recall and persecuted her out of England altogether.

On August 7, Monsignor Paterson wrote a long letter to Mary Stanley, explanatory of his conduct in the affair. It contained the following remarkable passage :—

"A day or two after Miss Hare's death, which took me quite by surprise, I went to her house, and there saw Sister Pierina, who told me she had been summoned, and found Miss Hare actually dying; that she seemed very suffering, and had some difficulty in resigning

herself to the will of God. I remember also hearing that she expressed distress at some conduct on the part of Mr. Francis Hare, and I thought that other expressions used implied a suspicion on her part of some kind of *foul play*. Of course, had I taken this *au sérieux*, it would have made a great impression, but I set it down, after a moment's reflection, as a random (perhaps almost delirious) expression, such as people who are very ill sometimes use with very little meaning at all."

Strange certainly that an eminent Roman Catholic priest should call at his friend's house, hear that she had died suddenly, and that she had said on her death-bed that she died from "foul play," and yet be able so easily to dismiss the subject from his mind!

Soon after the trial I wrote a long account of the whole proceedings to Archbishop Manning. His answer was very kind but very evasive—"Miss Hare's death was most sad . . . the trial must have been most painful," he "sympathised deeply," &c., but without giving a direct opinion of any kind.

It was not till some months later that I became acquainted with a secret which convinced me that, though my sister's end was probably hastened by the conduct of her brother Francis, yet poison was the original cause of her death. When we next visited Pisa, Madame Victoire

told me how, when my sister was a little girl of six years old at Paris, she and her own little girl, Victoria Ackermann, were sitting on two little stools doing their needlework side by side. Suddenly there was a terrible outcry. Little Anna Hare had swallowed her thimble. The whole house was in consternation, doctors were summoned in haste, the child was given emetics, was held upside down, everything was done that could be done to bring the thimble back, but it was too late. Then the doctors inquired what the thimble was like, and on seeing the thimble of the little Victoria, who had received one at the same time, were satisfied that it was not dangerous, as the thimble being of walnut-wood, would naturally dissolve with time, and they gave medicines to hasten its dissolution. But, in the midst of the confusion, came Mrs. Large, the nurse, who confessed with bitter tears that, owing to her folly, the thimble was not what it was imagined to be. She had not liked to see the child of the mistress with the same thimble as the child of the maid, and had given little Anna one with a broad band which looked like gold but was really coppér. When the doctors heard this, the accident naturally assumed a serious aspect, and they redoubled their efforts to bring back the thimble. But everything

failed; the wooden thimble dissolved with time, but the copper band remained. Gradually, as Esmeralda grew stronger, the accident was forgotten by all but her mother, Mrs. Large, and Madame Victoire, who observed from time to time, in childish illnesses of unusual violence, symptoms which they alone could recognise, but which were such as would arise through slight injury from poison of verdigris. As my sister grew, the copper ring grew also, attenuated to the minutest thread, but encircling her body. From time to time she was seriously affected by it, but her mother could not bear it to be spoken of, and her repulsion for the subject communicated itself to Esmeralda herself. She was warned to evade a damp climate or the use of vegetables. When she was seized with her violent illness at Dijon, the symptoms were all such as would be caused by poison of verdigris. She then went to Pisa, where Madame Victoire was alarmed by what she heard, and insisted upon the best advice being procured, and a medical examination. The doctors who saw her, even then spoke to Madame Victoire of her state as very serious, and requiring the most careful watching. When Esmeralda went to Rome to the canonisation in the summer of 1867, she returned by Pisa.

The faithful Madame Victoire then sent for a famous medical professor of the University of Bologna to meet her, and insisted upon her being examined by him. He afterwards told Madame Victoire privately that though, by intense care, Miss Hare might live for many years, her life, in case of accident, hung on a thread, and that it was highly improbable that she would live long, for that the copper ring was beginning to tell very seriously upon her constitution, and that when she died it would probably be suddenly of black sickness, with every appearance of poison—poison of verdigris. And so it was.

One of the principal actors in the scene at Guildford was soon after called to account before a higher tribunal than any that earth can afford. On the 18th of November (1868) I received (at Rome), to my great surprise, a letter from Madame Flora Limosin, of the Hôtel de Londres at Pisa (Victoire's youngest daughter), saying that Francis was about to arrive there from Hyères. He had been sent away from England some time before, having then £80 in his possession. Whether this sum was obtained by a Roman Catholic subscription, I have never been able to learn, but from this time the

Roman Catholic conspirators ceased to help him: he had failed as the instrument for which they required him, and they now flung him aside as useless. His folly at Guildford, in lending himself to their designs, had also alienated the whole of his own family, even to the most distant degrees of relationship. Not knowing where to turn, he could only think of two persons who would receive him in his destitution. His mother's faithful maid Madame Victoire and her daughter Flora were still living at Pisa, and to them, when he had only £20 left, he determined to make his way. On landing at Spezia, though even then in a dying state, he would not enter a hotel, because he felt that if he entered it he would never have strength to leave it again, and he sat for hours upon his luggage on the platform of the station till the train started. For the sake of their old companionship in childhood, and of the kindness she had received from my father, Flora Limosin not only received Francis, but also the person to whom he was married, and gave them some quiet rooms opening upon the garden of the Hôtel de Londres, where he was nursed by the faithful friends of his infancy.[1]

[1] As Flora Ackermann, Madame Limosin had been brought up in my father's family, and, with her sister Victoria, had been treated like his own children.

He was attended by Padre Pastacaldi, who administered to him the last offices of the Church, and says that he died penitent, and sent me a message hoping that I forgave him for all that had passed at Guildford. He died on the 27th of November, utterly destitute, and dependent upon the charity of his humble friends. He was buried by them in a corner of the Campo Santo at Pisa, near their own family burial-place, where the letters F. H. in the pavement alone mark the resting-place of Francis George Hare, the idolised son of his mother.[1]

[1] Now (1895) every one who took part in the trial at Guildford is dead, except the priests, and, I believe, the Abbess Pierina. The person whom Francis Hare had married during the last months of his life vanished, immediately after his death, into the chaos from whence she had come.

XV

LAST YEARS WITH THE MOTHER

"Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."—JOHN INGLESANT.

"Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
Forever—never!
Never—forever!"
—LONGFELLOW.

"Dic nobis . . . Quid vidisti in via?
. . . . . Gloriam vidi Resurgentis."
—*From the Paschal Mass.*

"C'est une âme qui se racconte dans ces volumes: '*Autrefois, aujourd'hui.*' Un abîme les sépare, le tombeau."—VICTOR HUGO.

THE autumn of 1868 was indeed filled for me with utter misery and "weariness of spirit." If it were not that my dear Mother had gone hand and hand with me through the terrible time of the trial and the weeks which followed, I could scarcely have survived them. To please her, I went away for a time, at the end

of August, to our old friend Mrs. Francis Dawkins near Havant, and to Ripley Castle and Flaxton in Yorkshire; but I had no spirits to enjoy, scarcely to endure these visits.

It added to the complication of troubles that the poor Aunt Eleanor, for whose sake alone I had brought all the trouble upon myself, now began to take some perverted view,—*what* I have never ascertained. She went to live with her brother George Paul, who had lately returned from America, and for ten years I never saw her to speak to.

I was most thankful when we left England for Italy on the 12th of October, and seemed to breathe freely when we were once more in our old travelling life, sleeping in the primitive inns at Joigny and Nuits, and making excursions to Citeaux and Annecy. Carlyle says, "My father had one virtue which I should try to imitate: *he never spoke of what was disagreeable and past*," and my Mother was the same; she turned her back at once upon the last months, which she put away for ever like a sealed volume. We spent several weeks at Florence in the Via della Scala, whence, the Mother being well, I went constantly to draw in the gallery of sketches by Old Masters at the Uffizi. But, in the middle of November,

I felt already so ill, that I began to dread a possibility of dying where my Mother would not have any one to look after her, and on the 16th we hurried to Rome, where I had just time to look out lodgings for my Mother, and establish her and Lea in the Piazza Mignanelli,

JOIGNY.[1]

when I succumbed to a violent nervous fever. Most terrible are the sufferings which I recollect at this time, the agonising pains by day, and the nights of delirium, which were truly full of Coleridge's "pains of sleep," in which I was

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

frequently haunted by the sardonic smile of the horrible Mrs. Dunlop, and otherwise by dreams which were, as Carlyle would say, "a constant plunging and careering through chaos and cosmos." In the second week of December I rallied slightly, and could sit with Mother in the sun on the terrace of Villa Negroni. By the 14th I was able to walk a little, and went, supported on each side, to the quiet sunny path by the Tiber which then existed opposite Claude's villa. Just in front of us a carter was walking by the side of his cart, heavily laden with stones. Suddenly the wheel of the cart went too near the steeply sloping bank of the Tiber and tipped over; the horse tried in vain to recover itself, but the weight of the stones was so great that it was dragged down, and slowly, slowly, screaming as only animals do scream, disappeared with the cart under the swollen yellow waters; while the driver stood helplessly upon the bank shrieking and wringing his hands.

Weak as I was, this terrible scene naturally brought back all my fever, which now turned to typhoid, and I soon became delirious. By the following Sunday my life was despaired of. But in the small hotel where we had

stayed at Florence, we had met an American, Dr. Winslow, with his wife and daughters, to whom my Mother had shown kindness, and who had been struck with our entire union and devotion to each other. Dr. Winslow arrived in Rome when I was at the worst, and the first news he heard was that I was dying. He at once gave up his Roman sight-seeing and everything else, and devoted himself to me, coming many times a day and nursing me with such wonderful care, that I eventually recovered, though it was February before I was at all myself again. It was an unspeakable blessing that my Mother continued well during my long illness, and was so kindly looked after by Mrs. Woodward and Miss Wright that I had no anxiety about her ; though in the spring, when we had moved to the Via Babuino, she had one of her strange illnesses, ending in a tranquil unbroken sleep which lasted two days and nights. It was about this time that she was called to bear a loss which in earlier years would have been utterly crushing, that of her sister-friend Lucy, who expired peacefully in her quiet home at Abbots-Kerswell, with only her faithful maid watching over her. In her hermit-life, my Aunt Lucy had become farther removed from us each year, but two years

before my Mother had found great happiness in visiting her, and her beautiful letters were a constant enjoyment. Still it is a merciful dispensation that to those who are themselves on the border-land of heaven, bereavements fall less bitterly, separations seem so short; and, to my Mother, the loss of the dearest friend of her early life was only a quiet grief: she had "only gone from one room into the next." My Aunt Lucy Hare had never liked me, but I had none of the bitter feeling towards her which I had towards my Aunt Esther: she truly loved my Mother, and I could admire, though I could not enter into, the various graces of her character, which were none the less real because they were those of a Carmelite nun in Protestant form.

To Roman antiquaries this spring was rendered important from the discovery of the site of the Porta Capena,—the site of which was long a vexed question,—by Mr. J. H. Parker, the Oxford publisher, who devoted much of his fortune to archæological pursuits. Pius IX. granted him permission to excavate without in the least believing anything would come of it. But when he came to inspect the discoveries he exclaimed, "Why, the heretic's right," and complained bitterly that his own

archæologists, whom he paid highly, should have failed to find what had been discovered by a foreigner. Mr. Parker carefully marked all the pieces then found of the Servian Wall, and numbered them in red; but the *guardia*, seeing the red marks, thought they meant something revolutionary, and destroyed them. When he found them gone, Parker was furious. "Is it," he said, "due to the absurdities of an effete religion, or is it perhaps the insolence of some rival archæologist?" (meaning Rosa).

As we returned through France in the spring of 1869, we diverged to Autun and Nevers, the last of the pleasant expeditions the dear Mother and I made together in summer weather. The greater part of our summer was spent quietly at home, and was chiefly marked for me by the marriage of my dear friend Charlie Wood to Lady Agnes Courtenay.

To Miss Wright.

"*Holmhurst, July* 10, 1869.—Your description made me see a pleasant mental picture of the cousinhood assembled at your party. For myself, I cannot but feel that all *social* pleasures will henceforward become more and more difficult for me, as the Mother, though not ill, becomes daily more dependent upon me for all her little interests and amusements, so that I

scarcely ever leave her even for an hour. It is an odd hermit-like life in the small circuit of our little Holmhurst, with one or two guests constantly changing in its chambers, but no other intercourse with the outside world. At last summer has burst upon

PORTE D'ARROUX, AUTUN.[1]

us, and looks all the brighter for the long waiting, and our oak-studded pastures are filled with gay groups of haymakers, gathering in the immense crop. The garden is lovely, and my own home-sunflower is expanding in the warmth and stronger and better than she has been for months past."

[1] From "South-Western France."

"*Holmhurst, August* 1.—I cannot be away from home at all this summer, partly because I cannot leave Mother, who (though very anxious to promote my going away) is really becoming more dependent upon my constant care and companionship; and partly because I cannot afford the inevitable small expenses of going anywhere, our finances having been completely prostrated by the Roman Catholic robberies last year. Indeed, I have never been poorer than this year, as I have had *nothing*, and when I put two threepenny bits into the Communion plate to-day, felt exceedingly like the widow with the two mites, for it was literally all that I possessed! However, this is not so very dreadful after all, and I daresay another year matters will come round."

In September, however, when Charlotte Leycester came to take care of my Mother, I did go to the North.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Ridley Hall, Sept.* 1, 1869.—Though I have got into a great scrape with Cousin Susan by calling blackberry jelly, 'jam,' and though I was *terribly* scolded the other day for saying 'thanks,'—'such new-fangled vulgarity,'—this visit at Ridley has been very pleasant. First, there never was more perfect ideal weather, so fresh and bright, so bracing, and the colouring of the woods and moorlands, and the glorious tumbling amber-coloured rivers so beautiful. Then I feel much stronger and better than I have done for two years past, and Cousin Susan, who

thought me most ghastly when I arrived, is quite satisfied with the results of her grouse, pheasants, and sherry. On Wednesday Lady Blackett came to spend the day, and, after she was gone, Cousin Susan and I made a long exploring expedition far beyond the Allen Water, up into the depths of Staward valley—most romantic little paths through woods and miniature rocky gorges to a ruined bridge and 'Plankey Mill,' and then up a steep wood path to the moor of Briarside. Cousin Susan had never been so far since she lived here, and we were walking, or rather climbing, for three hours, attended by the white dogs. These have chairs with cushions on each side the fireplace in her new sitting-room. One is in bad health, has medical attendance from Hexham at half-a-guinea a visit, and uninitiated visitors must be rather amazed when they see 'my poor little sick girl' whom Cousin Susan is constantly talking of. . . . On Sundays there is only service here in the morning: the clergyman giving as his curious reason for not having it in the afternoon, that 'perhaps it might annoy the Dissenters.' . . . This evening it has thundered. Cousin Susan, as usual on such occasions, hid herself with her maid under the staircase (the safest place in case of thunderbolts), and held a handkerchief over her eyes till it was over; but her nerves have been quite upset ever since, and we are not to have the carriage to-morrow for fear the storm should return."

"*Ford Castle, Sept.* 8.—It was almost dark as I drove up the beautiful new road over the high bridge

to the renovated castle, which is now all grand and in keeping. I found the beautiful mistress of the house in her new library, which is a most delightful room, with carved chimney-piece and bookcases, and vases of ferns and flowers in all the corners and in the deep embrasures of the windows. She is full of the frescoes in her school. 'I want to paint "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign." I think he must be a little boy on a step with other children round him—a very little boy, and he must have some little regal robes on, and I think I must put a little crown upon his head.'"

"*Sept.* 10.—Every day of a visit at Ford always seems to contain more of charm and instruction than hundreds of visits elsewhere. The great interest this time has been Lady Canning's drawings—many hundreds of them, and all so beautiful that you long to look at each for hours. All yesterday evening Lady Waterford read aloud to us—old family letters, from old Lady Hardwicke and from Lady Anne Barnard. 'My great-aunt, Lady Anne Barnard,' she says, 'wrote a book very like your Family Memoirs, only hers was too imaginative. She called all her characters by imaginary names, and made them all quite too charming: still her book is most interesting. She was very intimate with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and describes all her first meetings with George IV. and the marriage, and then she went with her on her famous expedition to Paris. She got possession of all the real letters of the family and put them into her book, but she embellished them. She got hold of a letter Uncle Caledon wrote to my

aunt when he proposed to her, but when Uncle Caledon read the book and found a most beautiful letter, he said, "My dear, I never wrote all this."—"No, my dear," she answered, "I know you did not, but then I thought

FORD CASTLE, THE LIBRARY.[1]

your real letter was not warm enough." Lady Anne Barnard wrote "Auld Robin Gray," and she used to describe how some one translated it into French, and how, when she went to Paris, she saw every one looking at her, she could not imagine why, till she

[1] From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

heard some one say, "Voilà l'auteur du fameux roman de Robin Gray.'"[1]

"*Sept.* 10.—We have all been to luncheon at Carham, sixteen miles off, and the latter part of the drive very pretty—close to the wide reaches of the Tweed, with seagulls flitting over it, and Cuyp-like groups of cattle on the shore, waiting for the ferryboats to take them across to Coldstream Fair. Carham is one of the well-known haunted houses: the 'Carham light' is celebrated and is constantly seen. We asked old Mrs. Compton of eighty-three, who lives there now, about the supernatural sights of Carham. 'Och,' she said, 'and have ye niver heard the story of the phantom carriage? We have just heard it this very morning: when we were waiting for you, we heard it drive up. We are quite used to it now. A carriage drives quickly up to the door with great rattling and noise, and when it stops, the horses seem to paw and tear up the gravel. Strange servants are terribly frightened by it. One day when I was at luncheon I heard a carriage drive up quickly to the door: there was no doubt of it. I told the servant who was in waiting to go out and see who it was. When he came back I asked who had come. He was pale as ashes. "Oh," he said, "it's only just the phantom coach."

"'And then there is the Carham light. That is just beautiful! It is a large globe of fire in the shape of a full moon: I have seen it hundreds of times. It moves about in the woods, and sometimes settles in one place. The first time I saw it I was driving from

[1] Lady Anne Barnard died in 1825.

Kelso and I saw a great ball of fire. I said to the driver, "What is that?"—"Oh, it's just the Carham Light," he said. When Dick[1] came in, he said he did not believe it—he had never seen it; but that night it came —bright as ever. All the gentlemen went out into the woods to examine it; but it moved before them. They all saw it, and they were quite convinced: it has never been explained.'

"We had tea with the charming old lady. 'I've just had these cakes made, Lady Waterford,' she said, 'because they were once very weel likit by some very dear to you; so I thought you would like them.'

"Lady Waterford sends you a riddle:—

'Mon premier est un tyran, mon second une horreur,
Mon tout est le diable lui-même.
Mais si mon premier est bon, mon second ne fait rien,
Et mon tout est le bonheur suprême.'"[2]

"*Foxhow, Ambleside, Sept.* 12, 1869.—How lovely the drive into Foxhow from Windermere; but, after the grand ideas of my childhood, how small everything seems, even the lake and the mountains! We drove in at the well-remembered gate by Rotha Cottage, and along those lovely Swiss pasture-meadows. It was like a dream of the past as one turned into the garden, all so exactly the same and so well remembered, not only from our last brief visit, but from that of twenty-six years ago. Dear Mrs. Arnold is little altered, and is so tenderly affectionate and charming, that it is delightful to be with her. She likes to ask all about

[1] Her son-in-law, Mr. Hodgson Hinde.
[2] Mariage.

you and Holmhurst, and says that her power of producing mind-pictures and dwelling upon them often brings you before her, so that she sees you as before, only older, in your home life. It is quite beautiful to see the intense devotion of her children to their mother and her happiness in them, in Fan especially. All the absent ones write to her at least three times a week.

"We have just been in a covered car to Rydal Church: how beautiful the situation! How well I remembered being sick as a child from the puggy smell of its hideous interior. It was just as puggy to-day, but I was not sick. There was a most extraordinary preacher, who declared that the Woman on the seven mountains was Rome on her seven hills—'allowed to be so by all authorities, Jewish, and even Romanist,'—that the dragon was only the serpent in its worshipped form, and that both were identical with the Beast and represented the pagan religion; that the Woman flying into the wilderness before the Beast was Early Christianity flying from pagan persecution, and that when she came back, to St. John's astonishment she was seated *on* the Beast, *i.e.*, she had adopted all the pagan attributes, the cross, the mother and child—well-known objects of worship at Babylon, and Purgatory—a tenet of pagan Rome!"

"*Foxhow, Sept.* 14.—My Mother will have thought of this pouring weather as most unpropitious for the Lake Country, but in reality it has not signified very much, as each day it has cleared for a few hours,

and the lights and shadows have been splendid. On Sunday afternoon Edward (Arnold) and I went up Loughrigg. All the little torrents were swollen by the storms, and the colours of the dying fern and the great purple shadows on Helm Crag and Bow Fell were most beautiful. It is a most picturesque bit of mountain, and it all strikes me, as I remember it did in 1859, as more really beautiful than anything in Switzerland, though so contracted.

"Yesterday afternoon we walked to Grasmere, and I stayed looking at the interesting group of Wordsworth tombs, whilst Edward paid a visit. Afterwards the lake looked so tempting, that Edward rowed me down it, sending the boat back by a boy. We landed at the outlet of the Rotha on the other side, and had a beautiful walk home by a high terrace under Loughrigg. If one remained in this country, one could not help becoming fond of Wordsworth, his descriptions are so exact. Edward has repeated many of his poems on the sites to which they apply, and they are quite beautifully pictorial. Mrs. Arnold is very happy in the general revival of interest in his poetry. . . . Nothing can be more enjoyable and united than the family life here, the children and grandchildren coming and going, and so many interesting visitors. Truly dear Mrs. Arnold's is an ideal old age, so hedged in by the great love and devotion of her descendants."[1]

"*Dalton Hall, Lancashire, Sept.* 17.—I always enjoy being here with the Hornbys. Yesterday we drove

[1] I never saw Mrs. Arnold again: she died in the autumn of 1873.

in the morning to Yealand, a pretty village so called from the Quakers who colonised it. In the afternoon we went to Levens. It is a lovely country, just upon the outskirts of the Lake District, with the same rich green meadows, clear streams, and lanes fringed with fern and holly. We passed through Milnthorpe, and how well I remembered your shutting me up and making me learn a Psalm in the inn there, instead of letting me go out to draw! The country is very primitive still. An old clergyman who officiated till lately in the neighbouring church of Burton Moss had only three sermons, one of which was laid in turn on the pulpit desk by his housekeeper every Sunday morning. When he had finished, he used to chuck it down to her out of the pulpit. One of these sermons was on 'Contentment,' and contained—apropos of discontent—the story of the Italian nobleman whose tombstone bore the words, 'I was well, I wished to be better, and now I am here.'"

It was a great pleasure this autumn to see again in London the New Zealand Sir George Grey. I remember his saying how he wished some one would write a poem on Pharaoh pursuing the Israelites to the Red Sea, from the point of view that in pursuing them he was pursuing Christianity; that if the Israelites had perished, and not Pharaoh, there would have been no Redemption.

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 13, 1869.—After the storms of last year, this summer has been peaceful and quiet. My sweet Mother, though often ailing, has been very gently and quietly happy. She seems older, but age has with her only its softening effects — casting a brighter halo around her sweet life, and rendering more lovable still every precious word and action. . . . We are more than ever to each other now in everything."

We left home in 1869 on the 14th of October, intending to cross the Channel at once, but on arriving at Folkestone, found such a raging sea, that we retreated to Canterbury to wait for better weather. This enabled us to pay a charming visit to Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who had been very familiar to us many years before, when the Stanleys lived at Canterbury. It was the last visit my Mother ever paid, and she greatly enjoyed it, as it seemed almost like a going back into her Hurstmonceaux life, a revival of the ecclesiastical interests which had filled her former existence. Whenever any subject was alluded to, Archdeacon Harrison, like Uncle Julius, went to his bookcase, and brought down some volume to illustrate it. Thus I remember his

reading to us in the powerful sermons of Bishop Horsley. One of the most remarkable was upon the Syro-Phœnician woman. Another is on the French Nuns, in defence of their institution in England, saying, with little foresight, how unlikely they were to increase in number, and how very superior they were to those women "who strip themselves naked to go out into the world, who daub their cheeks with paint, and plaster their necks with litharge."

Apropos of the proverb about Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands, Archdeacon Harrison described how it was in allusion to two things totally disconnected. Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands are very far apart, and of course have no connection whatever: yet perverse persons used to say that Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands, as money which ought to have been used to prevent the accumulation of Goodwin Sands was diverted to the building of Tenterden Steeple. The place where you may hear most about it is "Latimer's Sermons." Latimer is inveighing against the persons who denounced the study of the Bible as the cause of the misfortunes of the time, and says that they had as much connection as Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands, and so forth.

To Miss Wright.

"*Munich, Nov.* 1, 1869.—We made it four days' journey from Paris to Strasbourg. First we went to Bar-le-duc. I had longed to see it, from a novel I read once, and it is well worth while—the old town rising above the new like the old town of Edinburgh—tall grey houses pierced with eight or ten rows of windows, a river with a most picturesque bridge, and in the church 'Le Squelette de Bar,' a wonderful work of Richier, the famous sculptor of S. Mihiel, commemorating the Princes of Bar (Henri I., II., III., &c.), sovereigns of whom I wonder if you ever heard before: I never did.

"We slept next at Toul, where there is a fine huge dull cathedral, a beautiful crêche by Ignace Robert, and a lovely convent cloister of flamboyant arches. Living at Toul is wonderfully cheap; our rooms for three were only four francs, and dinner for three four francs.[1] We wonder people do not emigrate to Lorraine instead of to Australia; it would be far cheaper, and infinitely more amusing. If it had been warmer, we should have gone to Domremy and S. Mihiel, but we feared the cold. We were a day at Nancy: how stately it is! At Strasbourg we found that the storks had left, and we thought it the least interesting place on the road, yet most people stay only there.

"We had three days at Carlsruhe, and found dear Madame de Bunsen most bright and well and charming, with much to tell that was worth hearing, and the fullest

[1] In the following year a siege by the Germans made Toul a familiar name throughout Europe.

sympathy and interest in others. Generally one feels that conversation weakens the mind; with the Bunsens it never fails to strengthen it. Madame de Bunsen talked much of the difficulties which had crowded round her when she herself was to begin the Memoir

BAR-LE-DUC.[1]

of her husband. Bunsen had said to her, 'You must tell the story of our common life; you are able to do it, only do not be afraid.' Thus to her the work was a sacred legacy. First, as material, her son George brought her Bunsen's letters to his sister Christiana, which she had given to him, and which he had fortu-

[1] From "North-Eastern France."

nately never given to his father for fear he should destroy them. Then she had written to Reck, the early Göttingen friend and confidant of all Bunsen's early life, and had been refused all help without any explanation! Then Stockmar, Brandeis, &c., sent all their letters; thus the work grew. But there were no

BRIDGE OF BAR-LE-DUC.[1]

journals, she had made no notes, there was only her recollection to fall back upon. Madame de Bunsen regretted bitterly the destruction of Uncle Julius's letters by his widow, especially those written in his early life to his brother Augustus, which would have been 'the history of the awakening of a new phase of opinions.' I made quantities of notes from the intensely

[1] From "North-Eastern France."

interesting reminiscences Madame de Bunsen poured forth of her own life.[1]

"We were one day at Stuttgart, which I had never seen, and was delighted with—so handsome, really a beautiful little capital, and we reached Munich in time to have one day for the International Exhibition of Paintings, which was well worth seeing—finer, I thought, than ours. The German artists have surely far more originality than the artists of other nations. Three pictures especially remain in my mind—'The Chase after Luck,' a wild horseman with Death riding behind him in pursuit of Luck, a beautiful figure scattering gold and pearls whilst floating on a bladder, full speed across a bridge which ends in a rotten plank over a fathomless abyss: 'The Cholera in Rome,' the Angel of Death leading the Cholera—a hideous old woman—down the street under the Capitol by moonlight, and showing her the door she is to knock at: 'L'Enfant qui dort à l'ombre du lit maternel, et les Anges qui savent d'avance le sort des humains, et baissent avec larmes ses petites mains.' It is interesting to see how familiar the German common people are with their artists: the great names of Kaulbach, Henneberg, &c., are in every mouth; how few of our common people would know anything of Landseer or Millais!"

"*Vicenza, Nov.* 14.—The descent into Italy by the Brenner was enchanting—the exchange of the snow and bitter cold of Germany for vineyards and fruit-gardens, still glorious in their orange and scarlet

[1] I little foresaw then the immense service these notes would be to me in writing the Life of Baroness Bunsen herself eight years after.

autumnal tints. We were greatly delighted with Botzen, where the delicately wrought cathedral spire against the faint pink mountains tipped with snow is a lovely subject.

"At Verona we spent several days, thinking it more captivating than ever. Mother was able to enjoy the Giusti gardens, and I went one day to Mantua. It is wonderful. The station is two miles off, and the

MANTUA.[1]

drive into the town across an immense bridge over the lake is most striking[2]—the towers all reflected in the still waters, and the fishing-boats sailing in close under the houses. Then, in the town, the intense desolation of one part—courts and corridors and squares all grass-grown and utterly tenantless—is a

[1] From "Northern Italy."

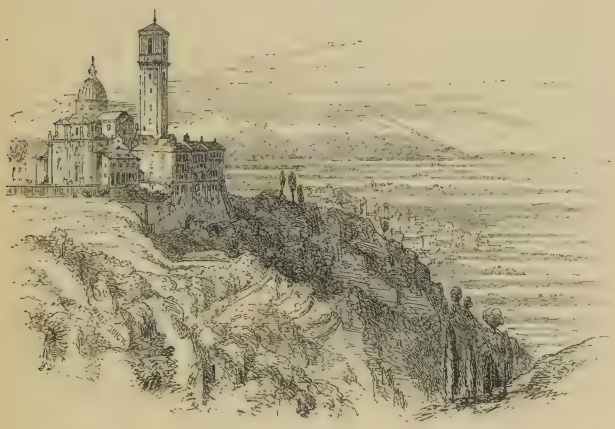
[2] The approach to Mantua has since been altered, and is now commonplace.

striking contrast to the other part, teeming with life and bustle. The Palazzo del Té is marvellous—only one story high, gigantic rooms covered with grand frescoes opening on sunny lawns with picturesque decaying avenues. I wandered over the vast ducal palace with three American ladies, who 'guessed' that 'when Mantua was in its prime, it must have been rather an elegant city.'"

"*Hôtel de Londres, Pisa, Dec. 7.*—From Verona we went to Vicenza, where we stayed nearly a week in the old-fashioned palazzo which is now turned into the Hôtel de la Ville. We found some old Roman acquaintances there—Mrs. Kuper and her daughter, great Italian travellers, famous linguists, and excessively amusing companions. With them I went many delightful walks in the lovely country near Vicenza, which is quite the ideal Italy one reads so much of and so seldom sees—splendid mountain background with snowy peaks; nearer hills golden with decaying chestnuts and crimson with falling vine-leaves; old shrines and churches half hidden in clematis and vine, and a most interesting town with a fine picture-gallery—Montagna (not Mantegna) being the great master. I took to the plan of trying to make ever so slight sketches from pictures, and find them, bad as they are, far more interesting than photographs. We had permission to walk in the lovely gardens of the old Marchese Salvi, close to the hotel, a great pleasure to the Mother.

"The Kupers preceded us to Padua and engaged comfortable rooms for us there, to which we followed.

Here was another kind of interest in the quaint churches; the Prato della Valle with its stone population; the University, where we went to hear a lecture and saw the 3000 students assembled; and the society of some pleasant young Paduans—M. Fava and Count Battistino Medine, introduced by the Kupers. But



VICENZA.[1]

alas! Mother became very unwell indeed during the latter part of our stay at Padua, and I was made very unhappy by her constant cough and inability to take food. So I was thankful when we were able to come on to this comfortable hotel, where Flora and the faithful Victoire are incessant in their attentions. I am

[1] From "Northern Italy."

still anxious about my sweet Mother, who is very ailing and unable to go out; otherwise I always like staying at Pisa, with its clean quiet streets and the interest of the Campo Santo, so full of beautiful relics and memories. Many delightful hours have I

VICENZA FROM MONTE BERICO.[1]

spent there, and what a school of art and history it is! And then the Spina is always so graceful and striking against the crimson sunset which turns the muddy Arno into a river of fire.[2] Then, only think, I have

[1] From "Northern Italy."

[2] The Spina has since been rebuilt and spoilt by the Sardinian Government.

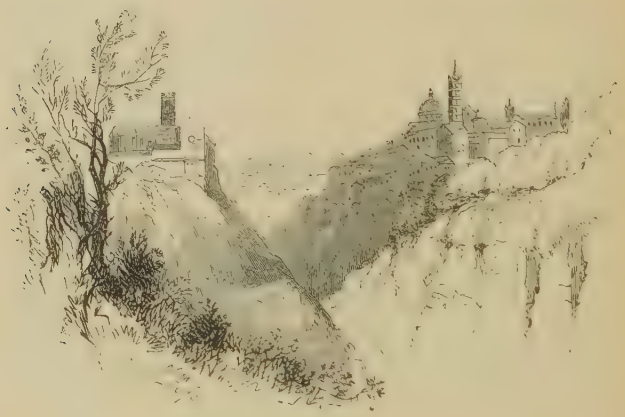
made a new friend, and, strange to say, an American, with the uninteresting name of Robert Peabody. I do not know when, if ever, I have seen any one I like so much—so clever, so natural, so unworldly, so large-minded, so good-looking. The Mother thinks my sudden friendships most fantastic, but I have no doubt

THE PRATO DELLA VALLE, PADUA.[1]

about this one; and as Mother was much better last week, I went away with him for four days to Siena and S. Gemignano, and we were entirely happy together, though it poured cats and dogs the whole time, and thundered and lightened as if the skies were coming

[1] From "Northern Italy."

down. I do not think you have ever been half excited enough about Siena: it seems to me such a sublime place—the way it rises out of that desolate earthquake-riven country, the cathedral so grandly solemn, and such a world of interest circling around all the scenes in S. Catherine's life. I tried to draw the famous



SIENA.[1]

Sodoma, and longed to stay months, but we only did stay two days, and then away we went in a *baroccino* over the hills to S. Gemignano. You must never come to Italy again without going there: I am beginning now to fancy that no one has seen Italy who has missed S. Gemignano. It is a perfect sanctuary of

[1] From "Central Italy."

art, the smallest town ever seen, but with thirteen tall mediæval towers in fullest preservation, crowning the

S. GEMIGNANO.[1]

top of the little hill like a huge group of ninepins, and with churches covered with frescoes by Filippo and

[1] From "Central Italy."

Simone Memmi, Beccafumi, Ghirlandajo, and all that wonderful school. The great saint of the place is Santa Fina—a poor girl, who had a spine complaint, lay for years on a backboard, bore her intense sufferings with great patience, and finally died a most peaceful and holy death — perhaps the *one* Roman Catholic saint whose story is unspoilt by miracles. I first heard about her from Lady Waterford, and had always longed to see her native place. The Ghirlandajo fresco of her death is most touching and real, portraying the bare cottage room, the hard-featured Tuscan nurse, the sick girl on her backboard—all like a scene in a Tuscan cottage now; and, above, the angels floating away with their newly-gained sister. But the people of S. Gemignano forgot the picture when they quaintly told us that 'all the little flowers and shrubs were so enchanted with her exemplary patience, that they began to sprout around her bed, and by her twenty-eighth year (when she died) she was lying in quite a garden of beautiful flowers.'"

In recollection I feel grateful for this short absence from my Mother with Robert Peabody, as it procured for me my last tiny letter from her—cheerful and tender as all her letters were now. But after the beginning of December I seldom left her, and the next six weeks were spent entirely in her room, in watching and cheering her through a time of great suffering, whilst the rain never ceased

to fall in torrents. I was often able to amuse her with stories of my companions at the *table-d'hôte*.

JOURNAL.

"*Pisa, Nov. 27.*—The chief interest here has been from travellers in the hotel—a Mr. and Mrs. D., kind, vulgar people, who have seldom been out of London, except to Paris, and who do not speak a word of any foreign language; at least Mr. D. does speak certain words, and uses them all together to all the foreigners he meets, without any regard to their meaning—'Lait pain thé bongjour toodyswee;'—a haughty pretty Polish girl and her governess, and a clever pretty Polish Comtesse de M. with her young husband. The last lady keeps the whole table alive with her stories, told with the utmost naïveté, and in the prettiest manner.

"'I will tell you about my going to Ferrara. When I arrived I was gasping with hunger. We drove up to the hotel. "Could we have any dinner?"—"J'en suis désolé, Madame, but the cook is out." We drove to another. "Could we have any dinner?"—"J'en suis au désespoir, Madame, mais il n'y a pas de feu." We drove on. Another hotel. We ordered our dinner, and when it was put on the table, it was so dreadful, I gave one look and ran out of the room. And then the sights of Ferrara! We went to the castle. It was horrible—a ghastly dungeon with bare walls and chains and one glimmering ray of light. "*This*," said the guide, "was the dungeon of Ugo and Parisina;

here they suffered and here they died." Oh, mon Dieu, quel horreur! I wished to go somewhere else. They took me to a convent—again a ghastly room, a fearful prison. "*This*, Madame, was the prison of Tasso"—encore des horreurs! Oh, then I would have a carriage. I asked the driver where he would take me. "Ma, Signora, allo Campo Santo." Ah! quelle triste ville la ville de Ferrare! But when we got to Bologna, and I asked where we should go, c'était toujours la même chose—toujours au Campo Santo, and at Pisa here, it is encore au Campo Santo!

"'At Ferrara, in the prison of Tasso, they show on the wall an ode written by Lord Byron. The rest of the wall is white, but the place where the ode is written is brown. "Why," I asked, "is that part of the wall brown?"—"Ah!" said the custode, "that is the sweat of the English. All the English will touch the writing of their compatriot, and then they perspire from their hot fingers, and thus it is brown." In the same room is a great hole; the wall has crumbled away: it is gone: the room will fall. "And what is that?" I asked. "Ah! that is made by the English, who all insist upon taking away a morsel of the prison of Tasso." And thus it was at Verona; when I saw Juliet's tomb, they told me it was only an imitation; for as for the real one, the English ladies had chopped it all up and were wearing it in bracelets. Oh, comme c'est ennuyant de voyager, il faut tourner la tête pour regarder les tableaux, et on casse le cou par ici: il faut regarder par la fênetre pour voir la vue, et on casse le cou par là: il faut regarder au plafond pour voir les fresques, et on casse le cou de tous les côtés

à la fois. And then the journey to Switzerland! Mais aller en Suisse, jamais! What do you want to see mountains for? to admire their height? Ah! then how stupid to go up! Why, of course they become shorter every step you go. No, you should go into the depths to see the mountains. Les plaines pour moi! . . . Jusqu'à mon mariage je ne suis jamais sortie à pied, mais depuis mon mariage je suis devenue . . . raisonable.'

"I asked the Polish ladies if the language they spoke was Russian. It was like throwing a bomb into the camp. They detest the Russians, and would not speak to a pleasant Countess Boranoff, *née* Wasilikoff, who has been staying here. . . . But of all my Pisan acquaintance there is none like Robert Peabody! He has been at an atelier in Paris for two years studying as an architect, and had a charming life there with his fellow-students, making walking tours in France, &c. When he first went to Paris, he did not know a word of French, and made out his washing bills by drawing little pictures, socks, shirts, drawers, &c., and the washerwoman put the prices opposite them."

On December 10 occurred the terrible floods of the Arno.

To Miss Leycester.

"*Pisa, Dec.* 11, 1869.—How little you will be able to imagine all we have been going through in the last twenty-four hours! We have had a number of adventures in our different travels, but this is by far the

worst that has ever befallen us. Now I must tell you our story consecutively.

"For the last three days the Mother has been very ill. On Thursday she had an attack of fainting, and seemed likely to fall into one of her long many days' sleep. . . . The rain continued day and night in torrents. Yesterday made it three weeks since we arrived, and in that time there had been only two days in which the rain had not been ceaseless. The Arno was much swollen: I saw it on Thursday, very curious, up to the top of the arches of the bridges.

"Yesterday, Friday, Madame Victoire came to dine with Lea. Afterwards she came up to see us as usual, and then Flora's children came to be shown pictures. I think it must have been half-past three when they took leave of us. Lea went with them down the passage. Soon she came back saying that little Anna said there was 'such an odd water coming down the street, would I come and see,' and from the passage window I saw a volume of muddy water slowly pouring down the street, not from the Arno, but from towards the railway station, the part of the street towards Lung' Arno (our street ends at the Spina Chapel) remaining quite dry. The children were delighted and clapped their hands. I meant to go and see the water nearer, but before I could reach the main entrance, in half a minute the great heavy waves of the yellow flood were pouring into the courtyard and stealing into the entrance hall.[1]

[1] The great dikes of the Arno had burst a long way off, so that the flood came upon us from behind. Only the eastern bank of the Arno was flooded.

"It was as suddenly as that it came upon us.

"The scene for the next half-hour baffles all description. Flora and her mother stood on the principal staircase crying and wringing their hands: the servants rushed about in distraction: Lea, pale as ashes, thought and cried that our last moment was come; and all the

THE HÔTEL DE LONDRES DURING THE FLOOD.

time the heavy yellow waters rose and rose, covering first the wheels of the omnibus, the vases, the statues in the garden, then up high into the trees. Inside, the carpets were rising and swaying on the water, and in five minutes the large pieces of furniture were beginning to crash against each other. I had rushed

at the first alarm to the *garde meuble*, and (how I did it I cannot imagine) dragged our great box to the stairs: it was the only piece of luggage saved from the ground-floor. Then I rushed to the *salle-à-manger*, and shouting to Flora to save the money in her bureau, swept all the silver laid out for dinner into a tablecloth, and got it safe off. From that moment it was a *sauve qui peut.* I handed down rows of teapots, jugs, sugar-basins, &c., to the maids, who carried them away in lapfuls: in this way also we saved all the glass, but before we could begin upon the china, the water was up to our waists and we were obliged to retreat, carrying off the tea-urns as a last spoil. The whole family, with Amabile and all the old servants, were now down in the water, but a great deal of time was wasted in the belief that a poor half-witted Russian lady was locked into her room and drowning, and in breaking open the door; but when at last a panel of the door was dashed in, the room was found full of water and all its contents swimming about, but the lady was . . . gone out for a walk!

"As I was coming in from the lower rooms to the staircase with a load of looking-glasses, a boat crashed in at the principal entrance, bringing home the poor lady and two other English, who had been caught by the flood at the end of the street, and had been for some time in the greatest peril: the boatmen having declined to bring them the few necessary steps until they had been paid twenty francs, and then having refused altogether to bring a poor Italian who had no money to give them. At this moment Madame Victoire insisted on taking the opportunity of the boat to return

to her own house. It was a dreadful scene, all the women in the house crying and imploring her to stay, but she insisted on embarking. She did not arrive without hairbreadth escapes. When she reached her own house, the current was so strong, and the boat was dashed so violently against the walls, that it was impossible for her to be landed; but the flood was less violent beneath her larger house which is let to the Marchese Guadagna, from which sheets were let down from the upper windows, and she was fastened to them and raised: but when she reached the grille of the first-floor windows, and was hanging half-way, the current carried away the boat, and at the same moment the great wall opposite S. Antonio fell with an awful crash. However, the Guadagna family held tight to the sheets. and Madame Victoire was landed at last, though she fell insensible on the floor when she entered the window.

"The walls were now falling in every direction with a dull roar into the yellow waters. The noise was dreadful — the cries of the drowning animals, the shrieks of the women, especially of a mother whose children were in the country, wringing her hands at the window of an opposite house. The water in our house was rising so rapidly that it was impossible to remain longer on the side towards the principal staircase, and we fled to the other end, where Pilotte, a poor boy in the service, lay dangerously ill, but was obliged to get up from his bed, and, though quite blind from ophthalmia, was far more useful than any one else. Since her mother left, Flora had been far too distracted to think of anything; still we saved an immense number

of things, and I was able to cut down pictures, &c., floating on a sofa as if it were a boat. The great difficulty in reaching the things was always from the carpet rising, and making it almost impossible to get out of the room again. The last thing I carried off was the 'Travellers' Book!' It was about half-past 5 P.M. when we were obliged to come out of the water, which was then terribly cold and above the waist.

"Meantime the scene in the street was terrible. The missing children of the woman opposite were brought back in a boat and drawn up in sheets; and the street, now a deep river, was crowded with boats, torches flashing on the water, and lights gleaming in every window. All the thirty poor hens in the hen-house at the end of the balcony were making a terrible noise as they were slowly drowned, the ducks and pigeons were drowned too, I suppose, being too frightened to escape, and many floated dead past the window. The garden was covered with cushions, chairs, tables, and ladies' dresses, which had been washed out of the lower windows. There was great fear that the omnibus horse and driver were drowned, and the Limosins were crying dreadfully about it; but the man was drawn up late at night from a boat, whose crew had discovered him on the top of a wall, and at present the horse exists also, having taken refuge on the terrace you will remember at the end of the garden, where it is partially above water. The street was covered with furniture, great carved wardrobes being whirled down to the Arno like straws. The cries of the drowning animals were quite human.

"All this time my poor sweet Mother had been lying

perfectly still and patient, but about 6 P.M., as the water had reached the highest step of the lower staircase and was still mounting, we had our luggage carried up to the attics, secured a few valuables in case of sudden flight (as no boat would have taken luggage), and began to get Mother dressed. There was no immediate danger, but if another embankment broke, there might be at any moment, and it was well to be prepared. Night closed in terribly—pouring rain again, a perfectly black sky, and waters swelling round the house: every now and then the dull thud of some falling building, and, from beneath, the perpetual crash of the furniture and floors breaking up in the lower rooms. Mother lay down dressed, most of the visitors and I walked the passages and watched the danger-marks made above water on the staircase, and tried to comfort the unhappy family, in what, I fear, is their total ruin. It seemed as if daylight would never come, but at 6 A.M. the water was certainly an inch lower.

"It was strange to return to daylight in our besieged fortress. There had been no time to save food, but there was one loaf and a little cheese, which were dealt out in equal rations, and we captured the drowned hens as the aviary broke up, and are going to boil one of them down in a tiny saucepan, the only cooking utensil saved. Every one has to economise the water in their jugs (no chance of any other), and most of all their candles. . . . How we are ever to be delivered I cannot imagine. The railways to Leghorn, Spezia, and Florence must all be under water."

"*Dec.* 14.—It seems so long now since the inundation began and we were cut off from every one: it is impossible to think of it as only three days.

"Nothing can be more dreadful than the utter neglect of the new Government and of the municipality here. They were fully warned as to what would result if Pisa was not protected from the Arno, but they took no heed, and ever since the dikes broke they have given no help, never even consenting to have the main drains opened, which keeps us still flooded, refusing to publish lists of the drowned, and giving the large sums sent for distribution in charity into the hands of the students, who follow one another, giving indiscriminately to the same persons, whilst others are starving. On Saturday night there ceased to be any immediate alarm: the fear was that the Arno might break through at the Spina, which still stands, and which, being so much nearer, would be far more serious to us. The old bridge is destroyed. All through that night the Vicomte de Vauriol and the men of the house were obliged to watch on the balconies with loaded pistols, to defend their property floating in the garden from the large bands of robbers who came in boats to plunder, looking sufficiently alarming by the light of their great torches. The whole trousseau of the Vicomtesse is lost, and her maid has 4000 francs in her box, which can still be seen floating *open*. . . . But the waters are slowly going down. Many bodies have been found, but there are still many more beneath the mud. In the lower rooms of this house the mud is a yard deep, and most horrid in quality, and the smell of course dreadful. I spend much of

my time at the window in hooking up various objects with a long iron bed-rod—bits of silver, teacups, even books—in a state of pulp."

"*Dec.* 19.—My bulletin is rather a melancholy one, for my poor Mother has been constantly in bed since

S. ANTONIO, PISA, DURING THE FLOOD.

the inundation, and cannot now turn or move her left side at all. . . . I have also been very ill myself, with no sleep for many days, and agonies of neuralgia from long exposure in the water. . . . However, I get on tolerably, and have plenty to take off my thoughts from my own pain in attending to Mother and doing what I

can for the poor Limosins. . . . In the quarter near this seventy bodies have been found in the mud, and as the Government suppresses the number and buries them all immediately, there are probably many more. Our friends at Rome have been greatly alarmed about us."

"*Dec.* 27.—Mother has been up in a chair for a few hours daily, but cannot yet be dressed. The weather is horrible, torrents of rain night and day—quite ceaseless, and mingled with snow, thunder, and lightning. It is so dark even at midday, that Mother can see to do nothing, and I very little. The mud and smell would prevent our going out if it were otherwise possible. It has indeed been a dismal three months, which we have all three passed entirely in the sick-room, except the four days I was away. . . . Still the dear Mother says 'we shall have time to recount our miseries in heaven when they are over; let us only recount our mercies now.'"

To Miss Wright.

"33 *Via Gregoriana, Rome, Jan.* 19, 1870.—You will have heard from others of our misfortunes at Pisa, of Mother's terrible illness, and my wearing pains, and in the midst of all this our awful floods, the Arno bursting its banks and overwhelming the unhappy town with its mud-laden waves. I cannot describe to you the utter horror of those three days and nights—the rushing water (waves like the sea) lifting the carpets and dashing the large pieces of furniture into bits like so many chips,—the anxious

night-watchings of the water stealthily advancing up step after step of the staircase,—the view from the upper corridor windows of the street with its rushing *tourbillon* of waters, carrying drowning animals, beds, cabinets, gates, &c., along in a hideous confusion;—from our windows of the garden one maze of waters afloat with chairs, tables, open boxes, china, and drowned creatures;—the sound of the falling walls heavily gliding into the water, and the cries of the drowning and their relations. And then, in the hotel, the life was so strange, the limited rations of food and of water from the washing jugs, and the necessity for rousing oneself to constant action, and far more than mere cheerfulness, in order to prevent the poor people of the hotel from sinking into absolute despair.

"When the real danger to life once subsided and the poor drowned people had been carried away to their graves, and the water had changed into mud, it was a strange existence, and we had still six weeks in the chilled house with its wet walls, and an impossibility of going out or having change. However, there is a bright side to everything, and the utter isolation was not unpleasant to me. I got through no end of writing work, having plenty also to do in attending on my poor Mother; and you know how I can never sufficiently drink in the blessedness of her sweet companionship, and how entirely the very fact of her existence makes sunshine in my life, wherever it is.

"All the time of our incarceration I have employed in writing from the notes of our many Roman winters,

which were saved in our luggage, and which have been our only material of employment. It seems as if 'Walks in Rome' would some day grow into a book. Mother thinks it presumptuous, but I assure her that though of course it will be full of faults, no book would ever be printed if perfection were waited for. And I really do know much more about the subject than most people, though of course not half as much as I ought to know.

"One day I was away at Florence, where I saw Lady Anne S. Giorgio and many other friends in a very short time. How bright and busy it looked after Pisa.

"Last week Pisa devoted itself, or rather its priests, to intense Madonna-worship, because, owing to her image, carved by St. Luke, the flood was no *worse*. Her seven petticoats, unremoved for years, were taken off one by one and exchanged for new, and this delicious event was celebrated by firing of cannon, processions, and illuminations all over the town. In the midst, the Arno displayed its disapproval by rising again violently and suddenly; the utmost consternation ensued; the population sat up, doors were walled up, the doll-worshippers were driven out of the cathedral (which lies very low) at the point of the bayonet by the Bersaglieri under General Bixio. To *us*, the great result of the fresh fright was, that the Mother suddenly rose from her bed, and declaring that she could not stay to endure another inundation, dressed, and we all set off last Wednesday morning, and arrived at midnight after a prosperous journey, though the floods were certainly frightful up to the very walls of Rome.

"Oh, how glad we were to get here—to feel that after all the troubles of the last few months we were safe in the beloved, the home-like city. It is now only that I realise what a time of tension our stay at Pisa has been. We breathe quietly. Even the calm placid Mother feels the relief of not having to start up at every sound and wonder whether 'L'Arno é sbordato.'

"I always feel as if a special Providence watched over us in respect of lodgings. It has certainly been so this time, as we could never have hoped, arriving so late, to obtain this charming apartment, with full sun, glorious view, and all else we can wish. You can fancy us, with all our own pictures and books, the mother in her chair, the son at his drawing-table, and Lea coming in and out.

"But on Friday we had a terrible catastrophe. In the evening at the hotel the poor Mother fell violently upon her head on the hard stone floor and was dreadfully hurt. You will imagine my terror, having gone out at 8 P.M., to find every one in confusion on my return, that Dr. Winslow had been sent for, and that I had been searched for everywhere. For some hours the Mother was quite unconscious, and she can still see nothing, and I am afraid it will be some days before any sight is restored; but all is going on well, and I am most thankful to have been able to move her to her own house.

"Do you know, I am going to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world this winter and not 'go out' at all. I have often found that it has rather fatigued Mother even to *hear* of my going out, and it is far

easier to give a thing up altogether than partially. In the daytime I can see people. My American friend Robert Peabody is here, and the most delightful companion, and there are endless young men artists, quite a colony, and of the pleasantest description.

"The weather is very fine, but very cold. I went to-day to St. Peter's (Il Giorno della Scatola), and the procession was certainly magnificent. The Bishop who attracts most attention is Monsignor Dupanloup of Orleans, who at first displayed great courage in opposing the Infallibility doctrine, but is allowing his opposition to be swamped. Many of the Bishops are most extraordinary—such a variety of forms and colours in costume, blue and violet veils, green robes and hats, and black caps with gold knobs like the little Shems and Hams in Noah's Ark. But the central figure of Pius IX. looks more than ever solemn and impressive, the *man* so lost in his intense feeling of the *office*, that it is impossible to associate him, mentally, with the Council and its blasphemies. Of the Council itself we hear nothing, and there is little general interest about it. Lord Houghton asked Manning what had been going on: he answered, 'Well, we meet, and we look at one another, and then we talk a little, but when we want to know what we have been doing, we read the *Times*.'"

To Miss Leycester.

"*Jan.* 31.—We have had another anxious week, though once more all is going on well. On Monday

the Mother was well enough to see visitors, but that night was in terrible suffering, and the next day had a slight paralytic seizure . . . followed by long unconsciousness; but it was all accounted for the next morning when we found the roof white with snow. She continued in great suffering till Friday, when the weather suddenly changed to *scirocco*, and she at once rallied. That day I was able to have my lecture on the

VIEW FROM THE VIA GREGORIANA.

Quirinal and Viminal—all new ground. There was a large gathering in spite of weather, so many people had asked to come. I have yielded to the general wish of the party in arranging weekly meetings at 10 A.M., but it makes me feel terribly ignorant, and—in the intervals of tending Mother—I am at work all the week instructing myself upon the subject of my lecture."

"*Feb.* 19.—The Mother is still sadly weak, and always in an invalid state, yet she has not the serious symptoms of the winter you were here. She is seldom able to be dressed before twelve, and can do very, very little—to read a few verses or do a row of her crotchet is the outside. I scarcely ever leave her, except for my lectures. I had one on the Island yesterday. The weather is splendid and our view an indescribable enjoyment, the town so picturesque in its blue morning indistinctness, and St. Peter's so grand against the golden sunsets. As usual, the Roman society is like the great net which was let down into the deep and brought up fish of every kind. . . . The Mother is quite happy and bright in spite of all her misfortunes, but we have had to feed her like a bird in her blindness. I wonder if you know the lines of Thomas Dekker (1601)—

> 'Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
> Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
> It makes men look like gods. The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

To Miss Wright.

"*Rome, Feb.* 27.—My life this winter has been one of constant watching and nursing; the Mother has been so very powerless and requires such constant care: but she is, oh! so sweet and patient *always*. You need not pity me for not going out; after the day's anxiety I find the luxury of the evening's rest so very great.

"My Friday lectures now take place regularly, and I hope they give pleasure, as they are certainly crowded. I am amused to see many ultra-Catholics come time after time, in spite of my Protestant anecdotes. How I wish the kind Aunt Sophy were here to share these excursions."

On the 12th of March I spent a delightful afternoon with a young artist friend, Henry Florence, in the garden of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, drawing the gloriously rich vegetation and the old cypresses there. My Mother was tolerably well, and the air, the sunshine, and the beauty around were unspeakably enchanting. "I never saw *any one* enjoy things as you do," said Florence, and I spoke of my thankfulness for having the power of putting away anxieties when they were not pressing, and of making the utmost of any present enjoyment, even though it be to "borrow joy at usury of pain."[1] "Perhaps it may be the last day," I said. It *was*. There is an old proverb which says, "The holidays of joy are the vigils of sorrow." That night my dearest Mother had the terrible paralytic seizure which deprived her of the use of her left arm and side, and from which she never recovered.

[1] Monckton Milnes.

To Miss Leycester.

"*Rome, March* 16, 1870.—My darling Mother is to-day in a happy peaceful state, no longer one of suffering, which is—oh! such rest to us. She is now able to articulate, so that I always, and others often, understand her. . . . I sleep close by upon the floor and never leave her. On Monday night we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of Amabile, the maid from Pisa, who is quite a tower of strength to us —so kind, gentle, and strong. Mrs. Woodward comes and goes all day. Every one is kind and sympathising."

"*March* 23.—Mother talks constantly of Albano and her great wish to be there amongst the flowers, but for many weeks, perhaps months, this must be impossible."

"*March* 28.—It has been the same kind of week, alternately saddened by the strange phases of illness, or cheered by slight amendments; but Mother has had many sad nights, always worse than her days, without rest even for a minute. Her mind is only *too* clear. She will translate hymns, 'Abide with me,' &c., into Italian; the great difficulty is to keep it all in check. From 4 to 10 P.M. the nervous spasms in the paralysed arm are uncontrollable, and she can only endure them by holding tight to my arm or Lea's. All yesterday, however, I was away from her, tending poor young Sutherland, who has been dreadfully ill at the Hôtel de Londres of typhoid fever, and who is quite alone and helpless."

"*April* 3.—The Mother goes on very slowly, but I hope has not had an unpleasant week. She never seems to find the time long, and always looks equally placid and happy. Physically she is certainly more comfortable now she is entirely in bed. Her chief trouble is from the returning vitality of the poor arm; the muscles knot all round it, and move on slowly by a quarter of an inch at a time, as the life advances: passing the shoulder was agony, and I dread the passing the elbow. Meantime, the rest of the arm is an independent being, acting by its independent muscular action, and is obliged to be constantly watched, as it will sometimes lay its heavy weight upon her chest, once clutched her by the throat and nearly strangled her, at others annoys her by stealing her pocket-handkerchiefs! She has been able to hear a psalm and some prayers read aloud every evening, and occupies herself with her own inexhaustible stores of mental hymns and verses incessantly. Mrs. Woodward's daily visit is one of her little pleasures, and she has also seen Mrs. Hall several times.

"My young cousin Edward Liddell[1] returned lately from Naples, and on Monday became very ill of fever, pronounced typhoid, and likely to become typhus and very infectious, so, as he had no one else to look after him, I have been nursing him ever since. It was so fortunate for me that Mother was really better at this time, or I do not know what we could have done, as though he had one good nurse, she was quite worn out, and there was no other to be procured.

[1] Eldest son of Colonel Augustus Liddell and grandson of my great-aunt Lady Ravensworth.

So now we take it in turns, four hours at a time, and I chiefly at night, when she goes home to her children. I am writing in the darkened room, where Edward lies powerless, with all his hair cut off and his head soaked in wet towels, almost unable to move, and unable to feed himself. I am sorry not to be able to go out while Marcus Hare is here, and he is much disappointed. He arrived suddenly from Naples and embraced me as if we were still children."

"*April* 10.—My dear Mother is much the same. It has been a peaceful week with her, though there is no improvement. . . . The paralysed arm is quite useless, and has a separate and ungovernable individuality. This is why she can never be left alone. Its weight is like a log of lead, and sometimes it will throw itself upon her, when no efforts of her own can release her. Odd as it sounds, her only safe moments are when the obstreperous member is tied up by a long scarf to the post of Lea's bed opposite and cannot injure her. Mentally, she is always quiet and happy, and I believe that she never feels her altered life a burden. She repeats constantly her hymns and verses, for which her memory is wonderful, but she has no longer any power of attention to reading and no consecutive ideas. All names of places and people she remembers perfectly. As Dr. Winslow says, some of the organs of the brain are clearer than ever, others are quite lost.

"As the fear of infection caused him to be left alone, I have been constantly nursing Edward Liddell. All last week his fever constantly increased, and he was so weak that he could only swallow drops of strong soup

or milk, perpetually dropped into his mouth from a spoon. Had this been ever relinquished, the feeble flame of life must have become extinct. Last Monday morning I had gone home to rest, when the doctor hastily summoned me back, and I found new symptoms which indicated the most immediate danger; so then, on my own responsibility, I telegraphed for Colonel and Mrs. Augustus Liddell (his father and mother), and soon had the comfort of hearing that they were *en route*. That evening the alarming symptoms returned with such frightful vehemence that both nurse and doctor thought it impossible that he could survive the night. Then and for three nights after I never left Edward for a moment, bathing his head, feeding him, holding him, and expecting him every instant to die in my arms, and in the day only I returned to pay Mother visits. Anything like his sweetness, gentleness, thankfulness, I never saw in any one, and his perfect readiness for heaven made us feel that it was the less likely that his life would be given back to us; and you may imagine, though I had scarcely known him before, how very close a cousinly tie has been drawn in these hours of anguish. He received the Sacrament on Thursday. On Friday there was a very slight improvement, but more delirium. For four days and nights he lay under a vast poultice of snow, which had to be replenished as often as it melted, and *making* snow with a machine has been perhaps the most laborious part of my duties. Each night I have watched for the faint streak of dawn, wondering if he *could* live till morning, and feeling as if I were wrestling for his life. Yesterday morning, when I

knew his parents were coming, it was quite an agony of suspense; but they arrived safe, and I was able to give him up *living* to his mother's care. I have had every day to write to Mrs. Fraser Tytler, to whose daughter Christina he had not been engaged a month, and of whom he has thought touchingly and incessantly.

"I am not much knocked up, but thankful even for myself that Mrs. Augustus Liddell is come, as my cough is so much increased by having to be so often out on the balcony at night, up to my elbows in the snow manufacturing. I do not think I could have held out much longer, and then I do not know what would have become of Edward."

"*April* 17.—Last Sunday I had so much more cough, and was so much knocked up with my week's nursing, that kind Lady Marian Alford insisted on taking me early on Monday in her own carriage to Albano for change. It was like travelling with the Queen, everything so luxurious, charming rooms, and perfect devotion everywhere to 'la gran donna da bene, her personal charm affecting all classes equally.

"Lady Marian had a very pleasant party at Albano, Lord and Lady Bagot and their daughter, Mr. Story,[1] Miss Boyle,[2] Miss Hattie Hosmer,[3] and Mr.[4] and Lady Emily Russell. The first afternoon we drove along the lake to Lariccia, where we went all over the wonderful old Chigi palace, and then on to the Cesarini

[1] William Story, the sculptor and poet.
[2] Miss Mary Boyle, celebrated for her dramatic powers.
[3] The sculptress.
[4] Afterwards Ambassador at Berlin.

garden at Genzano, overhanging the lake of Nemi. The next morning we went to the Parco di Colonna and Marino, and then in a tremendous thunderstorm to Frascati, where we dined in the old Campana Palace, returning to Rome in the evening. I like Mr. Odo Russell and his simple massive goodness extremely. I hear that Pius IX. says of him, 'Non é un buono

NEMI.[1]

cattolico, ma é un cattivissimo protestante.' Miss Hosmer had said to him, 'You're growing too fat: you ought to come out riding; it will do you no end of good;' to which he replied in his slow way, 'No, I cannot come out riding.'—'And why not?' said Miss Hosmer. 'Don't you know,' he said, 'that I am very anxious to be made an ambassador as soon as possible,

[1] From "Days near Rome."

and, since that is the case, I must stay working at home.'

"'I like midges, for they love Venice, and they love humanity,' said Miss Mary Boyle.

"On Wednesday, finding both my patients better, I acceded to Marcus's entreaties and went with him and some friends of his to Tivoli for the day. Most gloriously lovely was it looking! My companions scrambled round the waterfalls, whilst I sat and what Robert Peabody calls 'water-coloured' opposite the Cascatelle. In the evening we went to the Villa d'Este and saw the sun set upon the grand old palace through its dark frame of cypresses.

"This morning I went for the first time to see the bishops of the Council; rather a disappointing sight, though they are a fine set of old men. Some of the American costumes are magnificent.

"Monday is the end of Edward's twenty-one days' fever, and I am still very anxious for the result. As he says, I feel rather, since the arrival of his parents, like a hen who has nursed a duckling which has escaped: but I go every day to look at him."

"*April* 30.—It is no use worrying oneself about the journey yet. It must always be painful and anxious. On returning to America, Dr. Winslow's last words to me were, 'Remember, if she has *any* fright, *any* accident, *any* anxiety, there will be another seizure,' and in so long a journey this can scarcely be evaded. She must have more strength before we can think of it. Her own earnest wish is to go to Albano first, but I dread those twelve miles extra. We always

had this house till May 15, and hitherto there has been no heat.

"On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Mother was carried down by two women in her dressing-gown, wrapped round with shawls, to a little carriage at

TIVOLI.[1]

the door. They were perfectly still sunny days, no bronchitis to be caught. The first day we only went round the Pincio, the second to the Parco di San Gregorio, the third to the Lateran and Santa Croce: she chose her own two favourite drives.

[1] From "Days near Rome."

JOURNAL.

"*May* 3, 1870.—Walked with Miss J. Pole Carew and her governess from the Villa Albani to Sant' Agnese to look for the blood-red lily, seven feet high, which smells so terribly that no one is able to pick it. The governess (Miss Nicholson) said how the twisted palms carried in the Roman Catholic ceremonies seemed to her like a type of their faith. So much would be beautiful and impressive in the lives of the martyrs and the memories of the early Church, if, like the palms, so beautiful when they are first brought to Rome, they were not twisted and overladen, to the hiding and destruction of their original character."

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*May* 8.—Last Sunday we drove to the Villa Borghese, which is now in its fullest most luxuriant summer green. When we came back, the Tombola was taking place in the Piazza del Popolo, so that gate was closed, and we had to go round by Porta Salara. The slight additional distance was too much for Mother, so that she has been unable to be up even in her chair for several days. This will show you how weak she is: how terrible the return journey is to look forward to.

"She certainly never seems to realise her helplessness, or to find out that she can no longer knit or do the many things she is accustomed to. . . . She likes hearing Job read, because of the analogy of sufferings, but she does not *at all* admire Job as a model of patience! Hymns are her delight, and indeed her chief occupation. She has great pleasure in the lovely

flowers with which our poorer friends constantly supply us, especially in the beautiful roses and carnations of the faithful Maria de Bonis (the old photograph woman), who is as devoted as ever."

"*May* 15.—The weather has been perfect. In all our foreign or home experience I do not recollect such weeks of hot sunshine, yet never oppressive; such a delicious bracing air always. The flowers are quite glorious, and our poor people—grateful as only Italians are—keep the sick-room constantly supplied with them.

"But, alas! it has been a very sad week nevertheless, and if I once allowed myself to think of it, my heart would sink within me. My dearest Mother has been so very, *very* suffering; in fact, there have been very few hours free from acute pain, and, in spite of her sweet patience and her natural leaning towards only thanksgiving, her groans and wails have been most sad and the flesh indeed a burden. . . . You will easily imagine what it is to me to see this state of intense discomfort, and to be able to do nothing to relieve it; for I am quite convinced that nothing can be done, that medicine must be avoided as much as possible in her worn-out system, and that we must trust entirely to the effect of climate and to a returning power of taking nourishment. Dr. Grigor told her that it was a case of most suffering paralysis, usually producing such dreadful impatience that he wondered at her powers of self-control. But from my sweetest Mother, we never hear one word which is not of perfect patience and faith and thanksgiving,

though her prayers aloud for patience are sometimes too touching for us to bear. She has not been out for ten days, as she has really had no strength to bear the lifting up and down stairs, and she has seen nobody except our dear Mrs. Woodward and Mary Stanley."

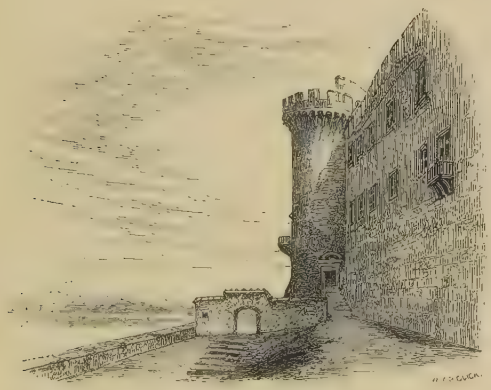
To Miss Wright.

"*Rome, May* 22, 1870.—The Mother can recover no power in her lost limbs, in which she has, nevertheless, acute pain. Yet, deprived of every employment and never free from suffering, life is to her one prolonged thanksgiving, and in the sunshine of her blessed state of outpouring gratitude for the silver linings of her clouds, it is not for her nurses to repine. In her case daily more true become the lines of Waller—

> 'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

But when even her short excursions to the Pincio or Villa Borghese produce the most intense exhaustion, no stranger can imagine how we can dream of attempting the immense homeward journey. Still, knowing her wonderful power of will and what it *has* accomplished, I never think anything impossible, and all minor details of difficulty become easier when one has a fixed point of what must be. We shall at any rate try to reach Florence, and then, if she suffers seriously and further progress is quite impossible, we shall be on the way to Lucca or Siena. If we ever do reach Holmhurst, of course it will be for *life*, which makes the leaving this more than second home very sad to me.

"I have had many pleasant friends here this winter, especially the Pole Carews, who are a most charming family. Latterly also I have seen much of Mrs. Terry, who is a very interesting and delightful person. Since the world has drifted northwards, I have seen more of the few friends who remain, and with the Terrys have even accomplished a very old desire of



BRACCIANO.[1]

going to Bracciano. It is a beautiful drive across the Campagna, and then comes the ascent into the steep old town, and under the many gates and fortalices of the castle, to a courtyard with painted loggias. Armed with an order from Princess Odescalchi, we went all over the rooms with their curious ugly old

[1] From "Days near Rome."

pictures and carving, and sat in the balconies looking down upon the beautiful transparent Bracciano lake, twenty miles in circumference, all the mountains reflected as in a mirror. Mrs. Terry is charming: after we had talked of sad subjects she said—'But we have spoken enough of these things; now let us talk of butterflies and flowers.' In spite of all other work, I have sold £75 worth of sketches this winter, chiefly old ones, so am nearly able to pay our rent."

To Miss Leycester.

"*Rome, May* 26, 1870.—The Mother is better for the great heat, thermometer standing at 85°, but Rome always has such a fresh air that heat is never overpowering, and in our delightful apartments we never suffer, as we can have so much variety, and if Mother does not go out, she is moved to the balcony overhanging the little garden at the back, where she sits and has her tea under a vine-covered pergola. If we are permitted to reach Holmhurst, I fear *all* will not be benefit. I much dread the difficulty there will be in keeping Lea from being wholly engrossed again by household affairs, and I cannot see how Mother *could* do without her almost constant attendance, which she has now. Also, we shall greatly miss the large bedroom opening into a sitting-room, where I can pursue my avocations, able to be with her at the faintest call, and yet not quite close to the groans. . . . But all this is long, long looking forward: there seems such a gulf between us and England. . . . Yet we think of attempting the move next week, and on Friday sent off six large boxes with the accumulations of many

years, retaining also a list of what must be sent back if we never reach England.

"The Signorina and Samuccia, Clementina and Louisa, Rosina and Madame da Monaca, have all been to say good-bye, and all kiss Mother with tears on

GRAVE OF AUGUSTUS W. HARE, ROME.

taking leave, overcome by her helpless state and sweet look of patience."

"*May* 29.—Emmie Penrhyn's letter was an especial pleasure to the Mother, and what she said of the centurion's servant, grievously 'tormented.' Certainly *she* is grievously tormented. The pain really never ceases, and the individual motion of the helpless

arm is terrible. . . . I think with misery of the disappointment the return to Holmhurst will be to her. She cannot realise that it will not be, as it has always been, the home of her *well* months, talks of how she shall 'frolic out into the garden,' &c. I feel if we ever reach it, it is going, not to England, but to Holmhurst for *life*. . . . We have been to the cemetery under Caius Cestius, and the sentinel allowed her little carriage to pass across the turf, so that she was able to look once more upon the well-known grave, embosomed in its roses and aloes. Yesterday we went to take leave of the old Miss Haigs at their beautiful villa. The three old ladies embraced Mother, and presented her, like three good fairies, one with roses, another with geraniums, and the third with two ripe strawberries."

"*Florence, June* 1.—Monday was a terribly fatiguing day, but Mother remained in bed, and was very composed, only anxious that nothing should occur to prevent our departure, and to prove to us that she was well enough. At five Mrs. Woodward came and sat by her whilst Lea and I were occupied with last preparations. At 7 P.M. Mother was carried down and went off in a little low carriage with Mrs. Woodward and Lea, and I followed in a large carriage with Miss Finucane and the luggage. There was quite a collection of our poorer friends to see Mother off and kiss hands. At the railway the faithful Maria de Bonis was waiting, and she and Mrs. Woodward stayed with Mother and saw her carried straight through to the railway *coupé* which was secured for us. We felt deeply

taking leave of the kindest of friends, who has been such a comfort and blessing to us, certainly, next to you, the chief support of Mother's later years. 'Oh, *how* beautiful it will be when the gates which are now ajar are quite open!' were her last words to Mother.

"The carriage was most comfortable. . . . Mother

FROM THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI.[1]

slept a little, and though she wailed occasionally, was certainly no worse than on ordinary nights. The dawn was lovely over the rich Tuscan valleys, so bright with corn and vines, tall cypresses, and high villa roofs. She was carried straight through to a carriage, and soon reached the succursale of the

[1] From "Florence."

Alleanza, where the people know us and are most kind. In the afternoon she slept, and I drove up to Fiesole, where I had not been for twelve years, with Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, American friends."

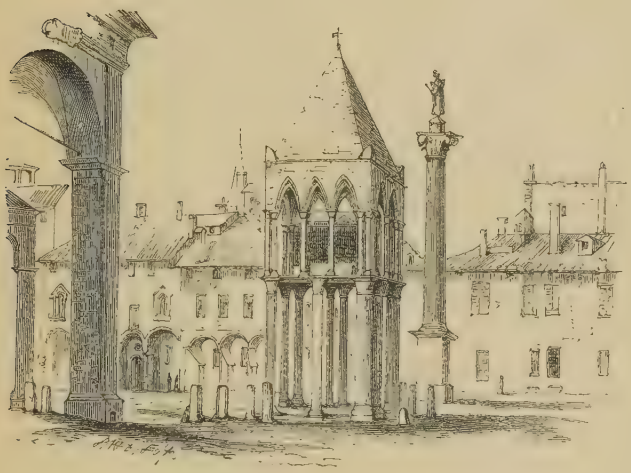
"*Bologna, June* 5.—I fear, after my last, you will be grievously disappointed to hear of us as no farther on our way. We can, however, only tell from hour to hour how soon we may be able to get on, and I find it entirely useless to make plans of any kind, as we are sure not to be able to keep them. On Tuesday a great thunderstorm prevented our leaving Florence, and on Wednesday and Thursday Mother was in such terrible suffering that it was impossible to think of it. On Friday evening there was a rally, and we came on at once, Mrs. Dallas helping us through the difficulties of the Florence Station, and Mr. and Mrs. Cummings following us here. I think I mentioned that Dr. Grigor said travelling at night, when there was no sun, was the only chance of her reaching England alive. Mother begs I will tell Charlotte that 'No words can describe her sufferings or my anxieties, but that she has been brought through wonderfully hitherto, and that she still hopes to reach England—*in time.*'"

JOURNAL.

"*Bologna, June* 5.—Mr. Cummings says the great Church of S. Petronio here reminds him of the great Church universal—so vast the space, and so many chapels branching off, all so widely divided that in each a separate sermon and doctrine might be preached without distressing its neighbour, while yet all meet in the

centre in one common whole, the common Church of Christ.

"An old American lady in the train had passed a summer at Vallombrosa. She said it was a place



PIAZZA S. DOMENICO, BOLOGNA.[1]

where to live was *life* and where one could be happy when one was *unhappy*."

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Susa, June* 8, 1870.—The Mother continued in a most terribly suffering state all the time we were at

[1] From "Northern Italy."

Bologna—agonies of pain which gave no rest. Yesterday afternoon it was so intense that she implored me to try the railway as a counter-irritant, and we set off at half-past ten at night. But the train shook fearfully, and the journey was absolute torture to her. We have never had such a painful time. Lea and I were obliged to sit on the floor by turns, holding the poor hand, and trying to animate her courage to bear up, but her cries were terrible. We reached Turin at 5 A.M., where, in spite of all promises to the contrary, she had to be carried all round the station; but fortunately for the next hour the train was easier and she suffered less. She was carried by two men out of the station, and down the wet muddy road here, where she has a good room, and soon fell asleep from exhaustion. We arrived at 6.30 A.M., and shall stay till to-morrow morning. Her state is certainly one of incomparably more suffering than at Rome, and she feels the change of climate dreadfully."

"*Aix-les-Bains, June* 9.—Last night, to my great relief, Colonel and Mrs. Cracroft and Miss Wilson arrived at Susa, and were the greatest possible help to us. We had obtained a *permesso* for the Mother to be taken straight through to the Fell railway carriage, and her little procession started at 7 A.M., and she was carried from her bed to her seat in the railway. The Cracrofts sat all round us in the carriage, which was much better than strangers, and Miss Wilson was most kind in keeping her hands bathed with eau de Cologne, &c. She suffered much for the first two hours, but the train was wonderfully

smooth and easy, so that really the dreaded Mont Cenis was the least distressing part of the journey. About the middle of the pass she revived a little, and noticed the flowers, which were lovely — such gentianellas, auriculas, large golden lilies, &c. At S. Michel she bore the being carried about tolerably, so we were able to come on here, and arrived about four. Mother desires I will say to Charlotte, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.'"

"*Macon, June* 12.—No farther on our way than this. Mother was rather less suffering on Friday, and she bore the move from Aix and the dreaded change at Culoz better than we expected, but in the latter part of our four hours' journey she was fearfully exhausted, and arrived here (at the hotel looking out on the Saone and the wide-stretching poplar plains) in a sad state. . . . It is impossible to move on yet.

"Yesterday, while she was sleeping, I drove to Cluny, the queen of French abbeys. A great deal is left, and it is a most interesting and beautiful place. I also saw Lamartine's little château of Monceaux, described in his 'Confidences.' All his things and his library were being sold under the chestnut-trees in front of the house. I just came up in time to buy the old apple-green silk quilt[1] from the bed of his saint-like mother, described in 'Le Manuscrit de ma Mère.'"

"*Montbard, June* 13.—Mother was so anxious to attempt coming on, that we left Macon at half-past eleven

[1] Now at Holmhurst.

to-day, arriving here at four. To our dismay, when she had been taken out of the carriage and laid flat upon the platform, and the train had gone off, we found the station hotel closed. However, she was well carried on a chair down a lane to the so-called Hôtel de la Poste —an old-fashioned farm-house in a garden of roses;

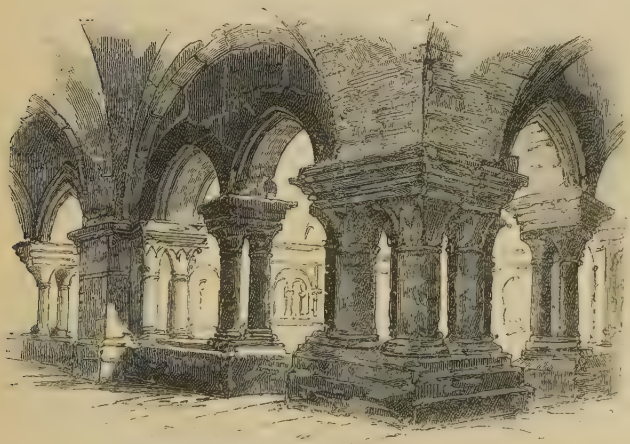
CLUNY.[1]

everything clean, pretty, and quaint; no sound but cocks and hens crowing and cackling; delicious farm-house bread, butter, and milk. Montbard is the place where Buffon lived in a very picturesque old château and gardens. Mother seems revived by the intense

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

quiet and fresh country air. The old landlord and his wife are quite pictures—such clever, kind old faces, reminding one of La Sarte in 'Citoyenne Jacqueline.'"

"*Paris, June* 14.—This morning was like a respite! Mother lay so quiet that I was actually able to draw



CLOISTER OF FONTENAY.[1]

as in the old days, which now seem in the far distance; and I took a little carriage to the lovely cloistered château of Fontenay, which I had long wished to see, and where I had luncheon with the charming owner, Madame de Montgolfier, and her two sons, people who

[1] From "South-Eastern France."

own immense factories in the valley and devote their whole lives to the good of their workpeople. On my return I found Mother so far better that we could prepare her for the one o'clock express. She had a bath-chair to the station, and bore it well; but she was terribly tried by the five hours' journey, and being very ill carried at Paris, arrived at the hotel utterly prostrated. We *hope* to go on to-morrow, but all is most uncertain."

"*Dover Station, June* 16.—We are here, with intense thankfulness. Mother looked so ill and aged this morning we did not hope to move her, but she had a sudden rally in the middle of the day, so at 6 P.M. we were able to prepare her, and had her carried through the station to a carriage before the mob of people came. . . . We dreaded arriving at Calais, but she was carried in an arm-chair to the steamer, which was fortunately at the near quay and no steps. Of course our little procession was the last to arrive, and every place was taken; but Miss Charlotte Cushman,[1] who had comfortably established herself in the cabin, with a calm dignity which is irresistible at once directed the men to put Mother down in her place, and went up on deck.

"The sea was like glass—lovely moonlight and sunrise, and we seemed to be at Dover before we left Calais. A sailor carried Mother in his arms to the railway carriage, in which we were allowed to go as far as the station platform, and here we are. A porter has fetched cups of tea, and we have four hours to wait.

[1] The well-known and admirable American actress.

"We shall be glad of a visit from you as early as you like to come next week. I should not like you to defer coming long, as, though I have no *special* cause for apprehension, still in Mother's critical state every day is precious. You will find her terribly altered in all respects, though the mind and memory are quite clear *at the moment.* None of her doctors give any hope whatever of amendment; but you will understand the position much better when you see it, only I am anxious that you should help me to face what is inevitable, instead of striving after what cannot be. Let us seek to alleviate suffering, not struggle after an impossible cure which may hasten the end."

To MISS WRIGHT.

"*Holmhurst, June* 17.—I know you will truly rejoice with and *for* us that we have arrived in safety, and that my poor suffering Mother has her great wish of seeing her little home once more. You will imagine what the journey has been, as she is now utterly helpless, nearly blind, and never free from acute suffering in the spine and arm, which is often agony. At Rome it was generally thought quite impossible that she could survive the journey, and nothing but her faith and patience, and her self-control, have enabled us to get through it. We never could make a plan, but just seized the happy moment when she was a shade better, and at once pushed on a step. She was, of course, carried everywhere, and people were wonderfully kind; we had always somebody to go with us and smooth the difficulties of the railway stations—either old friends

or people who were at my lectures at Rome and met us accidentally.

"When we arrived, all the old servants were terribly overcome to see their beloved mistress carried in so changed and helpless. She is still very ill, but unspeakably thankful to be here, and to feel that the journey is done. My life is, and must continue to be, one of constant watching."

"*July* 21.—Our letters are now our only intercourse with the world beyond the gates of Holmhurst, which I never leave; but indeed I can seldom leave the house before 8 P.M., when I walk round the fields while Mother is prepared for the night. Though it is now the only thing I ever think of, it is very difficult to occupy and cheer her days, for she cannot bear any consecutive reading. Sometimes I read, and tell her what I have read as a kind of story. She is seldom up before 3 P.M., and then is carried down to the lawn in her dressing-gown, and up again at four, when she is sometimes able to look at a book for a few minutes. That which is oftenest in her hand is the little 'Invalid's Friend' which you gave her, and she desires me to tell you how often she finds comfort in it. . . . For the last fortnight we have been entirely alone, which has been really best for her, as, though she has enjoyed seeing those she loved, each *departure* has made her worse.

"I write much at my 'Walks in Rome' in her room, and my ancient history is so imperfect I have plenty to study, which acts as a sort of mental tonic."

From my JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*June* 26.—My darling often *talks* to me in her hymns. To-night, when I left her, she said with her lovely sweetness, 'Good-night, darling.

> "Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
> And Heaven your morn will bless."'

"'I never wish to leave you,' she said the other day. 'I never wish for death; always remember that. I should like to stay with you as long as I can.' And another day, 'I must call you "my daughter-son," as Mrs. Colquhoun did hers: as long as I have you, I suppose I can bear anything; but if you were taken away, or if I had never had you, my life would be indeed desolate: I could not have lived on. . . . I try so not to groan when you are here, you must not grudge me a few groans when you are out of the room.'"

"*July* 18.—'I had such a sweet dream of your Aunt Lucy last night. I thought we were together again, and I said, "How I do miss you!" and she said she was near me. I suppose I had been thinking of—

> "Saints in glory perfect made
> Wait thine escort through the shade."

I think perhaps I had been thinking of that. Dear Aunt Lucy, how she would have grieved to see me now!'"

"*July* 19.—'Yes, I know the psalms; many in your Uncle Julius's version too. Many a time it

keeps me quiet for hours to know and repeat them. I should never have got through my journey if I had not had so many to repeat and to still the impatience.'"

To MISS WRIGHT.

"*Holmhurst, July* 31, 1870.—I continue to work on steadily at my book in the sick-room. I have just got Murray's Roman Handbook, and am amazed to see how much better it is than I expected; but I am glad I have not seen it before, as, though I have already given even all his newest information, I have told it so *oddly* differently.

"The sweet Mother continues much the same. She is carried out each fine afternoon to sit for an hour near the weeping ash-tree on the lawn, and enjoys the sunshine and flowers. . . . In this quiet garden, and never going beyond the gates, everything seems very *far* off, and I am beginning to have quite a sympathy with the hermits, and to wonder the race does not continue: it is certainly more reasonable than that of the monks. A great peace seems to have fallen upon us. As I see my helpless Mother's quiet happiness, and share it, I think of Richard Crashaw's lines—

'How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy she who has the art
To awake them
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in her heart.'"

From my JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*August* 8.—It is inexpressibly touching to me how Mother now seems to have an insight into my past feelings which she never had before, and to understand and sympathise with childish sufferings which she never perceived at the time, or from which she would have turned aside if she had perceived them. To-day, after her dinner, she said most touchingly, watching till every one went away and calling me close to her pillow—'I want to make my confession to you, darling. I often feel I have never been half tender enough to you. I feel it now, and I should like you to know it. You are such a comfort and blessing to me, dearest, and I thought perhaps I might die suddenly, and never have told you so. I cannot bear your being tied here, and yet I do not know how I could do without you, you are so great a blessing to me.'

"And oh! in the desolate future what a comfort these few words will contain! But I said—'No, darling, I am not tied: you know it is just what I like. I know you could not do without me, but then I could not do without you, so it is just the same for both of us.'"

"*August* 26.—To-day is the anniversary of my adoption, what Mother used to call my Hurstmonceaux birthday. She remembered it when I went to her, and said touchingly—'God be thanked for having given me my child, for having preserved him, for having strengthened him. May he live to His glory, and may I die to His praise. . . . Pray that He may

forgive the past, watch over the present, and guide the future.' Later she said—'It is very seldom that a woman's future is settled at thirty-five, as mine was. I was not only a widow, but my adopting a child showed to all the world that I should never marry again. . . . I can only make a meditation,' she said; 'I have no strength to make a prayer. . . . I have long been obliged to pray in snatches—in moments. . . . I am so glad that I know so many psalms, hymns, and collects; they are such a comfort to me now. I could think of nothing more, but these I dwell upon. . . . Sometimes when I can think of nothing else I take the Lord's Prayer, and lie still to make a meditation upon each separate clause.' When I left her at night she said fervently—'Good-night, my own dear love, my blessing: may I be your blessing, as you are mine.'"

In our quiet life, the news of the war in France, the siege of Paris, &c., reached us like far-off echoes. My mother cared little to hear of it, but shared with me in anxiety as to the fate of the excellent people we had so lately left at Montbard and Fontenay, which were overrun by the Prussians. On September 8 the Empress Eugenie took refuge at Hastings, and two days after walked up the hill past our gate. She was joined at Hastings by the Prince Imperial. I little thought then that I should afterwards know him so well.

JOURNAL.

"*Sept.* 10, 1870. — Lea has just been saying, 'You may go and count the trees to-day, for I've nothing for you for dinner. The butcher's never been, good-for-nothing fellow! he's gone gawking after that Empress, I'll be bound.' "

Almost all my Mother's nieces and many old friends came to see her in the summer, generally staying only two or three days, but her dear cousin, Charlotte Leycester, came for the whole of September. While she was here at Holmhurst I was persuaded to go away for two days, and went to see Dean Alford at his cottage of Vine's Gate in the Kentish Hills. He was more charming than ever, and more eccentric, never wearing stockings, and shoes only when he went out. I was miserable, in my short absence, with anxiety, which cost me far more than the refreshment of change could replace; but I was led to go to see the Dean by one of those strange presentiments for which I have never been able to account. It was my last sight of this dear friend, with whom I have been more really intimate than with perhaps any one else, in spite of the great difference of age and position. Dean Alford died in the following winter, but it was at a time when, in

my own intense desolation, all minor sorrows fell dumb and dead. But his grave, in St. Martin's Churchyard at Canterbury, is always a very sacred spot to me.

I must record a visit which we received soon

ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

after my return home, as it led to a friendship which was one of the great pleasures of many following years. One morning, as I was sitting in my Mother's room as usual, a card with "Mrs. Grove, Oakhurst," was brought up to me, and, as I opened the drawing-room door, I

Henry Alford

Dean of Canterbury

saw an old lady with the very sweetest and dearest face I ever set eyes upon, in a primitive-looking hat and apron, and with a basket on her arm, and I fell in love with her at once. She came often afterwards to see my Mother, who greatly appreciated her; and after my Mother's sweet life passed away, it is difficult to say how much of my home interest was associated with Oakhurst, with the ready sympathy and old-fashioned knowledge of this dear Mrs. Grove, and with her daughter, Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, and her two grand-daughters, now Mrs. Spencer Smith and Mrs. Hamilton Seymour. Alas! as I write this,[1] the dear Mrs. Grove, in her great age, is herself rapidly fading heavenwards—but so gently, so surrounded by the love which her own loving-kindness has called forth, that death is indeed coming as a friend, gently and tenderly leading her into the visible presence of the Saviour, in whose invisible presence she has so long lived and served.

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 20, 1870.—Mother said to-day, 'I always think that walking through the Roman picture-galleries is like walking through the Old and

[1] In April 1880.

New Testament with the blessed company of apostles and martyrs beside one. . . . I am so fond of that prayer "for all sorts and conditions of men," not only for my invalid state, but it is *all* so appropriate to the present time—the petition for peace and unity, &c.'"

"*Oct.* 23, *Sunday.*—'Alas! another Sunday in bed,' said Mother this morning.

"'But, darling, you need not regret it; all the days are Sundays to you.'

"'Yes; but to-day I woke early, and have said all my little Sunday hymns and psalms.'

"Truly with her, 'Les prières de la nuit font la sérénité du jour.'"[1]

"*Oct.* 26.—'My dear child is never cross to me, *never;* and always appears just at the very moment I want anything.'"

To Miss Wright.

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 28, 1870.—I am so glad you have been here, and can fancy our perfectly quiet, eventless life, the coming and going in the Mother's sick-room, and her gentle happiness in all the little pleasures which are spared to her. Since you were here she has been not so well, from the wet and cold, I suppose, the sight dimmer and the other powers weaker; but the symptoms are ever varying, and, when it is thus, I almost never leave her—watch her sleeping and try to amuse her waking.

"To-day my absent hour was sadly engaged in

[1] Diderot, "Sarrasins."

attending the funeral of my dear old friend, Mrs. Dixon,[1] who died quite peacefully last Saturday, a long illness ending in two days of merciful unconsciousness. She was buried at Ore, in Emma Simpkinson's grave. Many deeply mourn her, for few were more sincere and cordial, more affectionate and sympathising."

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Nov.* 1, 1870.—My darling has had two months of comparative freedom from pain, with many hours of real pleasure, in which she was often carried down and sat out in her bath-chair amongst the flower-beds in the sunshine. Sitting under the ash-tree shade, she has been able to see many friends—Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Grove, old Mrs. Vansittart Neale at ninety, and Lady Waldegrave. Charlotte Leycester was here for six weeks, and the Mother was then so far better that it was a great source of enjoyment to both the cousins. Since then she has ailed more frequently, and has had occasional recurrence of the old pain in her arm. I have sat constantly writing in her room, laying aside 'Walks in Rome' for a time, and devoting myself to writing the Family Memorials. For the dear Mother has wished me to continue the work she began long ago of writing the life of Augustus and Julius Hare. I represented that, as one of these died before I was born, and I had never appreciated the other as she had done, it would be impossible for me to do this, unless she would permit me to make her, who had

[1] Eldest sister of my old Harrow master, and of Emma Simpkinson, often mentioned in these Memoirs. In my childhood she lived at Hurstmonceaux.

been the sunshine of my own life, the central figure of the picture. At first she laughed at the idea, but, after a day or two, she said that, as, with the sole exception of Charlotte Leycester, all who had shared her earlier life had passed away, she could not oppose my wish that the simple experience of her own life, and God's guidance in her case, might, if I thought it could be so, be made useful for others. And, as she has accustomed herself to this thought, she has lately taken real pleasure in it. She laughs at what she calls my 'building her mausoleum in her lifetime,' but has almost grown, I think, to look upon her own life and her own experience as if it were that of another in whom she was interested, and to read it and hear it in the same way. She has given me many journals and letters of various kinds which I might use, and has directed the arrangement of others. I have already written the two earliest chapters of her married life, and read most of them to her, but she stopped me at last, saying that they interested her too deeply. She frequently asks now—'Are you writing the Memorials, or only "Walks in Rome"?' and it is a proof how clear her understanding still is, that some weeks ago she wisely directed me, if the work was ever carried out, to evade all wearying discussion by consulting no one, and that I should on no account show it to any one of the family, especially the Stanleys, till it was finished, when they might judge of it as a *whole*.

"Sometimes the dear Mother has herself been able to write some of her 'Ricordi,' as she calls them, and, with her trembling hand, has filled a whole little volume with the recollections of her youth, but this

has often been too much for her. . . . After her tea at four o'clock, I have generally read some story to her till she has gone to bed, and after that a chapter and some hymns. There is a passage in one of George Eliot's autobiographical sonnets, in which, referring to her mother, she speaks of 'the benediction of her gaze'; how often have I experienced this!"

"*Nov.* 4.—Last night I read to the Mother Luke xvii. and a hymn on 'Rest' which she asked for. When I was going to wish her good-night she said—'I do hope, darling, I am not like the ungrateful lepers. I try to be always praising God, but I know that I can never praise Him enough for His many, many mercies to me.' I could not but feel, in the alarm afterwards, if my dearest Mother never spoke to me again, what beautiful last words those would have been, and how characteristic of her. Oh, goodness in life brings us near to God: not death! not death!

"At 2 P.M. I was awakened by the dreadful sound which has haunted me ever since the night of March 12 in the Via Gregoriana—of Lea rushing along the passage and flinging open the door—'Come directly'—no time for more words—and of running through the dark gallery and finding the terrible change—another paralytic seizure—calling up John and sending him off to Battle for the doctor, and kneeling by the bedside, consoling her if possibly conscious, and watching for the faint dawn of visible life, that the first words might be tender ones, the first look one of love, . . . and it was so—that my darling's first words were something tender, indefinite, but spoken to me. The entire uncon-

sciousness was not long. When the doctor arrived the face was almost natural, but he saw that it had been a regular seizure. By 8 A.M. she was nearly herself again, and anxious to know what could have happened. She had been frightened by seeing the doctor. She appeared to have no pain, and there is no additional injury to the powers. To-day has been a constant watching, rather a warding off from her of any possible excitement than anything else. . . . In all the anguish of anxiety, I cannot be thankful enough for what we have, especially the freedom from pain."

"*Nov.* 9.—No great change—a happy painless state, the mind very feeble, its power gone, but peaceful, loving, full of patience, faith, and thankfulness."

"*Nov.* 16.—And since I wrote last, the great, the most unutterable desolation, so long looked for, so often warded off, has come upon me. Oh! while they can still be attained, let me gather up the precious fragments that remain.

"On Thursday the 10th my darling was much better, though her mind was a little feeble. I felt then, as I feel a thousand times now, how extraordinary people were who spoke of the trial my darling's mental feebleness would be to me. It only endeared her to me a thousandfold—her gentle confidence, her sweet clinging to me to supply the words and ideas which no longer came unsought, made her only more unspeakably lovable. On that day I remember that my darling mentioned several times that she heard beautiful music. This made no impression on me *then*.

"Friday the 11th, I sat, as usual, all morning in her room correcting my book. I forget whether it was that morning or the next that my darling on waking from sleep said that she had had such a pleasant dream of her childhood and Adderley and 'old Lady Corbet,' who first taught her to 'love what was beautiful.'[1] At 2 P.M. Mother was up, and sat in her arm-chair by the fire. She was partly dressed, and wore her pretty old-fashioned cap with the strings tied in a bow on the top of the head, and a little red cloak which Miss Wright had given her: I remember thinking she looked so pretty, and telling her so. I was out at first, while she wrote a little letter to Fanny Tatton,[2] and talked to Lea about the texts she had been reading. At four, she had her tea, and then I sat at her feet, and my darling talked most sweetly about all the places she had admired most in her life—of Llangollen in her childhood, and of Capel Curig, of her visit to Rhianva, and of many places abroad, Narni with its woods and river, and more especially Villar in the Vaudois, of which I had been making a drawing, which she had desired to have set up that she might look at it. Then she asked to have one of her old journals read, and I read one of Rome, and she spoke of how much happiness, how many blessings, she had connected with Rome also, though much of suffering. She was especially bright and sunny. I

[1] "When the thoughts of youth return, fresh as the scent of new-gathered blossoms, to the tired old age which has so long forgotten them, the coming of Death is seldom very distant."—OUIDA, "*In Maremma.*"

[2] A much-loved cousin and friend; her mother was a Grey, and my Mother's first-cousin.

remember saying to her playfully, 'Take a little notice of me, darling; you do not take enough notice of me,' and her stroking my head and saying, 'You dear child,' and laughing.

"At six o'clock my sweetest one was put to bed.

"Afterwards I read to her a chapter in St. Luke—'Let this cup pass from me,' &c., and sat in her room till half-past nine. When I went downstairs I kissed her and said, 'Have a good *good* night, darling.' I cannot recollect that she spoke, but I remember looking back as I opened the door, and seeing my sweet Mother lying on her side as she always did, and her dear eyes following me with a more than usually tender expression as I left the room.

"I have often thought since of a sentence in Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling'—'Softly, as a common evening, the last of our evenings passed away, and no other would come to me for evermore.'

"When I went upstairs again at half-past ten, I went, as I always did, to listen at her door, and, hearing a noise, went in. Terrible illness had come on and continued for hours. . . . The next thirty-six hours I never left her for an instant, and they all seem to me like one long terrible night. I remember very little distinctly, but at eight on Saturday morning she was certainly much better. The doctor came at ten, and she was able to speak to him. He looked very grave over the lowness of her pulse, but she continued better for some hours, and slept a great deal in the afternoon. Towards evening I thought her not so well, though the doctor, who came at half-past nine, considered her state much less anxious. I was then

possessed with the feeling that our parting was very near. Lea also called me downstairs to hear the extraordinary sound that was going on. It was indeed strange. It was as if hundreds of thousands of crickets were all chirping together. They appeared everywhere in swarms on the hearths downstairs. The noise was so great that I felt if it continued we should be driven out of the place: it was quite deafening; but they only came that night, they never were heard before, and the next day they had totally disappeared.[1] I persuaded Lea to lie down on her bed, where she soon fell asleep. All through the night I sat by my darling on the pillow. I think the last thing she said was that the other arm, the well arm, pained her very much, and we feared paralysis, but more pressing symptoms diverted attention. At half-past one I called Lea again. I shall never know in this world whether my Mother was really conscious, if she even knew anything either of her own great physical suffering, or of what passed that night. I believe God helped me to say and do all she would have wished. Each hour I was more sure of what was coming. Towards dawn, kneeling on the bed, I said some of the short prayers in the Visitation of the Sick, but she was then fading rapidly, and at last I repeated the hymn 'How bright those glorious spirits shine,' which we had always agreed was never to be used except as the solemn sign that our parting

[1] This is said often to happen in case of a death. At Holmhurst it was most remarkable. They never appeared after that night till the night of October 18, 1882, when my dear old nurse was dying. I have been laughed at for narrating this, but the noise of crickets at a death is spoken of in Ecclesiastes xii. 5—"And the grasshopper shall be a burden, *because man goeth to his long home.*"

was surely come. I am not sure if my darling knew that she was dying before: I am sure, if she could still hear, that she knew it then. I am sure that she was conscious at the end and that she speechlessly took leave of us. Her expression was calm and serene, but very grave, as if she realised for the first time that I might not travel with her into the solitude she was entering. It was about a quarter of an hour before the end that all suffering ceased, her paralysed side seemed to become quite well; the lame hand, which had been so tightly clenched since the 13th of March, unfolded then upon the 13th of November, and gently met the other in prayer. The eyes were closing, but opened once more—as a look—a look of youth and radiance, stole over the beloved features at the last, when there was no struggle, only just a gentle sigh or two. Lea, who was leaning over the bed on the other side, held her spectacles to the mouth. There was no breath. I could scarcely believe that she was gone. I still held her in my arms. But oh! in my unutterable desolation I could give God thanks that the end was like this. The first stroke of the church-bell sounded as she passed into the real life.

"When the sweet eyes closed and the dear face lost its last shadow of colour, I kissed my own Mother for the last time and came away. The first snow-flakes of winter were falling then. They do not signify now: no snow or cold can ever signify any more.

"But oh! the agony, the anguish!

"And since then her precious earthly form has been lying, with her hands folded on her breast as

if she were praying—the dear lame hand quite well *now*. The room is draped with white and filled with flowers. Two large white camellias stand at the head of the bed and overshadow her pillow, and on the table, draped with white, are her own particular objects, her bronze wolf, her little gold tray with her spectacles, smelling-bottle, &c., and all her special hymn-books. At first when I went in, in my great agony, I did not draw down the sheet. But now I draw it down and look at my dearest one. There is a look of unearthly serene repose upon the worn features, which is almost too beautiful.

"'Days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, satiety without envyings, communication of joys without lessening, and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.'[1]

"But yet—oh my darling! my darling!"

To Miss Leycester.

"*Sunday morning, Nov.* 13.—My darling Mother has entered into the real life.

"She grew gradually weaker hour by hour, and I think she suffered less. She knew me always, and liked to keep her eyes constantly fixed upon me, but she could not speak. At half-past nine, she seemed sinking, and I repeated over to her, as she desired me to do when she was dying, the hymn 'How bright those glorious spirits shine.' I think she heard it. . . .

[1] Jeremy Taylor.

Soon after she opened her eyes and gave me a long, long look of her own perfect lovingness, then turned to Lea, to me again, and we heard a few gentle sighs. I had just time to ring the bell close to my hand as I sat on the pillow, and as John and Harriet[1] (who had been waiting in the passage) passed sobbing into the room and stood at the foot of the bed, my sweet darling gently breathed her last in my arms, once more—quite at the last—opening her eyes, with a look of perfect bliss, as if gazing at something beyond us. It was so gentle a breathing out of her spirit, we scarcely knew when it was over. She died in my arms, with my kiss upon her forehead, at half-past ten. I know how tenderly my Mother's dearest, most tenderly loved friend feels for me, and that I need not ask her to pray for my Mother's poor child Augustus."

"*Nov.* 14.—It seems so strange to look out of the window and see the same sheep feeding in the same green meadows, the same flowers blooming, and yet such a change over all. I feel as if it were I who had died yesterday.

"What a long, long day it was! A thousand times I was on the point of running into the room to say some little loving word to her who has been the recipient of every thought, *every* pleasure for so many, many years, and then the crushing blank, the annihilation came all afresh. Indeed, I feel it afresh every quarter of an hour, and when I am calmed after one thing in which my great desolation is especially pre-

[1] Harriet Bentley, Lea's niece—her much-attached housemaid.

sented to me, something else calls it all forth again. Oh, my darling! my darling! can it be? oh! how can it be?

"The dear earthly form lies with its hands sweetly folded as if she were praying. I go in often. I am always going in; but it does not remind me of her, though it is most peaceful, and the servants and others have the greatest comfort from looking at it.

"It is as a dream that yesterday morning, quite after it was over, I could say 'The day before yesterday my darling did this, my darling said that.' On Friday she was so bright, so happy, only her memory a little astray, but I was already forming a thousand little schemes for supplying this lost power, so that it should not be apparent to others, and to me *nothing*, I felt, could ever matter if the sunshine of my dear Mother's sweet presence was with me under any change."

"*Tuesday, Nov.* 15.—Your most dear letter has come. . . . How much, even in the first anguish of my desolation, I have felt what it would be to you also. You will always be most tenderly entwined with her sacred memory; indeed, I can scarcely think of you apart. For the last few years especially your companionship has been her greatest joy, and in your absence she has never passed many hours without speaking of you, never *any*, I think, without thinking of you. The grief she most dreaded was that she might have to mourn for you, for I think she rightly felt that—great as the sorrow would be—your physical powers would enable you to bear the separation better than she could have done.

"This morning I feel a little better, and can dwell

more upon my darling's being perfected, upon the restoration of all her powers, upon her reunion to those she loved in former times of her life; and I have a perfect treasure-store in my journals for years of her sacred words of blessing, and advice, and thought for me, many of them, I know, intended to be my comfort now.

"I will send you many of the letters about her. I wonder why people should dread letters of sympathy. To me the letters are nothing, but what I long for is not to hear that people sympathise with me, but to know how they loved her.

"To-day it is thick snow. Oh! she would have been so ill; now she is not ill."

"*Tuesday evening, Nov.* 15.—To-day a change came over the dear face—a look of unspeakable repose and beauty such as I never saw on any face before. The servants told me of it, and so it was; it is the most wonderful expression—serene, solemn, holy beauty.

"All the letters are a great—not comfort—nothing can ever be that, but I like to see how she was loved, and I look forward to them. There were thirty to-day, and yet I thought no one could know. What comes home to one is simple sympathy. One cannot help envying the people who can be comforted in real sorrow by what one may call Evangelical topics. It seems so perfectly irrelative to hear that 'man is born to trouble,' that 'it is God that chasteneth,' &c.

"I recollect now that on Saturday morning I was obliged to send off some proof-sheets.[1] She asked

[1] Of "Walks in Rome."

what I was doing, and then said, 'I shall so enjoy reading it when it is all finished, but I must have my little desk out then, because I shall not be able to hold the book.' We have only just remembered this, which proves that there must have been a slight rally then. It was all so short, so bewildering at last, that things will only come back gradually.

"I shall be glad when the incessant noise of workmen[1] downstairs ceases. It is so incongruous in the house now, but could not be helped. My darling did not mind it; indeed it seems to me, on looking back, as if she never found fault with anything; often she did not hear it, and when she did, 'I like that pleasant sound,' she said."

"*Nov.* 16.—There were forty letters to-day, many wanting answers, so I can only write a little, but it is a comfort to me to send you any memories of those precious last days as they occur to me, and as the first *mist* of anguish clears up, so many things recur.

"You asked about Romo. Indeed it overwhelms me to think of it. The dear little beast is so touching in his attempts to comfort me. He comes and licks my hand and rubs himself against me, as he never was in the habit of doing. In the first sad moments after the dear eyes closed, Lea, by an old Northern custom, would send down to '*tell* the dog and the bees' (the bees would have died, she thinks, if they had not been told), and Romo understood it all, and did not howl, but cried plaintively all morning.

"I forget whether I spoke of the music. For the

[1] Putting up a heating apparatus in the passages.

last four days my darling had said at intervals that she heard beautiful music. Thursday and Friday I thought nothing of it; on Saturday it began to have a solemn meaning.

"I have been to-day to Hurstmonceaux. It was necessary. There was deep snow the first part of the way, but beyond Battle no snow at all, leaves still on

THE CHURCH LANE, HURSTMONCEAUX.

the trees, and quite a summer look. It was more overpowering to me than I expected to pass Lime, and I almost expected to see *her* come across the field and open the wicket-gate to her beloved walk to the school. The Haringtons[1] were most kind in placing Hurstmonceaux Place at our disposal for the funeral,

[1] The tenants of Hurstmonceaux Place, the old home of the family.

and removed all scruples about it by saying how really thankful they were to be able to show their affection for the Mother in that way. I went up twice to the church. The road thither and the churchyard looked most beautiful, and the spot chosen, on the edge towards the level, with the view she always thought so like the Campagna. I am allowed to enclose a little space, which will contain my grave also.

"I called on Mrs. W. Isted,[1] and found her quite overpowered, sitting with my darling's photograph. 'It is not only her own loss, dearly as I loved her, but the deaths of all my others come back to me, which she helped me to bear.'"

"*Nov.* 17.—Do you know that through a mist of tears I have been forced to go on sending off proof-sheets of 'Walks in Rome'? One of the last things she spoke of was her hope that I would not let her illness hinder the book. The dedication to her, already printed, will seem touching to those who read it. She herself read *that* when the first volume was finished. But her great pleasure of the last few weeks was in the chapters of the 'Memorials' which I was writing of her Alton life. To continue them with the copious materials she has left will now be my one great interest. She has left me perfectly free to make what use I like of all, and one day made me write down from her dictation an expression to that effect. The Alton life is certainly the most perfect ideal of a country clergyman's life that can well be conceived."

[1] A poor woman at "Lime Cross," constantly visited by my Mother.

"*Nov.* 19.—I cannot leave home yet. . . . Leycester, Mamie, and many others have written, as she always said they would, that their hearts and houses are open to receive me, but this must be later. Indeed, I shall cling to all she loved, and in the ever-living remembrance of her shall be able to love *all*. I had even a kind note from Mrs. Maurice [1] to-day: she said I should.

"Henry Papillon came yesterday, touchingly wishful to look upon the dear face once more, and he was even more struck than I expected with its immortal beauty. . . . To-day was a great wrench. This morning the precious earthly form was sealed away from us."

"*Nov.* 22.—I went through yesterday in a dream. I did not realise it at all. Lea left Holmhurst in an agony of sobs and tears, but I did not; I had so often thought of it, I seemed to have gone through it all before, and then I had already lost sight of my darling.

"Lea, John, Johnnie Cornford, and I went in the little carriage *first;* Harriet, Anne, Rogers, Joe, and Margaret Cornford [2] followed *her*. We reached Hurstmonceaux Place about half-past twelve. In half-an-hour they all began to arrive: each and all of my dear cousins were most kind to me."

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Dec.* 4, 1870.—I have been unable to write in my journal, the hundred and ninety-two letters which I have had to answer have taken all the time. . . . And

[1] My father's half-sister, who had seldom treated me even with humanity.

[2] All old servants.

I live still. I used to think I could not live, but I am not even ill; and yet how my life is changed, all the interest, all the happiness, all the sunshine gone, only the systematic routine of existence left.

"My poor Lea is already beginning to be interested in her chickens and her farm-life, and to think it all 'such a long time ago.' But to me it seems as if it had only just happened, and the hour in which her sweet eyes closed upon me has swallowed up all the hours which have come since, and is always the last hour to me.

"I think it was about the third day afterwards that Lea came into my room and told me that the look of wonderful beauty and repose which appeared at the last had come back again to the dear features. And so it was. It was the sweetest look of calm, serene repose. The colour had all faded out of my darling's cheeks, which had lost every sign of age, and were smooth and white as if they were chiselled in marble. Her closed eyelids, her gently curving mouth expressed the sweetest restfulness. The dear lame hand, quite supple at last, had closed softly upon the other. And this lovely image of her perfected state was lent to me till the last, when the beloved features were closed away from me for ever.

"It was on the Saturday that Lea and I went in together for the last time. Lea cried violently. I was beyond tears. We covered away together all that was dearest to us on earth. I placed a lock of my hair in her hands, and laid her favourite flowers by her. Monday a day of rain and storm-cloud. I shall always associate the road to Hurstmonceaux with the drive

on that winter's morning with swirling rain-clouds, and the waters out on the distant Levels gleaming white through the mist. Coming down the hill near Boreham how many memories of my dearest one came back to me,—of her anxiety to put me out to walk at Standard Hill,—of her admiration of the three pines on the hill-top; and then, near Lime, of walks with her on dewy summer mornings, when I went with her in my childhood to pick ground-ivy and violets in the fields behind Lime Cross.

"The coffin lay in the centre of the drawing-room at Hurstmonceaux Place, upon a high raised stand draped with white. All around it hung a lovely wreath of flowers from Holmhurst, and at the foot masses of flowers kindly sent by the present owners of Lime. Mrs. H. Papillon[1] had sent a beautiful cross of white chrysanthemums, and some one else a wreath, and in the centre, linking all with a reminiscence of her sister Lucy, lay a bunch of withered violets from Abbots Kerswell. Here, over the coffin of her whose life was perfect peace, the two great enemies in the parish of Hurstmonceaux shook hands and were reconciled.

"At two the eighteen bearers, all chosen from labourers whom she had known, filed in in their white smock frocks and took up the precious burden. Lea and I followed immediately, then Leycester, Vere, and Emmie Penrhyn; Arthur, Augusta, and Mary Stanley; Morgan and Mamie Yeatman; Dr. Vaughan, Frederick Fisher, Mrs. Hale, and a long line of neighbours, clergy, and servants, walking two and two.

"Down the well-known avenue and lanes, the

[1] A neighbour and the wife of an old college friend.

bearers advanced, looking like a great band of choristers. I saw nothing, but some of the others remarked that as we came away from the house a beautiful silver cloud and rainbow appeared over it.

"Arthur and Augusta left the procession at the foot of the hill and passed on before; so he met us at the gate.

"In the centre of the chancel, where I had seen the coffin of Uncle Julius, there the coffin of my own darling lay, but it was covered with no gloomy pall, only garlanded with flowers, the garlands of her new life.

"At the grave, Lea stood on one side of me, Emmie on the other. Arthur read most touchingly, and in the words of that service one was lifted up, not drawn down: but indeed I felt it very little, I only saw it in a dream.

"Afterwards I think they all came up and kissed me. Then they went away, and Lea and I walked back alone through the shrubbery to Hurstmonceaux Place, and so came home.

"To our most desolate home.

"On the Saturday after we went to Hurstmonceaux again. The Sunday services at the church were most beautiful. In the morning 'How bright those glorious spirits shine' was sung, and in the evening, almost in the dark, 'Pilgrims of the night.' Mr. Munn[1] preached on 'Bury me with my fathers—in the cave of Machpelah,' &c., speaking of how she was brought from a distant place, and how, in foreign lands, her great wish had been to be laid at Hurstmonceaux, and so to what I wished of the peculiar connection of my darling's life with Hurstmonceaux, and of how the different

[1] Rector of Ashburnham.

scenes in the parish which called up the remembrance of her sweet words and acts connected with them, might also call up the recollection of those truths to which her gentle life was a living witness. When Lea and I went out to the grave afterwards, we found two poor women—Mrs. Medhurst and Mrs. Harmer—standing there dressed in black, and the little mound covered with flowers.

"I saw it once again next day, and made a little wall of holly and ivy round it. Oh, my darling!—and then we returned here again, to the ordinary life, only the door of the sacred chamber stands open, and the room is cold and empty, and my heart and my life are desolate. 'The sanctuary of sorrow' seems to me an expression full of significance."

To Miss Leycester.

"*Holmhurst, Dec.* 1, 1870.—Madame de Staël shows how she must have suffered when she wrote—'Le reveil, quel moment pour les malheureux!' To-day is the first of a month in which my darling has no share: each day there is something in which I seem to part with her afresh. My life is so changed that it seems impossible to believe that it is such a short time since I was so happy—only, between the present dumb blank and the happy time are those terrible thirty-six hours of illness, and in the thought of them I am more than satisfied that she cannot go through them again. Each minute of those hours comes back to me now so vividly—the acuteness of the numb misery, which *really* had no hope, with the determination that she should see nothing but smiles to the last, for

my whole life afterwards would be long enough for tears.

"Poor Lea sits with me now for an hour every day after tea, and we talk of every moment of those last days.

"It is most bitterly cold: she would have been *so* ill."

"*Dec.* 17.—Mrs. Tom Brassey passed me to-day, riding with a party. She made them go on, and stopped to speak to me, then burst into tears, and spoke most feelingly of old Mr. Brassey's death, to whom I believe she was truly attached. Then she revealed the enormous wealth to which they have fallen heirs. They expected to have no more, as the father had already given each of his sons an immense sum, but old Mr. Brassey has left six millions! She feels the awful responsibility of such a heritage, and spoke admirably and touchingly—said she trusted each of the three brothers would set out with the determination to spend it worthily of their father, and then of all their plans already made for the good of others. It seemed odd to come back from discussing all this to the great anxiety as to whether my income would amount to £500, and if I should be able to live on at Holmhurst.

"It is actually five weeks this evening since my darling was here, and we were entering upon the utter anguish of that last night. Sometimes the agony comes back to me, so that I am obliged to *do* something which requires close attention to set it aside; but at other times—generally—I can think with composure of the five weeks she has spent well, and *warm*, and happy."

MRS. ARNOLD *to* AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Dingle Bank, Nov.* 21, 1870.—You will be in such deep grief that I hardly know how to write to you; and yet I so loved the dear Mother you have lost, so reverenced her goodness and sweetness and holiness, that I cannot but hope you may like a few words from me of truest sympathy, and indeed I can feel for you. To those at a distance it is the thought of a dear friend transplanted from earth to heaven, but to you there is the thought of the daily companionship, the loving nursing, the perpetual consciousness of what you were to her. In this, however, in the sense of the continual help and comfort and love that she received from you, will be your great consolation.

"I have never lost the impression made on me by her own *more* than resignation when she spoke to me at Rugby of her own separation from what was dearest to her upon earth—there seemed such joy in *his* happiness, such a realising of it to herself, that earthly clouds and shadows disappeared.

"I will not say more now, but for *her* dear sake, and that of my long and affectionate interest in you, I hope you will sometimes let me hear of you."

LADY EASTLAKE *to* AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"7 *Fitzroy Square, Dec.* 4.—I have seen a notice in the *Times* which has sent a pang through my heart, and hasten to tell you how intensely I feel for you. None but those who know the bitterness of a great sorrow can really sympathise with you, for only they can measure the length and breadth of the suffering.

I know of no consolation but the conviction that God knows all and does all, and that He will reunite in His good time to the Beloved One. Sorrow is a mighty force, and its fruit ought to be commensurate: we sow truly in tears, but the reaping in joy is, I believe, reserved for another state. Still there is much to be done by sorrow's husbandry even here, and assuredly were the fruits of the Spirit to be attained without suffering, God would not put His poor children through it.

"I fear that life must look very joyless before you, and that all things for a time must seem altered, your very self most so. I can only say be patient with *yourself*, and take every mitigation that offers itself. I should be very glad to hear from you when you have heart and leisure. You have seen me in bitter anguish, and will not be shy of one who has drunk of that cup to the very dregs. God's holy will be done!"

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